

## Mellow High

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## Mellow High

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Soulmarks are a physical mark of someone's soul on your body, appearing when you first touch with any kind of love in your heart, and showing your bond. It is normal to amass

these marks as you age,

None of them know what to do when they find a collapsed enderman hybrid out in the rain; injured, sick, and completely unmarked.

(On break until further notice)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Explanatory Chapter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

All of the cast are soulmates (mostly platonic) and are living together on a Minecraft world, basically the 'dream smp' if instead of going to war they just were very domestic and nice and no wars happened, some canon events will be twisted in ways so they are either less serious or the same amount serious but happened a bit differently. This is about their CHARACTERS and not the people who play them.

Soulmarks are marks that form whenever you touch the skin of someone who you love (in any way) and they love you back (in any way). This puts an almost watercolor-like stain where you touch and is the color of your soul on their skin, when not actively thinking of each other this will only be an outline but when touching or actively feeling love for each other it will gain more vivid color.

Before a mark is fulfilled (goes into color once you both love each other and touch), only the person with said marks will be able to see the outlines of them.

When you no longer feel love for someone or they die the mark will scar over permanently. When you touch your soulmate after you soulmark them it will make you feel calmer and happier.

Someone's soul's color can change, but usually only after a very big change in personality or a life changing event, soul's can also very rarely be multiple colors.

Marks forming is vaguely painful (like a light, very quick tattoo) but fades quickly.

Hybrids aren't uncommon but many people don't know they're hybrids for a good part of their life, hybrids are generally discriminated against, with passive hybrids being stereotyped as weak, neutrals as being two faced/sneaky liars, and hostiles as well, hostile. Enderman hybrids are counted usually under the 'hostile' umbrella even though enderman are technically neutral mobs.

Passive hybrids are often, while stereotyped and being expected of not being able to do much, are generally accepted in society and most servers. Neutrals aren't usually hurt (though there are unaccepting servers) but are mistrusted. While hostile hybrids are sometimes outright hunted down on servers, battle servers are some of the most accepted places for hostile hybrids due to them usually being better at battle and most end up having to go to one to be safe.

Displaying hybrid traits/instincts in public is generally looked down on and can get bad reactions, especially to hostile hybrids as most take it as a threat, making most hybrids hide said traits.

Most hybrids have a skill called 'shifting' where they can appear more human, though how human you can appear depends on how much of your code is mob code, general skill, state of mind, and other factors. Most hybrids can't get rid of all their traits and some can't even shift at all.

Since it might be hard to follow here is the list of characters, their families, their soul color, what type of hybrid they are, etc. (if someone is in the Dream SMP and not in this fic it's because I didn't know how to write them into the story so I just left them out)

**Dream**

Human/Slime Hybrid (Dreamon-fused, dealing with it)

Bright Green

Only remaining family is Drista, though she is not soulmates with any of his and vice versa so they are not close, though they still care for each other and she visits sometimes, though was semi-raised by Puffy

In a romantic relationship with George

**George**

Human/Cat

Light Blue

No Remaining Family

In a romantic relationship with Dream

**Sapnap**

Human/Panda/Blaze (stays in completely human form usually)

Dark Gray, was red as a child.

No remaining family, though was semi-jokingly semi-seriously 'adopted' by Badboyhalo

In a romantic relationship with Karl and Quackity.

**Callahan**

Human/Reindeer

Dark Blue

No known family

**Sam/Awesamdude**

Human/Creeper

Green, shades have changed over time

No known family

Dating? Ponk

**Ponk**

Human/Demon

Orangeish Red

No known family

Dating? Sam

**Bad/Badboyhalo**

Full Demon

Dark red

Semi-seriously semi-jokingly adopted Sapnap, no other family

In a romantic? relationship with Skeppy

### **Tommy**

Human/Avian

Gold, was originally Red

Adopted son of Philza, brothers with Wilbur, Techno, briefly raised aside Tubbo, uncle of Fundy

### **Tubbo**

Human/Moobloom

Dark Foresty Green

Biological son of J.Schlatt and an unnamed mother, briefly raised by Philza, alongside Wilbur,

Techno, and Tommy

(Schlatt is a good dad in this fic)

### **Punz**

Human/Wolf (very little physical hybrid features)

White with an iridescent golden shine

Elder brother of Purpled, both were abandoned at a young age by their parents.

### **Fundy**

Human/Fox (MUCH more fox)

Reddish Orange

Son of Wilbur and Sally, grandchild of Philza and nephew of Techno, Tommy, and (kinda) Tubbo.

### **Purpled**

Human/Phantom

Purple (obviously)

Younger brother of Punz, both were abandoned at a young age by their parents.

### **Wilbur**

Human/Wither Skeleton hybrid

Yellow

Adopted son of Philza, twin brother of Techno, adopted brother of Tommy, briefly raised alongside Tubbo, father of Fundy.

In a past romantic relationship with Sally.

### **J.Schlatt/Jonathan Schlatt**

Human/Ram

Wood Brown

Biological father of Tubbo, disowned from rest of family.

In a past romantic relationship with an unnamed partner. (to have Tubbo)

### **Skeppy**

Human/Diamond Block

Bright Teal

No family

In a romantic relationship with Badboyhalo

### **Eret**

Human/Beacon (Prophet) possibly also part Wither

Strawberry pink

No known family

### **Jack Manifold**

Human/Nether mob of some sort (he thinks blaze?)

Split Red/Blue

No family

### **Niki**

Human/Enderman/Unknown (Mostly human and can pass as one)

Pastel pink

Elder sister of Ranboo

In a romantic relationship with Puffy

### **Quackity**

Human/Duck Hybrid

Dark blue

Unknown family

In a romantic relationship with Karl and Sapnap

### **Karl**

Glitched human (unknown hybrid status?)

Glitchy, but color settles sometimes into either a bright purple, green, or white.

No family

In a romantic relationship with Quackity and Sapnap

### **Techno**

Human/Piglin

Pink

Adopted son of Philza, twin brother of Wilbur, adopted brother of Tommy, briefly raised alongside Tubbo. Uncle of Fundy.

### **Antfrost**

Human/Cat (VERY cat)

Beige

No known family

### **Philza**

Human/Owl Hybrid

Dark Green

Adoptive father of Techno, Wilbur, Tommy, briefly raised Tubbo, grandfather of Fundy.

### **Puffy**

Human/Sheep Hybrid

Rainbow

Briefly cared for Dream and Drista when they were children, though not particularly his mother

In a romantic relationship with Niki

### **Ranboo**

Enderman/Unknown Hybrid (no part human, just has player code)

Bright green on enderman side and bright red on unknown side. (whichever side they touch them with marks that color.)

Younger sibling of Niki

## Chapter End Notes

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Tumblr: @Lucky\_Cr0w

Twitter: @Cr0wLucky

Discord: Lucky Crow #1893

Feel free to join this discord server about the fanfiction and other dsmp related stuff  
(warning for spoilers)

<https://discord.gg/QWyFEvjmeQ>

# Out in the Rain

## Chapter Summary

It was supposed to be a peaceful day.

## Chapter Notes

First actual chapter! This is not beta read because I die like Edward. This chapter is a tiny bit shorter than the other ones will be because it is mostly plot set-up, sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Of all the things anyone expected from them leaving the house from one of Techno's 'feelings' was to find a collapsed, injured teenager out in the rain, but life just loves to throw curveballs at them.

The day had started quite normal, if a little relaxed, most of them had stayed inside due to the oncoming rainstorm, playing card games with the hum of Tommy's discs in the background.

This makes it a surprise when Techno tells them that he feels like something is wrong.

Most of the time his random 'feelings' are right, probably a mob attribute he got from his piglin side, the first time he got it they were on an adventure, and he just nearly saved Tommy from walking straight into a ravine, the second time Eret got incredibly sick and him panic making healing potions before is half of why they didn't need to respawn, and there were a few times after that.

They check around the house for things that could be wrong, none of the furnaces are on or broken to cause a burn, the fireplace is off, none of their rooms have anything weird and none of the furniture seems about to break.

After a few hours of Techno slowly growing paranoia that something is wrong outside and he just KNOWS it (plus Eret backing him up, saying that something does feel a bit strange), they decide to humor them to settle their worries and go a bit from the house to check if anything is wrong. Techno goes out, along with Dream and Wilbur, who are the most likely to be able to drag him back if nothing is there, they take a few of the horses and ride out, just for a few laps to make sure everything's okay.

They check around the house first and find nothing amiss before going down different paths, finding nothing strange.

"Techno," Dream says after a while of looking around, they've gone down almost every path by now, "We've been out here for almost 15 minutes, there isn't anything out here." He says, trying to sound patient but clearly getting annoyed being out in the rain.

"But there IS though," Techno groaned, also getting annoyed looking around to no avail.



Wilbur stays behind a few seconds to pick up a few items on the ground that are probably the hybrids, before jumping on his own horse. They go back to the house as quickly as they can

without jostling the injured teen that Techno is holding.

They jump off their horses when they get back, and Dream assures them he'll bring the horses to the stable and that they should just go in as Techno climbs off his horse carefully, Techno gives him a quick nod before speedwalking to the door, Wilbur following after him.

Techno all but kicks in the door, stomping into the house.

"PONK, BAD!" Techno shouts, he sees vaguely in his peripheral Tommy and Tubbo try to come to see what's going on in the hall and get blocked by Phil.

Bad runs into the room, opening his mouth to say something but stopping when he sees the sopping wet and badly burnt teen in Techno's arms.

"Help, please," Techno asks and Bad nods, running off to set up the medical room while Techno walks there as to not rock the injured teen.

Niki walks into the hall, dragged in by the commotion, but her eyes go wide in horror when she sees the hybrid.

"Ranboo?!" She hisses, coming closer to see them better.

"You know him?!" Wilbur asks, currently dragging off his sopping wet clothing.

"He's my brother!" She replies, staring horrified at the limp body in Techno's arms as he carries them off to the medical room.

Ponk walks into the medical room after Techno, helping Bad set things up as Techno slowly sets down the teen on the bed, under the lights more injuries are noticeable and Techno winces at the bruises he can SEE on the kid, nevermind whatever he has on skin that's covered.

"Techno, go change, you're not gonna be able to help if you get sick and you are dripping everywhere." Bad orders, "Get us a change of clothes for him while you're there."

Techno leaves to follow said orders while Bad and Ponk get to work.

They take off the outer layers of clothing, drying the hybrid's skin as much as they can from water until it seems like they're only soaking up blood, gladly they don't need to take off the undergarments and they get to work finding all the injuries.

They have an arrow wound in their shoulder, possibly breaking their collarbone, one of their ankles is heavily swollen but not broken, probably recently dislocated and put back into place. They are burned all over but not too deeply (probably no irreversible damage with healing/regens) and have significant bruising. More worrying but less in need of medical attention are straight, deep but treated cuts on their wrists, going up to their elbow, self-inflicted probably, the same marks are on their thighs.

They get to work, the most worrying is the shoulder, they find the end of the arrow still in it, plugging up most of the bleeding, so they carefully remove it and carefully pour a bit of regen into the wound, instant heal would work faster but is more likely to cause damage or not heal correctly, their collarbone has a crack but should heal by its own with the regen.

They bandage as many of the burns as they can with bandages dipped in regen, most should heal within a day most, they make sure to warm up the regen to very vaguely warm so that it won't cause them to get colder. The burns are not too bad, if they were not on most of their body it would

probably only be first or second degree, but more surprising is after they are cleaned up and being bandaged they can't find any soulmarks on the teen. Originally they just thought it was covered by the burns and the clothing, but they don't even find an outline of a mark, even though on the very dark and very light skin it would probably be very easy to see.

Putting that aside, they focus on bandaging the ankle so that it won't move around too much, and for good measure put some gauze over the cuts on their thighs and wrists.

By then Techno has returned with a pair of clothing and he helps them dress the limp hybrid, it is old clothing from the antarctic empire and will significantly help in heating him.

After that, they move him to the actual beds to sleep in and layer blankets on top of him.

Techno walks out of the medical room, planning to start making some of his potato stew for when the teen wakes up when he accidentally topples over two of the four awake and living teens who were leaning against the door, Tommy and Tubbo.

"What are you two doing?" He asks, voice calm and monotonous.

"We just wanted to know what was going on! You were all so quiet! Are they sleeping?" Tommy yells back, fallen on his ass in front of the door.

Techno snorts, grabbing him by the back of the shirt like an angry kitten and setting him on his feet, "You're a brat, both of you come help me start some stew or fuck off to your rooms until dinner." He says, sweeping off to the kitchen and hearing footsteps follow him.

"You didn't answer me!" Tommy whines, sitting across from where Techno is standing at the counter, digging for a knife to peel the potatoes.

"They're not asleep, but they're passed out, probably will be out for a few days," He responds, moving to set up the pot and start a broth.

"Is it true that they're Niki's brother?" Tubbo asks, sitting next to Tommy.

Techno snorts, "I know about as much about that as you do kid, you should ask her." He says, handing each a potato and a peeler, "I am trusting you to peel these without cutting yourself, okay?" He says.

Both nod, taking the items and starting on their tasks, falling into simple conversation and little arguments while Techno works on cutting ingredients.

## Chapter End Notes

Here's some translations for what Edward said

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌶𐌰𐌿 - 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 - Blood God

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌶𐌰𐌿 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 - Little One

𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 - Hybrid

𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿, 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿, 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌿 - Yes, Go quick, injured

If you like this fic you might wanna follow my tumblr (Lucky\_Cr0w), I will answer some questions about the fic there and post some stuff about it occasionally! :>



# Comatose

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo doesn't remember how they got here. An argument takes place. Ranboo doesn't know where their book is.

## Chapter Notes

Wooooo second chapter! I was originally gonna make this longer but felt that it had a good time to cut off and that updating sooner was better than later.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rain beats down softly, the sizzle of it against their skin makes them wince even though the feeling has long sense left, pain and cold mixing and numbing their skin into only a faint ache.

They wished they knew where they were, or why they are injured. They remember Hypixel, arenas, and blood on their hands and victory, they remember before that, they remember Niki and the little town they grew up in, but how they got here slips through their hands like water in a filter.

The path is human-made, which they don't know if it is comforting or not, they think they are trying to get away from someone, but they would rather not die out here from infected injuries and rain slowly dissolving their flesh to bone.

Were they running from someone? Their ankle feels weird to step on, maybe they twisted it, the forest warps and repeats and they are unaware of if they are walking in circles or not, memory blanking and repeating like a disc that is broken, they'd check their memory book, clutched tight to their chest, but their hands are far too shaky and numb to try.

Their foot catches on something and they trip onto slippery stone ground, crown clanging painfully off of their head and rolling next to them. They lay on the ground limply, too tired to lift themselves and instead choosing to curl up like it will save them from rainfall. Their body feels like it weighs hundreds of pounds and they are just so, so tired. Teleporting will do that to you (did they teleport?)

They stare at their blood staining into the puddles and the reflecting gems on their crown and slowly daze into unconsciousness with a background tune of raindrops and enderman warbles and horse hooves.

When they are lifted off the ground into warm arms and a cloak is draped over them as they are carried to safety, they don't feel it, drifting in an endless void of what they assume will be death to respawn while they are hurriedly healed and draped in as many blankets as their saviors can scrounge up. Body and mind separated and feeling quite dead to the world.

Dinner was a quiet affair, tense and stilted with the looming conversation of the hybrid just a few rooms earlier, Ponk had volunteered to watch Ranboo while they ate dinner and Techno had brought him a bowl first, but everyone besides him was at the table currently, both trying to avoid the topic and trying to get someone to say something about it.

“So,” Wilbur starts, stirring the remains of his stew around

“SO WHAT THE FUCK ABOUT THE NEW KID!” Tommy yells, slamming his hands on the table, forcing Bad and Tubbo to have to snatch up their bowls to save their dinners.

Techno sighs, “They’re injured but probably gonna be okay, I think the more concerning question is how they got here in the first place.”

“I didn’t whitelist them, but they got on the list somehow apparently.” Dream says, pulling out his communicator to show the new name on the list.

“Is he a hacker or dangerous or something?” Tubbo asks, looking a bit worried.

“From the little I’ve seen so far the kid looks pretty harmless.” Schlatt cut in, long since having finished his bowl and now nursing a small glass of whiskey.

“Quite the contrary actually!” Wilbur says, pulling something out of his inventory and setting a crown on the table, “He had this next to him!”

The crown is pretty normal, gold with misaligned and broken spikes that go into the shape of four-pointed stars, where one of the gems is meant to be is knocked off just leaving the gap where it is supposed to go.

“That’s a Hypixel crown.” Techno says, sounding as surprised as he can with his normal monotonous voice.

“What did you say his name was again?” Purpled asked, sliding the crown to himself and inspecting it.

“Ranboo.” Niki says softly, looking a little worse for wear, “His name is Ranboo.”

“Oh yeah, they were on Hypixel” Purpled states, handing the crown back, “Pretty high up on the leaderboards last time I was there.”

“Niki, you said you two were related, correct? Is it possible he was just looking for you?” Schlatt asks.

She sighs softly, “When we last saw each other it was,,, not on the best of terms, I doubt he was looking for me.”

“Not on the best of terms?” Wilbur asks.

“We had,,, a bit of an argument, it ended badly and then he disappeared to Hypixel, this is the first time I’ve seen him since.” She explains, voice slightly strained and clearly regretful.

“What was the argument about?” Schlatt asks, sounding vaguely concerned.

Niki pauses, opening her mouth and closing it a few times, unable to decide what words to say. “I think that is his business to tell you.” She decides on, voice stable and unmoving on this option.

Everyone seems to accept the response as much as they want to press it, if it is personal then dragging it out of her will just cause an argument.

“Do you think they will be dangerous to people besides you once they wake up?” Skeppy asks, speaking up for the first time this conversation, he knows that Bad will probably wanna watch the kid while they recover and doesn’t want Bad accidentally getting hurt because the kid is jumpy.

“No! Definitely not, he’s pretty harmless,” Niki says quickly, she doesn’t think any of them would harm him (especially knowing they’re related) but quite a few are protective enough that she doesn’t want to test it.

“That’s not really my experience,” Purpled states, finishing off the last of his stew and standing to put his bowl in the sink.

Everyone who finished but never got up take that as permission to also leave the table, setting bowls in the sink and falling into less serious chatter.

The next few days go quick, they are shockingly normal for the new presence in the house, the only difference being someone always in the room or close enough to know if they awaken.

The hybrid heats up from their hypothermia well, spending a day or two buried under as many extra blankets as they can scrounge up and constantly having their temperature checked.

After the cold comes the fever, and they are all left trying to cool down the one they were trying to heat up only hours earlier, which is infuriatingly hard on someone who can’t make contact with water.

Niki, after being banned from watching Ranboo due to taking other peoples shifts for quite a bit and both messing up the schedule and losing sleep, instead busies herself with fixing his clothing, most of it is dirty and torn and she has to completely remake his mask and gloves, but it keeps her busy and her mind off of worrying.

Others follow her lead, fixing up an empty guest room for when he wakes up, there is always warm stew ready and cool bottles of water.

It is Dream’s turn to watch him, one of his first, when he awakens for the first time. Dream had stepped out for a second, just to grab something, when Ranboo woke up.

They came to slowly, things drifting slowly into consciousness, first, they felt the ache, the pain of injured flesh desperately trying to heal itself with the help of repeated regen potions, but the pain is natural and they are used to it enough not to make any noise from it.

Next, they realize that they are not home, not that there was really a place they could consider home, but it certainly wasn’t their house, the constant chill of their house on Hypixel never hits them and they squint open their eyes to find completely new surroundings.

They move to try to sit up, but one of their arms is pinned against their chest and cannot move, they look down to find it bandaged against their chest, probably a collarbone fracture, their mind supplies them in a rare moment of usefulness.

They manage to maneuver their other arm to sit up, glancing around the room with bleary eyes.

There are a few beds besides the one that they were on, the floor is tile but the room is mostly wooden. Probably a medical place, but it looks not even near the Hypixel one, with a few hundred beds and constant flux of people, unlike this small comfortable room.

How did they get here? They usually wrote down if they were leaving servers, but why would they leave Hypixel? They should probably check their memory book-

Wait, their memory book! That'd tell them what happened, they glance around, there is a bedside table with a few medical things on it, bandages, magma cream, watered down healing potions, but no book, guess they'll have to get up and look around.

They use the table to help themselves get up, the action makes them go lightheaded and they bite back a little whimper as the pounding in their head increases in volume.

After the pain recedes a little bit they open up the drawers, finding only more medical equipment, well that's just lovely.

They look up from the drawer and find themselves face-to-face with a mirror. They look quite worse for wear, there are gauze still on their cheeks slightly overlapping the corners of their mouth, the clothing that is on them is not theirs and they can feel more bandages under them.

They hear the soft thudding of footsteps approaching and turn towards the door quickly, freezing in place as it opens to show a person in a lime green hoodie with a mask on.

Ranboo can feel eye contact get made and it makes every instinct in them static, it *hurts, like needles and thorns going into every inch of their body, a mix of 'run run run run' and 'hurt them, protect yourself' layer themselves over each other in their brain and they accidentally let out an enderman warble of fear.*

"I-I'm sor-sorry," They whimper out, much more slurred than they meant to be, "I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I-" They are unaware of when they fall, but they feel gravity as their body lets out from under them and they drop to the floor, unconscious.

"Shit," Dream hisses, running over to catch the Hybrid before they knock their head on the floor and barely managing to.

He manages to maneuver the teen onto the bed and under the blanket, sitting down in the chair they set up next to the bed before pulling out his communicator with a sigh.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! If you are interested in the story feel free to follow my tumblr @Lucky\_Cr0w, I will answer questions about the story there along with any art I make of the story :>



## Second Awakening

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo meets the admin of the server, their second awakening goes much better than their first.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for this one being a tiny bit shorter than the others, but I felt I needed to make a calmer more chill chapter after the stream Ranboo made today/yesterday (it was the Dream prison visit if you are reading this in the future.)

I hope you enjoy it anyways, it is a kinda mimicry of the fact that Dream 'killed' Ranboo twice when they first joined the SMP in canon, so Dream is there the first two times that Ranboo wakes up!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is two days later when Ranboo wakes again, it is Dream's first watch shift since last time when he accidentally made Ranboo pass out. He is sitting in the chair next to the hybrid's bedside, reading some book that he was lent from Techno.

Ranboo lets out a small groan as they open bleary eyes, sitting up slowly, they feel uncomfortable and stuffy and their head feels like it's been stuffed with cotton.

“Hello,” Dream says casually, trying not to startle the enderman hybrid, looking up from where his eyes had been on his book, goddamnit, why did they keep waking up when he was watching, as much as he likes to think he knows what to say in any situation, he really doesn’t have anything to go off here, and he thinks Bad will kill him if he makes the kid pass out again (even though that wasn’t really his fault in the first place).

Ranboo flinches from the noise, looking quickly over at the masked man in the chair next to them, he is the one from before right? The mask and the hoodie fit, so it probably is.

[illegible]

“What?” Dream asks, eyebrows furrowing as he stares at the panicking teen.

Ranboo takes in a wheezing breath, their throat is scratchy from unuse and sickness, “P-pleasestoplookingatme,” They say in a rush, hands trembling but unable to move any more than that.

Dream has a moment of confusion before realizing, *oh, he's an enderman hybrid, eye contact probably doesn't feel good, and quickly looks away, physically turning his head so it is clear even*

*behind his mask that he isn't looking.*

Ranboo breaths out slowly, the static in their chest slowly fading along with the all-consuming panic, and then immediately is sent into a fit of coughing, their chest forcing all air out as they desperately wheeze through it.

Dream grabs a bottle of cold water from the bedside table quickly, holding it out to Ranboo, who takes it gratefully, sipping carefully to not burn their lips after the coughing somewhat subsides.

“Thank you,” Ranboo says after, somewhat awkwardly, rubbing his hands on the smooth glass of the bottle, a somewhat soothing gesture.

“No problem,” Dream says back casually, leaning back in his chair, book long forgotten in his lap.

Ranboo stares awkwardly at Dream, pointedly avoiding looking at his face but studying him, wondering who he is, do they know him? Probably not, he doesn't seem to recognize Ranboo either, then why is he helping them, does he want something from them?

“Who are you?” Ranboo decides on instead, tilting their head to the side softly.

“Dream,” He responds simply, “You're Ranboo, correct?” He says, more of a statement than a question.

Ranboo nods anyways, “How do you know my name?” They ask, feeling quite stupid for asking so many questions a second after.

“Your sister, Niki, is here, she told us your name after we found you.” Dream explains, shrugging his shoulder slightly with the words.

“Oh,” Ranboo says dumbly, before their eyes widened in realization, “Wait, Niki's here, like right now?” They ask, a mix of excitement and anxiety in their tone.

“Well, not in the house but she's on the server, do you want me to tell the other's you're awake?” Dream asks, pulling out his communicator and hovering his hand over the 'message' button.

“Um,” Ranboo says, thinking, they're gonna learn sooner or later right? It's just like a bandaid, they should just pull it off, “Yeah, that's fine.” They say, their voice meeker than they wanted it to be.

Dream nods, typing a simple message into chat, ignoring the surprised messages after it.

“Are you hungry?” He asks, putting away his communicator.

“Huh?” Ranboo asks, looking up from where they were fidgeting with their hands.

“Are you hungry?” Dream repeats, a bit slower.

“Um, I guess,” Ranboo says, they truly *are*, which is a bit concerning because they usually don't notice when they are until it gets painful, but they don't want to intrude, since these people (and their sister, wow thats strange) have already clearly spent medical supplies on them, they don't want to intrude.

“I'll go get you a bowl of stew, stay here.” Dream says, getting out of his seat and walking out the door to the room, leaving Ranboo blinking owlishly at him behind his back.

Ranboo waits quietly for Dream to come back, everything is very confusing and the cotton feeling

in their head isn't making it any easier to understand, why are they using medical supplies for them, nevermind food? Is it because Niki, is she going to get in trouble for having her stupid little brother use up their supplies? Do they just have a lot of supplies and are willing to give them the scraps? Are they going to make them pay them back for this, hold this politeness over their head? Are they-

Dream walks back in, kicking the door closed behind him as he walks over, holding a metal tray with a bowl of stew, another cold bottle of water, and some bread on it, setting it down in Ranboo's lap after realizing that Ranboo probably won't be able to hold the tray with just one arm, the other still wrapped to stabilize their collar bone.

"Sorry it's not anything bigger, but you've been out for a few days and you'll probably puke up anything heavier." Dream explains, sitting back down in his seat.

"Oh, it's fine!" Ranboo assures quickly, confused by Dream apologizing for not giving them *more, this is already plenty.*

Ranboo blows softly on the stew before taking a small bite, it is absolutely *delicious and it takes everything in them to not just dig in, but their need to be polite because they are a guest overrides this and they eat slowly, looking over at Dream every few seconds, worried they might be stepping on some line.*

Dream doesn't seem to really care what they're doing, fucking around on his communicator, clearly typing but Ranboo cannot see what.

*"Probably about you" Their mind supplies them, "probably about how terrible they are, how happy they'll be when you're gone"*

*"Shut up," They think back, enough years of practice with anxiety to not dwell on it too long, even if it is true it is not worth it to focus on currently.*

"Hey Ranboo," Dream says, breaking Ranboo out of their internal argument, "do you know how you got on this server, I never whitelisted you." Dream asks, the words aren't as much an accusation as they are curious, and he doesn't seem mad.

*"Yet" their mind supplies and they push it down angrily.*

"I don't know," They admit, fidgeting with the spoon in their hand, "I don't really,,, remember, sorry." They say truthfully. They remember being in the rain and the stinging of it and there was an arrow, right? But trying to find out why they were there falls away from them every time they move to grasp it, just out of reach.

"Hm, okay." Dream responds, almost infuriatingly blank, "Just tell me if you remember, alright? I don't want a security breach or something." He says, going back to his communicator

"Of course," Ranboo responds, silently promising themselves, shamefully, that they won't if it is anything someone might get mad at them for, they don't want to risk the rage and the *pain that comes with doing something others don't like, even if they didn't mean harm.*

By the time they finish off the rest of their stew and bread, they feel incredibly tired, even holding up their spoon is exhausting and they have to stop themselves from just collapsing back into the bed.

Dream takes the empty tray before they notice, standing up with it, "I'll take this to the kitchen, you should go back to bed, you look like you're about to collapse." He says calmly.

“But what about the others?” Ranboo asks softly, expecting to have to meet them.

“They’ll be here when you wake up,” Dream shrugs, “You need rest, you’re still healing, just go to sleep.”

Ranboo doesn’t argue, too tired to, laying back into the bed and fading into a blissful void.

## Chapter End Notes

Woo, chapter over, I hope you enjoyed it! It was fun to write since it was less serious and more lighthearted (with a bit sadder bits here and there.) I swear other characters will be interacting with Ranboo next chapter!

# Nightmares

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo doesn't have the best dreams. Tommy is still the youngest.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is a big hard to follow, but half of it is a fever dream so I felt it was fitting!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nightmares are not uncommon for Ranboo, not since young childhood, anxiety mixing their subconscious into terrible visions that leave them scared of sleep for days after.

They learned to deal with it, slowly, though the fear of what their brain will do to them while they sleep never really leaves, giving them insomnia on most nights.

When they process they are in a field, the grass under them instead crisp and black, obsidian? They realize it is a dream, but can't pull themselves out of it, pinching themselves doesn't even work, so they accept that they're gonna have to deal with the horror of this dream. The sky is a starry black sky that feels strangely nostalgic and they see a weird, beige cobblestone in the distance.

"RANBOO!" They hear a yell, turning quickly to see Niki standing there, tears going down her face, "Where are you going?" She asks, her voice echoes, and when Ranboo turns back around he is instead standing in front of a server portal, it glimmers enticingly.

"I'm sorry Niki, I just,,,,,, I need to leave." Their own voice says, out of their control as much as they want to swallow down the words, "This place, it's not safe for me, it isn't safe for you either, I'm sorry."

"So are you just going to leave me?!" She asks, and a part of them processes that this isn't how this conversation went, these words are not their sisters, but it hurts none the less, their chest aching in pain.

"I'm sorry, Niki." They say, and they can feel the sting of tears burning their cheeks, even though it is fake, "I promise I'll come back for you, okay?" They promise emptily, one hand reaching out to touch the frame of the portal.

Niki sobs and they again process the fakeness of it, the fact that Niki softly wished them farewell, she did not scream or fight and it hurt just as much, but this is a dream and it is worse, "You're not gonna even leave me with anything?" She asks, her voice doesn't sound as sad as it should be.

*"It's a dream" They remind themselves, "It's a dream its a dream its a dream"*

Their body carries itself through the portal as the outlines of an unfinished soulmark sting along

their back, it is Niki's, they know it's Niki's, a hug most likely, but never fulfilled, just the outline staying to show that it should exist and doesn't.

They are on one of the skyblock islands, the sky a bitter red as they shove a pickaxe through someone's face, hearing the sickening crunch of their jaw and then their skull and then seeing it go through, blood splattering on quartz as they kick the body off the island to make the respawn a bit easier (*it's the least they could do, they hope others do the same for them if they lose.* )

There is a sharp sound of a blade drawn and they quickly dodge from a swipe, turning to their next opponent, their face is empty static in their brain, long forgotten along with endless other foes, but the movements are detailed enough, guilt pools in their chest that they forget the person's face but not the way they fought.

They quickly disarm the person, hooking their blade with the pickaxe they're using and tossing it over the edge and sending the person tumbling after it, running along one of the cobblestone pathways over an empty void, digging through chests.

The ding of the next person dying makes its way into their ears over the roaring of blood, just one left besides them.

They turn and the sky looks different, blue instead of orangish-red.

The cold of metal in their chest hits them all at once and they gasp for air as they feel the slide of it drawing out, dropping to their knees and looking up at an enemy in front of them, face only static but they know they're smiling, they know it *theyknowittheynknowit*.

They wake up with a start, sitting up quickly and looking around the room.

Oh yeah, they're just here, good that they're remembering this place at least, usually, it takes a few more times before they remember.

They wonder what this place is called (*if anything*), *servers like this usually have names, maybe they were told it and just forgot, they do that often.*

They look around, never truly processing the place, the first time in too much of a panic and the second time too focused on the person that was here.

*'Dream' Their mind supplies them the name, and they thank it mentally, slowly sliding the blanket off of them and standing up, having to lean more on one leg from the other being sore.*

They realize dimly that the clothing they're wearing isn't theirs, it is in reds and golds and is a bit baggy on their lanky frame, though it is long enough surprisingly.

They glance around the room, not much has changed they're pretty sure, the chair that Dream was sitting in is moved to the side so that someone could stand next to the bed easily.

They walk wearily to the door, holding out their hand to the knob, pausing briefly when they notice their usual gloves aren't on, the lack of calming pressure is a bit disorienting, but they move on from it, steeling themselves and opening the door.

They don't know what they expected on the other side, but there is no one, the room is white and in blocks easily cleaned, and clearly used for medical purposes, there are brewing stands currently bubbling away with some regen potions, half done and swirling vaguely pink.

They chose to ignore it and walk to the other door in the room, taking far less time to open this door, stepping out into an empty hallway.

There is a door to the outside, with some glass surrounding it, in one direction is a room with a table (*dining room?*) and the other seems to be a living room, along with a staircase nearby leading up to the upstairs.

Ranboo flinches slightly at the sound of quick footsteps approaching but chooses not to escape back into the room they came from. Whoever it is already known they left and if they're gonna get in trouble they'll get into more for running.

A tall (*not as tall as them*) blonde turns the corner from the assumed living room, a hand raised and mouth open before he seemed to realize it wasn't who he thought it was and his mouth clamps shut.

"Oh," He says, "Hello Ranbow."

"H-Hi," They respond, cursing themselves mentally for stuttering.

"How old are you?" The blonde asks, voice almost comically serious.

"Uh," Ranboo pauses, taking a second to remember, "16?" They say, confused.

"No- Wait," He pauses to put his words together before continuing, "Were you born before or after April 9, 2004?"

Ranboo takes a second to do the math before answering, "Before," They say, it feels correct enough in their brain that they go with it.

"So you're younger than me." He states, a growing smile on his face.

"Well, no," Ranboo responds, tilting their head slightly, "That'd make you younger than me."

The blonde stares for a few seconds, face blank, before throwing his hands up in rage, "WHY AM I STILL THE YOUNGEST!" He yells, going and stomping up the stairs, sending Ranboo into a fit of laughter, having to stop themselves from doubling over because they probably wouldn't be able to get back up.

There is a set of calmer footsteps and Ranboo almost thinks that the person came back when they see blonde hair but quickly realizes it's a different person, their hair is a paler blonde than Tommy's and they are wearing an oversized white hoodie.

"Oh," He says when he sees Ranboo, "Hi big man."

"Uh, Hi," Ranboo responds, waving slightly like they did for the other one.

"Sorry about Tommy, he was waiting for you to wake up to ask how old you were, didn't want to be the youngest anymore." The new man snorts, *so Tommy was the other one.*

"Sorry," Ranboo says, out of impulse, and receives an eyebrow raise, oof, wrong response.

"Don't worry about it, he'll get over it," He responds, shrugging, "I'm Punz by the way."

"Uh, Ranboo, but you,, probably,,,, knew that,,,,,,,,," Ranboo says, trailing off near the end.

Punz stares at them for a second like he's trying to decipher something, "Here, you can come sit in

the living room while I tell the others that you're awake," Punz says, nudging his head in the direction of the living room before walking back into it.

Ranboo follows tentatively, wondering what the other people here are like.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter! This is like the second time soulmarks are mentioned in this fic even though its a soulmate fic so,,,,,,, sorry about that lmao.



# Tour

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo is given a tour.

## Chapter Notes

I originally planned on posting this yesterday, but our internet went out so I had to wait, I hope you enjoy it anyways!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The living room is surprisingly large, with multiple long couches surrounding a tv (*Ranboo doesn't even want to KNOW the redstone that went into that*), a fireplace under the TV that is currently off, and a jukebox shoved into a corner with some chairs near it (*that piques their interest, but they shove it down, no need to impose more than they have.*)

Ranboo nervously sits down on one of the couches when Punz motions to, curling into the corner of one with their tails wrapped around their leg while Punz leisurely sits on another across from them, typing something into his communicator.

“Everyone else will be coming soon,” Punz says after sending the message, looking up at the curled up hybrid.

“Um, how many people are on this server?” Ranboo asks, a twinge of anxiety forming in their stomach, they’ve never been good at meeting people, nevermind multiple, so the idea of meeting a lot of people at once makes them anxious.

“A lot,” Punz admits, “Though most are a bit busy, so you’ll meet them all slowly.”

“Okay,” Ranboo says, quieting down again as they fidget with their sleeves.

They examine the room around them, feels very,,,, lived in. Not in a bad way, it is semi-neat, though there just seems to be more proof of people being here than anywhere in Hypixel (~~or the tile of their childhood home~~)

There are blankets thrown over the backs of couches and pillows misplaced, a hoodie or two are in random parts of the room like they were thrown off and forgotten. The coffee table in the middle of the couches has a few items thrown half-hazardly onto it.

Ranboo jumps softly at the swift noise of the door opening (it does not slam, but it is quick none-the-less), the fast footsteps ring nostalgia into Ranboo to the point they know who it is before they see her.

They look behind them as Niki slides into the room, a brief flash of panic goes through them that she’ll be angry with them, that she’ll yell and tell them to leave like they left the first time, but the

bright but soft smile on her face soothes it quickly.

“Ranboo!” She says, voice excited but not loud, as she walks over, “You’re awake!”

“Yeah,” Ranboo says dumbly, immediately cursing themselves for it, “It’s good to see you.”

“You too! I was so worried,” She says, “They found you out in the rain and we thought you’d have to respawn,”

“Oh,” Ranboo says, they remember briefly the rain and the slowly numbing pain of burns and the cold, “Sorry,”

Niki smiles softly, “You don’t have to apologize, Ranboo,” She says, and Ranboo holds back a wince under her gaze.

*“It’s just Niki, she’s not even making eye contact,” Their mind assures, but the feeling of discomfort doesn’t fade.*

“Do you want me to show you around?” Niki asks, “this place is big and I know how your memory is.”

Ranboo chuckles softly, nodding and unfurling themselves so that they can stand, Niki moves like she is going to grab their hand to help them, but pauses and puts it back to her side slowly.

She leads Ranboo out of the room, them waving goodbye softly to Punz who waves leisurely back.

“This is the main hallway, you can get everywhere from it.” Niki says, gesturing around, and Ranboo nods, mentally writing it down, wishing that they had their memory book to actually write it down.

*Oh god, their memory book, they were looking for that when they first woke up! They scour their inventory for the thing quickly but don’t find it. They can see that Niki is talking but none of the sound registers besides ringing.*

“Hey Niki?” They ask shakily, cutting Niki off from whatever she was saying, “Do you know where my memory book is?”

She frowns slightly, “No, I’m sorry, I know Wilbur is the one who picked up your stuff when they found you, so we could ask him later.” She suggests, knowing how much those books matter to Ranboo, even past them keeping their memory, they were a comfort object and being without them wouldn’t be too good.

“Okay, thanks.” Ranboo says, taking in a deep breath to calm themselves, “You can keep giving me a tour if you want.” They say, watching Niki brighten back up.

“Up there are the rooms, we set one up for you but didn’t want to move you up there while you were asleep.” Niki states, pointing up the staircase that Tommy stomped up earlier, “You share a floor with Tommy, Tubbo, and Fundy.”

Ranboo nods, glancing briefly up the stairs as Niki leads them pass and into the other room down the hallway.

“This is the dining room! We usually all atleast eat dinner together.” Niki explains.

“How many people live here?” Ranboo asks, staring at the large dining table with many seats at it, some slightly displaced or turned.

“Um,,, twenty-five I think?” Niki says, “Twenty-six counting you now!” She adds, smiling at Ranboo brightly.

Ranboo forces down the mild panic that being in a house with a lot of people causes, *Hypixel had many more people than that so it's probably fine!*

She leads them into the next room, “and this is the kitchen!” She states, this room is probably the most normal in the house, still large for a kitchen but not absolutely massive to fit the amount of people living there.

“It’s nice.” Ranboo remarks softly, they can see the mostly cleaned up clutter that was probably from breakfast, but it does feel homey.

“Yeah, I use it to bake a lot.” Niki states, “Are you hungry?” She asks after, looking up at Ranboo.

“Um, a bit.” They say, the answer is probably yes, but currently the idea of food makes them a bit nauseous.

“We have some stew that Techno set up when you first came, he kept it warm so that it’d be ready when you woke up.” Niki says, walking over to the furnace and taking the lid off the pot.

The smell of potato stew is nice, and Ranboo thinks its the same one they ate with the other person, *their name was a word, what was it?*

Their brain feels fuzzy and out of place, and when they blink back they are sitting at the table, eating stew slowly, Niki sitting across from them.

Niki seems to notice their sudden pause, “Did you blank out?” She asks, and Ranboo can see she’s snacking on some bread herself.

“Yeah, sorry.” Ranboo admits, bringing the spoonful that they had in their hand when they came back into their mouth.

“It’s fine, what do you remember last.” She says, even though they haven’t seen eachother for a while she still remebers the basics of how to deal with Ranboo’s memory issues.

Ranboo swallows the bite in their mouth, thinking back, “You were asking me if I was hungry and we were in the kitchen.” They state, anything past that feels fuzzy and fractured at the edges.

“That’s only a few minutes lost, this is your second bowl.” Niki states, filling in the blank.

Ranboo nods, finishing the few bites left of this bowl of stew.

“So,” Ranboo starts, “Is this like, were you live now?” They ask, it feels so strange, for someone they grew up with, that they knew everything about at some point, to not know anything about anymore, they didn’t even know that Niki was here.

“Yeah.” She says, “They’re my soulmates, we all live here together.” She explains, Ranboo can see her rubbing her thumb over a mark on her hand were they’re folded, a soft look in her eyes.

“Are you happy here?” Ranboo asks, voice soft.

“Yes.” Niki says, without hesitation, “Very much so.” She continues, a small smile tugging the sides of her mouth up.

*Well, thats good enough for Ranboo.*

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was supposed to have more meetings and fun moments, but I felt that Niki and Ranboo deserved a moment alone.

If you like this feel free to follow my tumblr!

<https://11luckycr0w.tumblr.com/>

# Introductions

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo finally meets everyone.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for this being so much longer than the others! I really just wanted the introductions over, also I wrote all of this at like 5 am.

So you know I ignore canon heights, BBH is short and you can't stop me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“And this is your room!” Niki exclaims, throwing her arms open dramatically in a way that makes Ranboo chuckle a little, gesturing around the room.

The room that they are being given? Lended? That they are going to be staying in currently, is nice, pretty large with a double bed that will fit their lanky body with empty chests to put stuff in.

“Sorry it’s not more decorated, we didn’t know what you’d want.” Niki says apologetically.

“It’s fine! This works perfectly.” Ranboo assures immediately, even if it didn’t they’d say the same thing, this is more than good enough.

Niki smiles at him, before seeming to remember something.

“One second, I made something for you!” She states and runs off out of the room and up the stairs.

“Probably was in her room.” Their mind supplies them and they nod, waiting patiently.

She returns down the stairs, holding something behind her back.

“When we found you your clothes were all ruined, soooooooooo,” She says, pulling the item from behind her back and holding it out, “I made you these! I also cleaned up what survived as best as I could.”

On top of the folded clothing is their crown, it was molded wrong and left it slightly warped and the jewels misaligned, they had been asked if they wanted it redone and denied, they like how it looks, and a warped crown feels fitting.

Their gloves and mask also sit on the pile, folded neatly, but their glasses are nowhere in sight, they stop themselves from frowning at that and instead smile at Niki, taking the clothing gratefully.

“Thank you,” They say gratefully, looking at the new clothing.

“It’s no problem!” She responds, beaming, “Do you want me to leave for a moment so you can

change?”

Ranboo nods and she leaves, shutting the door behind her as Ranboo sets down the clothing on the dresser.

Even though they wish for the comforting texture of the gloves and mask, they forego them to not irritate the bandages on their face and hands, instead just quickly changing into the suit.

Taking off their shirt with one arm wrapped is difficult but they manage. They pause as they look at themselves, without the clothing covering their injuries make them feel uneasy, the ache of not completely healed burns starting to actually register in their brain once they see them visibly.

They huff and put on their shirt, it being a button up helps with the wrapped arm even though buttoning it is a pain, and then put on the suit jacket, more of laying it on their shoulders than actually putting it on, not wanting to have to shift their arm anymore than necessary.

The fabric of the shirt and jacket are comforting compared to the scratchy texture that most have, and they rub their hands on the inside of the jacket a few times before shaking themselves out of it and finishing putting on their clothing, setting their crown softly on their head before opening up the door again.

Niki is leaning against the wall waiting, and visibly brightens when she sees them again, clapping happily.

“You look so fancy!” She says, giggling slightly, and Ranboo smiles softly back.

“I’m a fancy lad,” They say, tail lashing happily as Niki laughs harder.

There is a light creak and a click of a door opening and closing and they pause, ear twitching at the noise. Light footsteps go up the stairs and anxiety raises in them as they look towards the stairs.

Niki looks behind her, following their eyes, and brightens when she sees the fox hybrid walk up the stairs.

“Fundy!” She says happily, and Ranboo sees a faint pink mark on the tip of “Fundy”’s ear light up when he sees Niki.

Fundy is a short (compared to Ranboo, at least) fox hybrid, clearly more fox than human, wearing mostly black with just a white undershirt to compete with the dark clothing, Ranboo vaguely wonders how he isn’t hot.

“Hi Niki, hi Ranboo,” Fundy says casually, waving at both of them and Ranboo waves awkwardly back from behind Niki.

“Uh, hi. Fundy.” Ranboo says, speech stilted and awkward, if Fundy notices he doesn’t say anything.

Fundy looks up at him, the height difference large between the two, Ranboo briefly makes eye contact before quickly looking away, deciding they are definitely not in the correct headspace right now to try to make eye contact even if they might seem rude.

“Are you aware that your eye is red and your other one isn’t?” Fundy says suddenly, staring up at Ranboo.

Ranboo pauses very briefly, eyebrows rising, of all the questions they’ve gotten over the years

about hybrid features that was a new one, "Uh, yeah, yeah I'm very aware." They answer.

"What is up with that?" Fundy asks.

"Ummm, honestly I don't even know. Haha get it, eye don't even know? Yeah sorry I'm sorry." They pause and smile awkwardly, "Yeah, but yeah." They say with a nod.

"Don't do that, don't be a prankster." Fundy says, voice almost comically serious.

"I'm-I'm not a prankster. I'm not what they'd call a prankster." Ranboo reassures.

"Don't be funny, don't be funny." Fundy says, correcting their previous statement.

"Okay." Ranboo says briefly before Fundy continues.

"Also, your crown has like, jewels, and they're not really aligned properly?" Fundy states, looking up at the crown balanced on Ranboo's head.

"Mhm, that's because I'm not aligned properly." Ranboo says, finally getting Niki to break and start laughing.

Fundy stares at Ranboo blankly before huffing softly, which Ranboo takes as a win, cheering internally.

"Welcome to the dream essemipi, Ranboo." He says before walking off and Ranboo smiles behind his back.

They like Fundy.

The next one he meets is a man in 3d glasses, who walks down the stairs to meet them a bit after Fundy leaves.

"Oh hey Ran boo, I'm Jack," He says, holding out a hand to shake Ranboo takes it, "Hey Jack," They reply awkwardly,

Jack takes a step back, pulling out an iron ingot from his bag, "I wanted to start out on the right foot, so here you go," He says, handing over the iron ingot,

"Oh, thank you!" They say, pleasantly surprised as they pocket the ingot into their inventory, "Yeah, don't worry I think this is definately getting off on the right foot,"

"Great, I already have enough rivalries and don't need another," Jack says, starting a small laugh out of Ranboo,

"Bye, I hope you like it here!" Jack says, waving as he walks off,

Ranboo waves awkwardly back, a small smile on their face.

It is a few more hours of being shown around by Niki (mostly being told how appliances work.) before more people come home.

The sound of the door opening and closing and arguing muffled by a few doors surprises Ranboo, making them jump slightly.

Niki isn't frightened as much, instead just leading them into the hallway where they find two people bickering.

"I'm telling you bad I could've taken him." One says, taking off their armor and shucking it on the ground half haphazardly.

"And I'm telling YOU that it would've been a bad idea!!" The other (Bad?) says, taking off their armor much more calmly.

The first is a tall man with hair that poofs upwards, diamonds climbing across his exposed skin, the second is a shorter man? demon? With black skin mostly covered by a black and red robe. The taller one has a red marking on his cheek in the shape of a hand, giving the appearance that it appeared when he was slapped, that is vivid in color, the demon has a matching mark on the opposite cheek in bright teal,

*'Soulmates'* Ranboo thinks vaguely *'and close ones at that'*

"And what are you two arguing about?" Niki asks fondly, crossing her arms in a mock of seriousness.

"Niki!" The taller one says happily, "Tell Bad that I totally could've wrestled a creeper and won!"

"You could NOT!" Bad says, shoving the other one but with no real force, "It would've just exploded."

"Not if I was fast enough." The other remarks, smirking, and Bad groans, burying his face in his hands.

"You're going to get yourself killed." Bad says, muffled by his hands, before sighing and standing back up straight.

Bad looks at Ranboo, they shift nervously and wave a bit, and Bad visibly brightens.

"You're awake!" He says happily, "I thought you might be out for a few more days, it's good to see you walking around!"

"Uh, yeah" Ranboo answers, rubbing the back of their neck nervously, "I don't even really know how long I was out."

"Three until you first woke up, and then two more after that, and then a day." Bad says simply, and Ranboo is slightly surprised that he counted, but just chalks it up to others having better memory than them.

The taller one talks before Ranboo can respond, which they honestly prefer than trying to answer what Bad said.

"Since he's apparently decided not to introduce us." He says, gesturing at Bad and smiling when he whips around offended at the accusation, "I'm Skeppy, this is Bad but you probably heard."



“Cool,” Ranboo answers dumbly, “I’m Ranboo but you probably already heard that.”

Skeppy nods, and Bad looks at Ranboo’s arm bandaged to their chest, “I can take that off if you want, it was easier to wrap it like that while you were asleep incase you shifted around, but you have to be careful with that arm.”

Ranboo nods, “Yeah, that’d be nice.” They say honestly, their arm feels pretty asleep from being in that position for so long without being able to move.

Bad nods and leads Ranboo back into the room next to the one they woke up in.

Hopefully unwrapping it won’t hurt too bad.

The next to come home is soon after Bad finishes unwrapping their arm, with the sound of humming and a guitar being strummed.

“Wilbur!” They hear Niki say happily and peak around the corner, seeing a tall (not as tall as them, but tall) man in a beanie and a yellow hoodie with brown hair pushed in front of their face, a guitar held carefully in one hand and the other being thrown around Niki in a loose hug.

Wilbur releases Niki and looks up, waving kindly at Ranboo who waves awkwardly back.

“Nice to see you awake big man!” He says, walking over casually, “I’m Wilbur.”

“It’s nice to be awake.” Ranboo responds, “I’m Ranboo but everyone already knows that.”

Wilbur laughs a little and nods, before his face lights up in realization and he digs a hand into his bag, pulling out a worn notebook with ‘Do Not Read’ embellished on top.

“I think this is yours, we found it with you, I would’ve given it to you earlier but you were asleep and I didn’t want someone to look through it.” He says, handing the notebook over to Ranboo who takes it gratefully, tucking it against their chest.

“Thank you.” They breathe gratefully, the book soothing their nerves in a way they can’t describe.

“No problem!” Wilbur responds, smiling brightly at him, “I hope you enjoy your time here Ranboo.” He says, patting Ranboo on the arm (softly, to not irritate any injuries) before walking past him into the living room.

Ranboo is sitting curled up in a chair, writing down all the information they learnt, along with adding a new page of ‘People’ to their book, with name and general description, when the next few appear.

They hear the door open along with laughter and a teakettle like wheeze, Ranboo can’t manage to discern what they’re saying as they walk into the room, but they tense when they feel eyes land on them, even though they can only see one of the people’s eyes.

One is the green one with the mask that was there when they woke up before, Dr-Dray? Dream?

Yes, Dream. On one side of him is a man in blue with goggles covering his eyes, and on the other a man with a bandana across his forehead.

There is a moment of awkward silence where they just stare at each other before Ranboo decides to break it.

“Uh, Hi.” They say, oh so eloquently, they really need to get more introductions.

“Hi,” The one in the bandana answers, “We kinda forgot you were awake, sorry.”

“It’s fine,” They answer, they would probably be offended but they have no room to judge someone for forgetting something.

“I’m Sapnap, this is George, and that’s Dream but you probably knew that.” Sapnap says, gesturing at the man in the goggles and then the masked one, *so Ranboo was right about Dream’s name.*

“Hi,” George says after, followed by Dream saying a little ‘yo’.

“Nice to meet you, well, besides Dream, we already met,” Ranboo answers, writing down their names and descriptions into the book.

“Nice to meet you too,” Sapnap says and they walk off to continue their conversation, leaving Ranboo to their writing.

The next is a quieter one at least, one with a blue mask covering half of his face and reindeer antlers stretching out of his head, sticking out of holes in a onesie he is wearing that Ranboo thinks must not be the best to wear outside.

He sees Ranboo and waves happily, Ranboo waving back in return, he writes down a quick note on a paper and hands it over.

On it is written simply ‘I’m Callahan.’, Ranboo nods at the note and looks up at the masked person.

“Can you hear?” They ask, not wanting to introduce themselves to someone who is deaf, and receive a nod in return.

“Okay, I’m Ranboo.” They say, holding out a hand which Callahan shakes happily.

He signs something that Ranboo can’t understand before laughing slightly and walking off.

Ranboo stares after him confused before shrugging and writing down simply.

‘Callahan - Reindeer horns and mask? - Can’t speak’

The next is also calm but just as weird, a man taller than him walking in, covered up to his elbows in redstone, he looks over at Ranboo as he walks into the living room, nodding at him in

acknowledgement.

“You’re Ranboo, right?” He asks, and Ranboo nods, not really wanting to talk anymore than they have to.

“I’m Sam,” He states simply, digging around in a chest for something before looking over, just a bit of concern in his eyes, “You doing okay? You were asleep for quite a while.”

“I’m fine,” Ranboo reassures, smiling slightly, Sam seems to take it as a good enough answer and nods, standing up.

“Well, I’ll see you around.” He states simply before saluting him and walking off back outside.

Ranboo writes in ‘Sam - Creeper Hybrid, Tall - Nice’

Ranboo is going to walk up to their room when the next walks in, a boy about their age dressed completely in purple, they vaguely recognize him but don’t know from where.

“Oh, hey.” He says casually when he spots Ranboo, before walking off, not even introducing himself.

Ranboo pauses before simply shrugging and continuing to their room, writing down ‘???? - Purple’

The next is another in purple, but a green spiral sticks out on the middle of his hoodie.

“Oh, hi Ranboo.” He says, waving at Ranboo casually, something about it makes Ranboo feel strangely like Karl has seen them before, but they shove that down to just random suspicion due to talking to so many people today, or maybe Karl just recognizes them from hypixel.

“Hey,” They say, and then follow it up with, “Who are you?”

“Oh,” The person says, “I’m Karl, sorry I should’ve introduced myself,”

“Oh no, it’s okay,” Ranboo reassures, smiling slightly, careful not to show fangs, humans usually don’t like when they do, they find it intimidating, “Nice to meet you Karl.”

Karl smiles back awkwardly but not unkindly, “Nice to meet you too Ranboo.” He states, waving and then walking off.

Well, that could’ve gone worse.

‘Karl - Spiral hoodie, brown hair’

There is a bit of a stumbling sound and Ranboo suppresses a flinch from where they are sitting at

the table, Niki gave them some bread to try to snack on since they need to make up for the lack of food from a few days of being passed out.

A man with ram horns walks into the room, well more of stumbles, eyes focusing vaguely on Ranboo.

“Oh,” He states simply, “You’re the kid that’s been asleep for a few days aren’t you?”

“Uh, yeah,” Ranboo answers, “Hi?”

He walks over, the stumbling and swaying suddenly gone, and holds out a hand for Ranboo to shake, “I’m J.Schlatt”

“Ranboo,” They answer, shaking Schlatt’s hand, his hold is strong to the point it is vaguely uncomfortable but they don’t complain.

“I’ll be seeing you around Ranboo,” Schlatt says, pulling his hand away and walking out.

“Okay,,,” Ranboo says quietly from behind Schlatt’s back, probably unheard, and writes down a quick entry.

‘J.Schlatt - Ram hybrid - Kinda weird’

That seems fitting.

They are quietly sitting near Niki when the next walks in, a woman with fluffy hair that curls in on itself in little rings, it reminds Ranboo of a sheep.

“Hey Niki,” She greets, seemingly not noticing Ranboo, kissing her on the cheek.

Niki flushes and Ranboo blinks a bit, surprised, they watch the woman look a bit confused before she looks up and sees Ranboo.

“Oh,” She says, blushing a bit, “Hi,”

“Hi,” Ranboo answers back, still a bit confused.

“I’m captain Puffy, but you can just call me Puffy.” She says.

“I’m Ranboo,” Ranboo says, and follows it up with, “I like your name,”

“Oh, thank you!” Puffy says, smiling brightly, she reaches out and Ranboo has a brief moment of expecting her to grab them when she pats them on the head, the affection feels strangely forren, “It’s nice to see you awake.”

“It’s nice to be awake,” Ranboo says with a little chuckle, “I’d say sleeping that long was boring but it wasn’t like I was there for it.”

Puffy laughs a bit at that, smiling at them, “Yeah, I get it,” She says, “I’ll see you around Ranboo,” She says, walking out with a little wave towards them both, and Ranboo sees the tentative wave that Niki sends her back.

‘Puffy - Long fluffy hair - Dating Niki?’

Ranboo is less surprised when the next person walks in, she is tall with short hair and shades on, hiding her eyes, and Ranboo vaguely envies her for it, missing their own glasses.

“Hi,” She greets calmly, her voice is calmingly deep, “I’m Eret, any pronouns.”

“Uh, Ranboo,,,,,, He/Him,” They state, ignoring how their mind screams ‘WRONG WRONG WRONG’ at the pronouns they chose.

“Nice,” She says, following it up quickly with, “I like your crown, we match.” She flicks her own crown on her head, making a satisfying metallic ‘ding’.

“Oh, thanks,” Ranboo says, surprised, not used to compliments and certainly not on that, “Yours looks better than mine though.”

“Yours has more character though,” Eret states, smiling “Mine is boring, you could find fifty of the same kind.”

Ranboo shrugs, never really thinking of looking at it that way, “I guess.”

Eret smiles at their answer, Ranboo can tell they’re making eye contact from behind her glasses but strangely doesn’t feel uncomfortable by it, “It’s nice to meet you Ranboo,”

“It’s nice to meet you too.” Ranboo says softly, blinking at Eret as she waves and leaves the room again.

“Huh,” They say softly to themselves, writing it down.

‘Eret - Crown and shades - Uses any pronouns, eye contact doesn’t hurt?’

The next are a piglin hybrid and a man with wings, even though Ranboo has seen plenty of hybrids, those with wings are rare and they force themselves not to stare.

“Oh, ‘ello mate!” The one with wings says, accent very apparent.

“Hi,” Ranboo says, and wow they REALLY need to find some more introductions if this is gonna keep happening.

“I’m Phil,” The one with wings greets, smiling kindly, “and this is Techno.”

“Hullo,” Techno says calmly, shrugging off a heavy red cape.

“Nice to meet you,” Ranboo responds,

“How you feeling mate, you were out for quite a bit,” Phil asks, worry clear on his face.

“Oh, i’m fine!” Ranboo reassures quickly, “A bit sore all over but not too bad.”

“Well, better than still being asleep.” Phil says, still looking a bit worried.

“Or dead,” Techno adds, shocking a small laugh out of Ranboo,

“Yeah, or dead.” They state, shoulders shaking a little in laughter, and they catch the smirk that Techno tries to hide.

‘Phil - Wings - Nice, dad vibes’

‘Techno - Piglin hybrid, pink - Weird but in a good way’

Ranboo isn’t even surprised when they hear the padding footsteps of someone else, watching as a, cat hybrid? Walks into the room.

He is much more cat than human, skin all furry like a siamese cat, but he smiles when he sees Ranboo like he was looking for him.

“Hi!” He says, approaching calmly like he’s expecting Ranboo to jump away, “I wanted to say hello since I heard you were awake. I’m Antfrost,”

“Hello,” Ranboo responds softly, smiling at him.

Antfrost pauses before going into their inventory, “Oh, I got you something while you were asleep!” He states, pulling out a golden apple and holding it out.

Ranboo stares at it with wide eyes for a few seconds before taking it slowly, even though they are not particularly the most expensive, all things considered, it still is an incredibly kind gift.

“Thank you,” They say, they feel the need to give Antfrost something, they open their inventory and see a few bamboo, that will work, “Here,” They say, handing it over.

Antfrost smiles at them, pupils widening a bit as he takes the gift, and Ranboo gets why Niki used to get so excited when theirs would do the same.

“This is friendship,” Ranboo states seriously, and Antfrost nods, mimicking their seriousness before laughing softly.

‘Antfrost - Cat hybrid - kind, gave you a golden apple’

It’s next to dinner time when another walks in, in a red and black mask covering most of his face.

He seems a bit surprised to see them, blinking a few times before shaking himself out of it.

“Hello Ranboo,” He says, “I didn’t expect you to be out of bed.”

“I felt fine walking around,” Ranboo explains with a shrug,

He nods, “I’m Ponk, I do most of the medical stuff, besides Bad.” He explains, “Would you be okay with me looking over your injuries after dinner? I just want to make sure bandages didn’t get

loose or something, we should also have you drink another regeneration potion.”

“Oh yeah, sure,” Ranboo replies, “Yeah I’m fine with that.”

“Good!” Ponk says, “If any of your injuries re-open or something also let me know, alright?”

“Of course,” Ranboo says, as much as they dislike asking for help, dealing with an infection is not on their to-do list currently.

‘Ponk - Red hood/mask - Doctor, tell if injured’

It’s halfway during dinner, Ranboo feeling semi-uncomfortable the whole time but not really being focused on, when two more appear, running in panting.

“Sorry for being late!” One apologizes, they’re brown haired with small horns and in a dark green button-up shirt that they put on wrong, “We were in a mine and didn’t realize how late it got!”

“And there were mobs.” The other says, Ranboo realizes that he also has wings, but they probably aren’t useful for much more than gliding or brief flight with their size compared to Phil’s.

“It’s fine, just sit down and eat.” Phil reassures, and both sit down, clearly tired from running, “You should introduce yourself, we have a new person here!”

The one in green looks up like he didn’t notice Ranboo before, “Oh sorry big man! I’m Tubbo!” He states, already digging into his bread.

“Quackity,” The other states, mouth already half full of food, and Ranboo chuckles slightly at that.

“Ranboo,” They say, more out of politeness than actually introducing themselves.

The chatter returns after that, it feels much more calming than before, even when Tommy flings some of his half eaten bread across the table at Dream (whose mask is moved to the side to expose his mouth), and immediately gets an entire baked potato thrown back his way.

“Welcome to the Dream Essempli.” Niki whispers from next to them, giggling, and Ranboo nods.

*They could get used to this.*

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry again for this chapter being so long, I might make the next few longer as well if this is preferred but it will take longer for them to come out, so please let me know if you would prefer shorter chapters sooner, or longer ones later!

I wrote this very late so if I screwed up anywhere please let me know lmao.

(if you like this think about following my tumblr @lucky\_cr0w)

# Settling In

## Chapter Summary

Tommy wants to help Ranboo settle in, it goes worse than expected.

Also known as: Tommyinnit grounding speedrun any %

## Chapter Notes

Hello! This chapter has quite a few instances of anxiety/panicking, descriptions of panic attacks (though they are not stated to be one), and other similar themes, so if that may be triggering I would suggest you skip it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is surprising how quickly Ranboo falls into routine with everyone else, fitting into place like a piece of a puzzle that no one knew was missing until they were there.

Ranboo gets used quickly to waking up to Tommy's yells and the smell of breakfast cooking. They usually have a lot of free time to do their oldest (and only) hobby of people-watching, usually sitting in a chair in the living room that they've claimed as their own and watching as people come and go.

There is not much to do since they aren't allowed to leave the house until fully healed, since everyone is worried about if it suddenly starts raining or if they get attacked by mobs, and Ranboo isn't particularly jumping at the idea of arguing with anyone here anytime soon, so they deal with it.

They are brought back gifts often, Tubbo and Tommy ask their favorite flower the morning of their second day awake (Allium) and come back later with an entire crown that they drop happily on Ranboo's head.

Ranboo still wonders how they managed to find so many, as alliums are pretty rare, but they don't question it and keep the flower crown safely in a chest in their bedroom.

Other gifts are more useful, on their third day of being awake they find a large pack of straws on their dresser in their bedroom, and even though Ranboo doesn't know who did it, they suspect it was Fundy from how shiftier he was the next time they spoke.

Ranboo uses them often, much preferring them to the possible burns when they try to drink from bottles and glasses.

Niki bakes them almost comical amounts of pastries, though more than half are stolen by Tommy. Ranboo doesn't mind, laughing when Tommy snatches one for himself, it's not like they're running out anytime soon.



It was only a matter of time before Tommy pulled them into one of his schemes.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Ranboo asks, fidgeting uncomfortably with the sleeve of his dress shirt as he holds one of the markers that Tommy gave him to ‘grief’ George’s room.

“It will be fiiiiiiiine!” Tommy assures, writing in big bold letters ‘FUCK YOU’ onto a sign, Ranboo thinks it’s a bit funny that Tommy is writing on signs instead of just on the walls, not actually harming the room at all, though Ranboo thinks the mushroom design of the outside and the almost barren inside is a little funny, “I doubt he’ll even notice, he’s blind as fuck.”

“He’s *colorblind*,” Ranboo corrects softly.

“Same thing!”

Ranboo snickers, placing down a sign over the door and writing a simple “Sad shack” and an arrow pointing to the room.

They tune out of Tommy’s yelling, watching him place crying obsidian on the floor, helping him and almost trapping both of them in the room when Tommy places it in front of the door.

It is going good until Tommy accidentally strikes aflint and steel, the wooden wall lighting up immediately.

“OH SHIT!” Tommy yells, scrambling backwards from the fire.

They scramble for something to put the fire out, with Ranboo being the first to open the door and the two of them have to duck out of the doorway as the fire spreads. Ranboo yells, “What the fuck?!”

They blink, looking around the room, their ears ring as they readjust to new surroundings.

They can see Dream and Tommy arguing, and they vaguely think that this happens often, but this seems a bit more serious than that. They can see Tubbo, Fundy, and Quackity in the background of the argument, along with George behind Dream (*why does seeing George make them panic so much???*).

Ranboo tries to focus on what everyone is saying, something about a room, George’s room? Burning? Is it burnt down, is the house okay?

“What about you, Ranboo, did you have any part of this?!” George asks, and Ranboo is unable to suppress the flinch from someone yelling at them.

“It’s fine, it’s just George, Niki is here, she won’t let anyone hurt you, they haven’t hurt you yet, you’re okay” They think to themselves, looking around, they feel pinned to their seat from the eyes on them and they have to force themselves to continue breathing even if their breath stutters briefly.

“I- What?” They ask, looking around, they’re so confused, they can see Niki’s eyes widen as she realizes they blanked out again.

"I already told you, Ranboo had no part of this!" Tommy says, shifting the attention away from Ranboo and they sigh in relief at no longer having the feeling of eyes on them, "It was a one man crime!"

"I'm sure Ranboo can speak for himself," Dream says from next to George, crossing his arms, "So, Ranboo, did you have any part of this?"

"Um," Ranboo says, looking around, pointedly ignoring eye contact, cringing at the feeling of eyes returning, "I don't know?"

"What do you mean you don't know?!" George asks, and Ranboo fails to suppress a small flinch as George takes a step forward, Dream puts a hand on George's shoulder to stop him from advancing further and scaring Ranboo more, the only one besides Niki noticing their distress.

"Um, I don't, I-" They pause, taking a deep breath, "I have short term memory loss? I don't really know what's going on," They explain quickly.

They can see Niki's surprise at them bringing their memory issues up so quickly, along with the others' mixes of suspicion or concern. Karl has a distinct look of understanding with his concern that makes Ranboo want to curl up further on themselves but instead keeps themselves firmly in place.

They zone out again as the conversation is pulled away from them by Tommy, along with Tubbo's yells that that doesn't help his case.

Eventually everyone is pulled away from the mock courtroom (where was this?) and Ranboo eventually finds their way to their room, closing the door and sliding down it, curling around themselves.

*Why did they tell everyone that? They never told anyone about their memory issues, it made them easy to manipulate, atleast they weren't stupid enough to mention their memory book, that always caused problems, people always realize how easy it is to control them with it.*

*They can't count on their fingers how many times their memory book had been messed with, taken and ruined, taken and changed, manipulated, even if it isn't a part of them it hurts every time, like someone reached into their skull and scrambled their memory physically.*

They curl up further on themselves, rocking back and forth softly, the swaying is calming and they find themselves whimpering into their legs, their tails wrapping around themselves instinctively.

They take a few minutes like that, rocking softly as to not make any noise, before slowly easing themselves out of the tight ball they shoved themselves in and pulling their memory book out of their inventory.

They rub their thumb over the differing texture of the glimmering 'DO NOT READ' on the front, before flipping it open, letting the paper run past their fingers.

The blackout was from yesterday morning? To the courtroom, or maybe they just didn't write anything down.

I was woken up by Tommy again, he's loud but nice

Tommy wants me to help him prank George, I agreed, it went wrong.

George came home and got angry, Niki says that Tommy won't get in too much trouble, I hope she's right.

Oh, Oh *no*.

They erase the part where it says they helped Tommy almost frantically, before tossing their book onto their bed like it would burn them, their breathing picking up again.

Even if they don't punish Tommy, Ranboo is new, they'll think they're a trouble-maker, they'll know that Ranboo can't be trusted! They already learnt about their memory loss, it only takes something to slip before they can take the book away like everyone else has, to change it and morph it and to add more.

"Tommy, you will be grounded for the next 3 weeks!!" Tubbo declares, and Ranboo blinks, looking around the mock courtroom confused.

They flip open their memory book which they find in their hands, finding the brief details.

It was the next day, that's a few hours missed, and they had breakfast already, that's good, and Tommy is getting his punishment, well, that's bad, but grounding doesn't sound too bad, unless it stands for something else, they've been places like that, were they say a thing that sounds soft and twist it into something nasty.

Tommy throws a fit like usual, one that makes Ranboo have to hold back laughter, and then everyone disperses. Tommy, surprisingly, follows Ranboo as they find their way back to the living room, having found out where in the house's layout the spare room they transformed into the mock court room was.

"Why are you following me?" They ask after a few seconds, not unkindly, more confused than anything.

"Well you're also stuck in here so I decided to grace you with my presence." Tommy says, voice low and pouty and it makes Ranboo smile softly from behind their mask.

"Oh of course," Ranboo says, chuckling, "So you're gonna keep me company while I'm on house arrest?"

Tommy nods, "But you have to keep me company when you're allowed out, fairs fair, bitch."

Ranboo laughs, nodding, "Can't have the great Tommyinnit getting bored," they state, "You might just burn down the entire house instead."

Tommy laughs, following Ranboo and sitting across from them as they settle into the chair they've claimed, collapsing onto one of the couches.

Ranboo opens their book, going to the friend page in practiced motions, they haven't gone to it in a while, the simple 'Niki?' haunting them.

They erase the question mark and then add 'Tommy' under it, listening to Tommy ramble endlessly about how bullshit his punishment is.

Ranboo decides that they like Tommy.

Since it may not be clear after this chapter I am gonna resay: none of the main people in this story are going to be villains or evil, the characters in this are described in threatening/anxiety inducing ways because it is from Ranboo's point of view and Ranboo is scared of them and distrusts them, so they aren't going to see their intentions as good (yet), a lot of this story will focus on Ranboo learning to trust them.

Also any of them still behaving in 'threatening' ways while Ranboo is panicking is because they don't notice unless said otherwise, so just take this through the lense of Ranboo catastrophizing others actions :>

This chapter mostly exists to establish how Ranboo views the others originally (to compare to later in the story) and also to establish how their anxiety problems/memory loss work, even though it might not fit completely with canon I based how they lose memories in more active ways (the blank parts) similar to how I do, while they also slowly lose memories in the background normally!

Also this is a mock of Tommy's exile, YES this does imply that Tommy and Wilbur got grounded and as a strike made pogtopia, that's canon now I don't make the rules.

# Flower Crowns

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo, Tommy, and Tubbo sneak out. It goes better than expected!

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is a tiny bit longer than the others so I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo yawns, standing up from their bed and stretching, the action causing their back to pop in several parts.

They set down the book on their bedside table, it is some book on greek myths that Techno lended them. It was quite interesting (*if difficult to read at points*), and helped pass the time that Ranboo didn't want to spend listening to Tommy.

Ranboo jumps at a sudden knock against their window, swiveling around to look at it.

Another knock hits it and they walk over in quick steps, moving aside their curtains to find Tubbo there, balancing on something below their window and holding their hand up like they're gonna knock on it again.

Tubbo looks at Ranboo and knocks softly on the window again.

They unhinge the latch and open it, glad that it opens inwards so they don't knock Tubbo off.

"Tubbo what are you doing?!" Ranboo hisses, "You're gonna fall!"

"Shh!" Tubbo says quickly, putting a finger up to their lips, "I'll be fine, you're gonna sneak out with us."

"What?!" Ranboo asks, looking further out the window to see Tommy on the ground near Tubbo, "Aren't we gonna get in trouble?"

"Not if we get away with it!" Tubbo says confidently, "You're basically healed anyways, and Tommy's punishment was wayyyy too long."

Ranboo sighs, holding their head in their hand, cursing themselves for having no backbone, "Fine," They whine, "So, how do you expect me to get down."

"Jump, you'll be fine, it's just the second floor." Tubbo says, smiling.

"What?!" Ranboo says, but Tubbo already is gone from their window, jumping down to the ground floor with a small 'oof', clearly not knowing how to properly catch himself, but otherwise no worse for wear.

They sigh, carefully moving to sit on the windowsill, staring down at Tubbo and Tommy on the ground.

“Both of you suck,” They grumble, jumping down in a graceful motion, careful to land mostly on their leg with the ankle that wasn’t injured.

They open their mouth to question where they are even going but Tubbo puts their fingers to their lips again, a sign to be quiet, and instead he and Tommy start to lead Ranboo into the forest.

Ranboo decides not to question, not particularly wanting to be caught sneaking out, and follows them, the forest is less dense than Ranboo expects, and soon they are going into a small flowery clearing, with hives set up and bee’s meandering around.

“Oh,” Ranboo breathes softly, Tubbo runs off happily to the hives, followed by Tommy.

Ranboo follows at a slower pace, careful not to step on any flowers, watching as Tubbo happily coos at his bees.

“Oh you haven’t met them yet!” Tubbo says, grabbing one of the bees softly and holding it out to Ranboo like it’s a cat and not a giant terrifying insect, “This is spinz! We lost him briefly but he came back!”

“Uh, hi?” Ranboo says softly, staring down at the bee, who buzzes back at him.

“He likes you!” Tubbo remarks happily, before letting go of the bee to float around at the flowers, “There are other ones, but the only other one I named is Spunz, when Spinz went missing Punz gave me Spunz, but then we found him again so we have both!” Tubbo explains, excitement lacing his tone.

“They’re very cool,” Ranboo replies, and Tubbo nods happily in response, beaming up at Ranboo.

“Tubbo!” Tommy calls, a bit away where the flowers are more dense, “Come on, we had a plan big man!”

“Oh, sorry!” Tubbo calls back, gesturing at Ranboo to follow him to the flower patch.

Tubbo and Tommy sit down in it, and Ranboo follows their lead, still careful not to damage any of them.

“Do you know how to make flower crowns?” Tubbo asks, picking a few flowers carefully, down at the stems.

Ranboo shakes their head ‘no’, “I think I did, at some point, but I forgot,”

“That’s okay, we can teach you!” Tubbo says, smiling brightly,

Ranboo smiles, fidgeting lightly with their sleeve, “I’d like that.”

Techno stomped up the stairs, he was missing some things, namely his axe, and assumed a certain little racoon had taken it.

“Tommy!” He yells, stomping across the little hallway, “Did you take my axe?!”

He narrows his eyes when he receives no quip in response, knocking hard on the door, he already knew Tommy was no were else in the house, meaning he had to be in his room, “Tommy?!”

No response again, Techno sighs, trying the door handle, locked.

He rears back in a quick movement, kicking the door down with ease, staring around at the empty room.

The window is open, and the objects on the desk under it being knocked over makes it very clear what happened.

**Escapeinnit**

**Pog**

**He be goin!**

**Were did he go**

**Racooninnit**

**Get your things back!!**

**BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD**

“Great help chat,” Techno sighs quietly, digging through a chest he doesn’t find any of his things, which means he’ll have to actually go after Tommy.

He goes over to Tubbo’s door, knocking, even in the pogtopia days Tommy couldn’t keep their little ‘revolution’ (basement gang) from Tubbo, and if he snuck out there is a 9/10 chance that Tubbo at least knew about it.

After no answer, he opens the door, looking around to find it empty, window open like how Tommy’s was.

**Did he seriously sneak out when he’s allowed to leave?**

Techno huffs quietly in laughter at the stupidity of it, if anything making it more suspicious, but moves on.

**RANBOO**

**Check ranboo**

**Ranboo’s room**

It couldn’t hurt to see, and chat is usually at least a little right.

He walks over, knocking calmer than the other two, it didn’t take someone as perceptive as him to notice the kid was jumpy as hell, and the scars on the side of his mouth that they only see at meal time, hidden behind the mask, doesn’t paint a pretty picture in his mind.

He definitely had not gotten a little bit of a soft spot for the kid after finding him injured and half-dead in the rain, that is definitely just chat making things up.

He gets no response, after knocking again with no response he opens the door slowly, glancing

around.

Empty, window open, so all three then.

He walks down the stairs and out the door, circling to the side of the house the windows are on.

Tommy and Tubbo's footprints are easy to track, Ranboo's don't appear often besides where he originally landed and a step here or there in the forest (on his bad leg).

Less than half way there Techno assumes where they went and just walks in that direction, going a much quicker route than how they went, and ends up at the bee clearing soon enough.

He spots the three teens immediately, Tubbo and Tommy stacking flower crowns on Ranboo's head who seems to be struggling with making his own, having to unfold and refold it a few times.

**Aw**

**Awww**

**aw**

**E**

**bonding!**

**don't ruin it**

**get them while they're not paying attention**

**E**

**They look so happy!**

**Pog**

**Bonding pog!**

He stays quiet as he approaches, before carefully stepping on a branch to announce his arrival.

Ranboo swivels around first, fear clear on his features, but calms minutely when he sees it's just Techno, before seeming to remember that he's not supposed to be outside and becoming more panicked.

Tommy and Tubbo look up and have a similar response, Tommy being actually grounded and Tubbo from being caught with them.

"Uh, hi big man!" Tommy says, voice cracking, "What are you doing out here?!"

"Hullo," Techno responds calmly, "I'm looking for my axe, actually." He says, "Seen it anywhere, Tommy?"

Tommy smiles nervously, closed lipped and too wide, and Techno immediately is confirmed in that instant that Tommy definitely has it.

"Uh, nope!" Tommy says, "You probably just left it somewhere like a pussy, anyways you should probably be heading back!"

Techno raises a brow from behind his mask, "Is that so?"

Tommy nods almost hysterically.

"Well," Techno says, "Guess I'll just have to go tell everyone you've been sneaking out of your grounding then."



“AAAAAA NO!” Tommy yells instantly, flinging himself off the grass and towards Techno, yanking the stuff out of his inventory, an axe, a stack of gapples (he’ll have to talk to Tommy about that later), a slow falling potion that almost shatters on the floor before Techno catches it, some armor, and a few more things.

“That it?” Techno asks, picking up his stolen shit from the floor.

“Yeah,” Tommy says, swallowing hard, “So you aren’t gonna tell them?”

“Never were, just wanted my stuff,” Techno responds, “Why are you out here anyways? Of all the places to run off to this is not the sneakiest, or the most interesting.”

“Ranboo never made flower crowns before, we’re teaching him,” Tubbo cuts in, holding up one of his own half finished crowns, “Anyways he’s still injured and we didn’t want him to get more hurt, I’m pretty sure Niki would maul us.”

Tommy laughs, sitting back down in his spot, “Yeah, and then we’d have another war, maybe she’d nuke me.”

Techno sees Ranboo mouth ‘war?’ to himself, looking increasingly confused.

“What about you Ranboo, why are you out here?” Techno asks, more trying to distract him than anything.

Ranboo looks over quickly, startled, but calms himself quickly.

“Peer pressure,” They explain dryly, still trying to fold the flowers onto the crown.

Techno huffs a small laugh, the quip so reminiscent of himself, and sees Ranboo get surprised by the action, probably didn’t expect ‘The Blade’ himself to laugh at his joke.

“Oh, Techno knows allllll about peer pressure,” Tubbo states, looking pointedly at Techno,

“Hey, you said you forgave me for that,” Techno responds calmly, picking a flower from next to him.

“You sold me out to Schlatt! I was grounded for like three weeks!” Tubbo responds, though there is more humor in his tone than anger.

“Hey, I didn’t sell you out, you were just a bad spy,” Techno states, shrugging, “I was just the one who gave you your sentence.”

“You betrayed us!” Tommy yells, throwing his hands up, “I even duelled you over that!”

“Stays in the pit, Tommy,” Techno replies, smirking.

Tommy huffs angrily, crossing his arms, muttering curses under his breath.

It is hours later when they return home, they take the path instead of the forest, the sun low in the sky and not wanting to risk mobs with Ranboo injured (even though he says it would be fine).

Techno had left an hour or so earlier, wanting to use his newly re-acquired axe to get some logs

like he had planned earlier, leaving the three teenagers alone.

“Are we gonna be in trouble when we get back?” Ranboo asks worriedly, what happened with George’s room was a close call and they didn’t want to be in trouble so early while staying there. *(They didn’t want to give them an excuse to kick them out earlier)*

“It’ll be fine, we won’t even get caught!” Tommy states proudly.

“I doubt that,” Ranboo mutters, staring as the house slowly approaches in vision.

“It’ll be fine big man,” Tubbo assures, patting him on the back and Ranboo suppresses a flinch from the contact, “Anyways, the only one who’d get in any trouble is Tommy!”

“Then why’d you sneak me out in the first place?” Ranboo asks,

“For fun,” Tubbo answers with a shrug.

Ranboo groans, burying their face in one of their hands and grumbling something that sounds like ‘you two are idiots’, making both of them fall into laughter.

They walk up to the house, Phil immediately coming into view, standing on the porch with his arms crossed like an annoyed father.

“And where have you three been?” He asks as they approach.

Ranboo swallows nervously, fidgeting uncomfortably from behind Tubbo and Tommy, they can’t figure out how Phil is feeling, others here have acted angry before to be funny and they never can tell the difference, *is he actually angry and Ranboo is going to be kicked out and not see Niki again anymore? Or are they gonna hurt them as punishment? Is Tommy going to get more in trouble because of them? Or-*

“We were just showing Ranboo the flower field!” Tubbo says, “We showed him how to make flower crowns!”

Tubbo holds up one of the crowns Ranboo made happily, like a proud parent, and Phil softens visibly.

He sighs softly, “We’re going to have to start locking you in a cellar to keep you from leaving while grounded,” He states, though his tone holds no seriousness to it, “Come on in, it’s time for dinner.”

Ranboo blinks at the interaction, confused why they’re not at least getting yelled at, but follows them into the house. The lack of yelling or getting hit soothes them a little, maybe, just maybe, this place will be safe for them.

Maybe.

## Chapter End Notes

Brief Techno POV pog!!!

If you couldn't tell, bold is Techno's 'chat' and italics throughout the fic have usually

been Ranboo's thought process!

If you like this think about following my tumblr @lucky\_cr0w, I sometimes answer questions about the fic on there and also reblog a ton of dream smp stuff!

# Pets

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo, Purpled, and Tubbo go get Ranboo's stuff from Hypixel.

## Chapter Notes

I would've written a valentines day chapter but I forgot about it until this one was already written, sorry :<

This chapter gets a bit more angsty with things like panic attacks, very mild gore, and some other things, so if that would be triggering I'd suggest you skip it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo sits in the grass outside of the house, braiding small pieces together while Tommy and Tubbo chase each other around them.

Tubbo drops next to them, panting, and lays there for a few minutes while Ranboo chuckles lightly at him.

“Hey Ranboo,” Tubbo asks after a bit, still winded, “Do you have anything were you used to live?”

“What do you mean?” Ranboo asks, looking over from were they were playing with pieces of grass.

“I mean, you used to be on Hypixel, right?” Tubbo asks, and Ranboo nods tentatively, “Did you have anything at like, the dorms?”

“I mean, I owned things, nothing that important I guess.” Ranboo says, “I also had my pets,” They trail off after that, before sitting up quickly, “OH GOD MY PETS!”

Tubbo looks up confused at the now panicking Ranboo.

“Oh god how could I forget about my pets? They must be so worried right now!” Ranboo says, quickly pushing themselves up so they can start pacing, one of their claws finding it’s way into their hair and yanking on it, “What if someone broke in and hurt them? Or maybe the automatic feeding didn’t work and they’re starving? Or-”

“Hey,” Tubbo says, grabbing their shoulder softly and making them jump, when did Tubbo get behind them? “It’s okay, they’re probably fine, would you like us to go get them?”

Ranboo nods, swallowing a distressed warble. Tubbo grabs their hand softly and leads them inside, stomping up to Dream with determination.

“Dream, we need to go to Hypixel immediately!” He states, crossing his arms.

“Why?” Dream asks confusedly, “You’re not allowed to go fight in bedwars or something.”

“No, Ranboo has some pets there and we’re worried for them being alone so long!” Tubbo states, “We need to go get them.”

Dream sighs, “Fine, but you’re not going alone,” He states simply,

“Why not?” Tubbo asks, “We’re not going to battle or anything.”

“It’s Hypixel, Tubbo,” Dream states, “There are all sorts of dangerous people there, I don’t want you to get stolen for an illegal fighting ring or some shit.”

Ranboo fidgets nervously from behind Tubbo, desperately trying to shove down the part of their mind that screams that they are one of the ‘dangerous people’, that Tubbo shouldn’t be around them. Everyone already knows they’re from Hypixel, hell fucking Technoblade is here, that’s not what Dream is saying, they’re just reading into things.

*(It still hurts, though.)*

They end up with Purpled coming with them, all the adults are busy or far enough away that it’d be quite late by the time they arrive, and he knows Hypixel (Ranboo vaguely remembers him being on bedwards leaderboards.)

Dream lights the server portal and tells them to not take too long as they walk through.

The feeling of the portal is slightly nostalgic and they’re quite used to it, but they wait a second for Tubbo to shake off the dizziness that portals bring. Portals have never really bothered Ranboo much, but they understand that it can make others motion sick.

“Okay,” Tubbo says weakly, “I’m good,”

“Your pets are at the dormitories, right?” Purpled asks, looking up at Ranboo who nods nervously in response.

“Okay, let’s see if I remember how to get there,” Purpled says, mostly to himself as he starts walking off. Ranboo doesn’t try to tell him that they could probably just show them the way there and instead just follows quietly, keeping an eye on Tubbo to make sure he doesn’t fall off the floating islands into the void, it’s an instant respawn and doesn’t hurt but the idea it could glitch and Tubbo could be lost forever still worries them.

“How many pets do you have anyways?” Tubbo asks, walking besides the taller hybrid, still slightly dizzy from the portal.

“Three,” Ranboo states simply, “All are cats, Jjjjjjjjeffrey, Enderchest, and Enderpearl.”

“Damn,” Purpled says, “I was hoping you’d have a dog.”

“Technoblade already has like a hundred dogs,” Tubbo says in an amused tone,

“Calling them dogs is a bit misleading, they’re wolves that Techno managed to shove a collar on.”

“That’s what all dogs are Purpled!” Tubbo states, laughing,

The dorm buildings come into view, multiple of them meant for the hundreds of players, though those who visit more often get better ones of course, and champions get better ones.

“Follow me,” Ranboo hums, not expecting Purpled to know where exactly they live, and walks the way to their building, the path memorized subconsciously after having to go to it a few hundred times.

“Woah!” Tubbo says, staring around at the massive buildings, “Do you really live here.”

“Kinda,” Ranboo responds, “I just have a room, I don’t own the entire building.”

“Still cool as shit,” Tubbo says softly, following Ranboo into the building they stay in.

Ranboo pulls the keycard to his floor from his inventory, swiping it over the scanner quickly and walking on, Purpled and Tubbo following him on.

He presses the button to his floor, having to grab onto Tubbo’s shoulder to stop him from falling to the floor when the elevator starts moving.

There is a noteblock ding as the elevator hits their floor and they step off, keeping a hand on Tubbo’s shoulder as he sways slightly.

“Why is it so fast,” Tubbo groans, staggering slightly.

Ranboo chuckles, leading him softly, “So that people can get to their floors quicker, after fighting all day you get tired.”

Tubbo makes a noise of complaint and leans against Ranboo’s side for balance, Ranboo stops himself from tensing at the action.

He scans the keycard again at the door to his room, the door opening quickly with a click.

Jjjjjjjjeffrey and Enderpearl run up immediately, purring and circling around their legs while Enderchest simply watches from the back of a couch.

“They’re so cute!” Tubbo coos, scooping up Jjjjjjjjeffrey “Which one is this?”

“That’s Jjjjjjjjeffrey with 8 j’s,” Ranboo says, scooping up the other cat at their feet, “This one is Enderpearl, they’re the youngest, and the one over there is Enderchest.”

“They’re soooooooo cute!” Tubbo repeats, nuzzling his face against Jjjjjjjjeffrey’s happily, “I’m going to steal them.”

“Please do not,” Ranboo says softly, smiling as they watch Tubbo coo over the cat in his arms.

“This one’s kinda cool,” Purpled states, and Ranboo looks over to Purpled scratching Enderchest under the chin,

Ranboo smiles slightly at the sight, though takes their chance to break away and look around the place.

It was never really a ‘home’, rooms got switched often for whatever reason and it didn’t particularly feel like home, too blank and empty, but it was where they lived for the past few years, so they let themselves bask in the feeling of not particularly home, but a place to stay.

They walk into their room in quiet motions, there is a small layer of dust on places the cats hadn’t

cleared it off by walking around. They walk over to the bookshelf, old memory books lining it, and puts them into their inventory with quick but careful motions.

They doubt that they'll be allowed to stay on the Essempi, no matter how many times Niki promises that they can stay as long as they wish, but they do not know when they will next be returning, and the chance of losing these memories makes anxiety thrum deep in their chest.

Afterwards the anxiety dulls only slightly and they look through the chests, not finding anything they want to take too much, they decide to take some different outfits so they weren't just stuck in borrowed clothing and their suit.

They walk out, finding Tubbo and Purpled on the couch, both holding their cat of choice.

"Got anything else you need to take?" Purpled asks, looking up from his spot on the couch,

"No, not really," Ranboo responds, "I grabbed some clothing and some books, but I don't really have much else."

"Let's go then!" Tubbo says, standing up with Jjjjjjjjeffrey in his arms.

Ranboo follows them quietly as they go back to the elevator, laughing when Tubbo gets dizzy from the elevator again.

"The cats are doing better at dealing with this than you," Purpled states, watching as Tubbo sways vaguely,

"Shut up," Tubbo grumbles but with no real malice, unable to keep up the angry act for long and falling into laughter as they leave the building.

The trip back goes pretty normally, nothing too interesting happening until-

"Ranboo is that you?!" Tubbo asks, staring up at one of the big screens displaying a skywars fight,

Ranboo looks over and feels their heart drop into their stomach, staring at the screen as a video of themselves plays on it.

They watch themselves as they dodge the blade of an enemy, raising their already bloodsoaked pickaxe and stabbing it into their enemies thigh, it weakens them and makes their attacks worse, more panicked, they quickly move back and then swipe at their enemies stomach when they are hit at again.

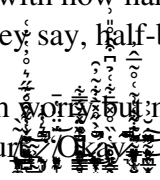
They fall to their knees, clutching the wound, and they watch themselves as they swing the pickaxe down, crunching through their enemies skull.

Their breathing falls fast and they can hear Enderpearl mewling at them from where they are in their arms, sensing their anxiety,

"We need to go," They say, voice strained and weak to their own ears,

"What, why?" Tubbo says, looking at him from where they were watching the screen

They swallow hard, and with how hard their hands are shaky they wonder if they'll drop Enderpearl, "Please," They say, half-begging

Tubbo looks at them with worried nods, "Okay big man," He says, voice soft in a way that makes Ranboo's chest hurt. 

Ranboo sits in their room, cats curled around them, and they blink around at their surroundings.

They blanked out, okay, that's fine. They try to jog their memory.

They went to Hypixel to get their cats and some of their memory books and returned home, okay, probably just wasn't anything worth remembering.

They pull out their most recent memory book, writing in an entry for today.

**I picked up Jjjjjjjjeffrey, Enderpearl, and Enderchest**

**Tubbo and Purpled came with me.**

**Today was a good day :)**

## Chapter End Notes

Ranboo really be forgetting stressful things huh

If you like this fanfic please think about following me on my tumblr @lucky\_cr0w

The next chapter is actually going to get into soulmate stuff, so if you came to this fic mainly for the soulmarks be ready for that!

Also if you have anyone you specifically wanna see some interactions with Ranboo for let me know! :>



# Deserving Love

## Chapter Summary

Eret and Ranboo have a talk.

(It's about soulmarks)

## Chapter Notes

Hello! I had this chapter on the back burner for a bit as I am ahead on the chapters currently, so I'm really excited for ya'll to see it!

Since I realized I never mentioned this, I generally update every two days (so since this is posted the 16'th, the next will be the 18'th), though I might miss it a few times if something happens, I am ahead enough that that probably won't be an issue!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“This is difficult,” Ranboo whines, carefully shearing pink wool off of one of the sheep, ending up ruining quite a few pieces by cutting them wrong.

Eret laughs at their struggle from where she is feeding the sheep, petting one of them on the head, “You’re getting the hang of it!”

Ranboo glares at her with no real malice, blowing some wool away from them from where it is drifting in the air, “Yeah, sure.”

Eret laughs again, Ranboo quickly following suit, both falling into easy laughter.

They continue working, Ranboo struggling to shear the sheep the way Eret taught them while Eret feeds them carefully,

“Hey Ranboo?” Eret asks, “How do you feel about doing something to pass the time?”

“Besides struggling to shear sheep? Yeah sure,”

Eret chuckles, “Well,” She begins, “You’ve been with us for a week or two and I don’t really know much about you,”

“It’s not like I talk about myself much,” Ranboo states, shoving some of the pink wool into a chest,

“We could play something like 20 questions,” Eret states, “I ask a question and you answer it, and then you ask a question and I answer it!”

Ranboo pauses, mulling over it for a second, “Can I deny answering a question if I want?”

“Sure,” Eret says, “If it makes you uncomfortable or something you can skip,”

Ranboo nods, "Okay, can I start?"

"Sure,"

"Why are we collecting all this wool?"

Eret laughs softly, not expecting that, "A personal project," She says, "Something for everyone,"

Ranboo shrugs, "Your turn then,"

"Hm," Eret says, not actually having a question on hand, "What's your favorite food?"

"Potatoes probably," Ranboo says with a shrug, "Easy to make and good, but I don't really mind any foods,"

Eret nods, accepting the answer,

"Why do you wear your glasses all the time?" Ranboo asks, "Are you photosensitive or something?"

"Kinda," Eret responds, "They also hide my eyes."

Ranboo opens their mouth to question further but shuts it with a click when they realize that it's not their turn anymore,

"Why do you wear the mask and gloves all the time?" Eret asks, and Ranboo runs their hand over the fabric of their mask on impulse,

"People are usually scared by the whole fangs thing," Ranboo says, half-lying, that was the reason currently (besides the fact it also hid their lack of facial expressions), originally it was just to cover the scars on their cheeks and replace the heavy feeling of something else covering their mouth.

Ranboo shakes their head to clear the thoughts, they don't have time to unpack all of that,

"And the gloves?" Eret asks, unaware of their internal turmoil.

"Helps me know where my hands end." Ranboo states, "It's like, depth perception but for my body."

Eret raises a brow but doesn't question further,

"Uh, what's your favorite color?" Ranboo asks, quickly running out of questions,

"Is rainbow an accepted answer?" Eret asks and gets a look from Ranboo, "Okay, pink probably then."

Ranboo nods, stopping shearing at this point and just leaning against a chest with Eret leaning on the fence across from them,

"What got you onto Hypixel?" Eret asks, glancing at the crown balanced on Ranboo's head,

Ranboo shrugs, "It was my only choice really, I am very clearly a hybrid and nowhere else was safe, I also had the fighting skills for it,"

Eret nods, waiting for her question,

Ranboo pauses like they are questioning if they should ask or not, before saying “What gender are you?”

Eret pauses, raising an eyebrow “Sure thats what you wanna use your question on?”

Ranboo nods nervously and Eret sighs, laughing a bit.

“Alright,” She says, “ I don’t really like labels, but I guess I’d technically be counted as genderfluid or pangender,” She states, “I use any pronouns because I feel like it doesn’t matter.” Ranboo nods, fiddling with the sleeves of their jacket but not showing any signs of disliking the answer they got,

“It’s okay if you skip this one, alright?” Eret asks before continuing, receiving a nervous nod from them, “So when we found you, we had a talk at dinner when Niki told us you were her brother, and she mentioned that her last conversation with you was an argument but refused to specify what it is about because she said it was your place to share, can I ask what it was about?”

Ranboo pauses, processing the words slowly. They remembered the argument no matter how much they wish they forgot, but the knowledge Niki told them, even if they didn’t specify what it was about, hurt,

“You can skip if you want,” Eret consoles, apparently seeing Ranboo’s rising panic, “I’m just interested,”

“It’s fine, I trust you,” Ranboo says, “Sorry I’m, I, I just,” They struggle to put the words together, “It, it was about soulmarks.”

“Soulmarks?” Eret prods, raising an eyebrow,

“Yeah, uh,” Ranboo swallows, fidgeting with their hands nervously, “We’re uh, soulmates, of course, I love her and everything,” They say, “But I, it-” They took a deep breath, “I didn’t want to mark her and I refused to, and she was fine with it for a while because you know, she respects my boundaries and everything, but when I left to go to Hypixel she wanted to, like, connect the bond, and I refused to.” They explain, all in a rush.

“Why didn’t you want to fulfill the bond?” Eret asks, tilting her head slightly,

“I don’t want to mark someone,” Ranboo says simply, “Someone shouldn’t get a mark of someone’s soul from a person like me, it’s better for them to be a bit hurt now than to mark them and realize how terrible I am later. I don’t deserve to get one from someone else anyways.”

Eret frowns, staring at the teen before her speaking of themselves like a monster, it makes her heart ache.

“Ranboo,” She says, voice soft, and catches how hard they flinch from it, “You don’t have to listen to me, and I get we’re not too close yet, but just think about what I say, okay?”

They nod, looking away from her and rubbing their wrist in a way that Eret expects will bruise it,

“I don’t know you that well yet, but you are one of the nicest people I’ve met, okay? You’re very kind and go along with Tubbo and Tommy’s stupid schemes and you have managed to get everyone to like you so you must be doing something right,” She states simply,

Ranboo mutters something but Eret doesn’t catch it, so she continues,

“You can’t deserve a person’s love, thinking like that is just going to drive you insane, either someone loves you or they don’t, and if they don’t that doesn’t mean you weren’t good enough and if they do that doesn’t mean you don’t deserve it. You don’t earn love by being good enough.” She says, “You’re allowed to love people and be loved, even if you feel like you don’t deserve it.”

Ranboo turns to look at them and Eret winces at the look on their face, about to take it all back when they nod, wiping at their eyes before tears start burning down their face, “Thank you,” They say softly, “I’ll,, I’ll think about it.”

Eret nods, smiling, “Okay, that’s all I ask,” She says, “Now, we should probably finish shearing these sheep.”

Ranboo groans, the moment broken, “Do we have to?”

Eret laughs, “Come on, you promised you’d help, we might be done by the end of the day at this point!”

Eret sighs, resting her head back against the wall, the memory of the conversation playing in her mind.

Dealing with traumatized teens was, tragically, a skill most of them had at this point, Tommy, Tubbo, Purpled, hell even Fundy, it didn’t make it any easier.

Of course, she knew part of what happened to him, being a prophet came from perks (though she dislikes the lack of privacy it causes others), she didn’t even mean to look, just an accident of zoning out too much while watching him on one of his first days asleep,

She doesn’t really like what she saw,

She should probably tell the others before they started prying and caused Ranboo to panic all over again, most of them not quite as good at talking down a kid until they were already halfway into a panic attack, but getting a time were everyone would be there besides Ranboo would be difficult, and explaining it multiple times might get messy.

She sighs, pushing her hair out of her face as she walks over to her bathroom, taking off her glasses and setting them down, turning on the sink and splashing her face with cold water.

She dries her face off and looks up into the mirror, plain white eyes staring back at her, they don’t bother her much, she mostly wears the glasses so other people don’t freak out over them.

She looks over at her shades, a memory of Ranboo mentioning disliking eye contact comes to her, she doesn’t mind it as much, but it is certainly easier to avoid when people can’t see where you’re looking (Not that people ever know where she’s looking anyways).

An idea comes to her mind and she grins, putting the glasses back on and walking into her room, looking around for glass.

Ranboo walks into their room, humming softly to themselves, they had been allowed to go mining for the first time, though they still think being handed full enchanted netherite armor for it was a bit of a stretch, they were grateful.

They pause when they see a piece of pink wool sitting on their dresser with two pairs of glasses next to it, they walk over, looking over the objects.

They pick up a note sitting next to the glasses, reading it curiously.

**I heard you don't like eye contact, these might help! -Eret**

Ranboo smiles, picking up one of the pairs of glasses and examining them.

They are circular compared to Eret's normal more squarish ones, with black lenses that would hide their eyes well.

The other pair is the same shape, but instead of the black lenses one is red and the other green, matching their eyes.

They pick up the wool next, confused, and find a tag attached to it with 'You matter <3 - Eret'

"Aww," They say softly, putting the wool in their inventory to be stored in an enderchest later.

They definitely owe Eret a gift later, maybe something to fit with the whole royal outfit they have going on?

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this more comforting chapter since the next one is really angsty!  
Also, I am thinking of adding more of the mini pov's at the end of chapters just so you can also see how others are viewing Ranboo,

If you liked this chapter think about following my Tumblr @lucky\_cr0w, I answer questions about the fic on there along with in the comments of these chapters and once I finally get un-artblocked I will post drawings of the characters there aswell!

# Stolen Comforts

## Chapter Summary

Tommy steals Ranboo's memory book, unknowing of how important it is.

## Chapter Notes

MAJOR TW IN THIS CHAPTER FOR - Panic attacks/descriptions of panic attacks, accidental self harm, mentions of wanting to die, descriptions of feeling like dying, and other generally triggering topics.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo hums softly, walking up to their room to deposit some of the wood they spent time chopping,

It isn't really a task they need to do, but the motions keep them busy and having extra materials on hand never hurt them, they also still owe Eret that gift for the glasses.

They move to pull their memory book out and write down what they did, they scan over their inventory and find no book.

They pause, anxiety racing up their spine as they check over their inventory again,

There's nothing there, it's not there,

They open up chest after chest, scanning through the items with keen eyes as fear slowly grows,

Oh no oh no no no no,

"Where is it?" They whisper to themselves, digging through another chest and finding nothing,

"It's fine, it's fine! It's probably just in a chest somewhere!" They reassure themselves, hands shaking as they walk out of their room, moving quickly so they don't get stopped by someone,

They check Eret's sheep farm, remembering that they deposited their entire inventory in a chest, but find only pink wool and shears,

They check the xp farm, where they last mined, even around where they were cutting down trees and find nothing besides an empty book that is most certainly not their memory book, the leather completely different.

"Where is it where is it where is it where is it," They whisper on repeat to themselves, digging through the chests in their room,

"It's gotta be in here, it's gotta be in here," They say, looking through the chests, "Why can't you remember?"

“This isn’t good, this isn’t good,” They repeat, leaving their room again and walking outside, checking any chest or barrel they see,

“This isn’t good, it has to be somewhere,” They say to themselves, wiping their palms on their pants to get off the sweat,

“It’s gotta be close, it has to be somewhere nearby,” They say, “It can’t not be, you haven’t gone far away from here yet,”

“There’s no way I just put it in some chest,” They say, but still dig through another one they see, finding nothing, “I’m not, I’m not that irresponsible,” They say, and a nasty voice in their head hisses ‘*liar*’

“No one found it, no one probably found it, you’re fine,” They say to themselves, pulling off their gloves in a hasty motion, the texture starting to bother them and probably why their hands are so sweaty, definitely, “No one found it,”

“Because if someone found it, then you’re screwed!” They say to themselves, “But no one’s going to see it, so we’re fine!”

“Why did I put it away, I never do that,” They say, walking quickly back to the house, “It’s fine though, it’s fine, you’ll find it!” They reassure themselves, though their voice is squeaky and annoying to their ears,

“This is the one thing you couldn’t lose,” They remind themselves, “This is the one thing you couldn’t lose,” They repeat,

“What am I gonna do, what am I gonna do if I lost it? What if i’m- What am I gonna do? I don’t know!” They say, laughing a bit hysterically at the end, “I-It’s fine I can remember, I can rewrite it, I can rewrite what I remember,”

“Why did you forget? Why, why did you take it out of your inventory, you never do that, it makes no sense, it makes no sense at all. But it’s fine,” They laugh again, “It’s FINE, I’m doing great, I’m doing absolutely great,”

“We’re just gonna find it, no one read it, cause if someone did read it, then you’re screwed!” They tell themselves, “Because you have no moral backbone, you have absolutely no moral backbone any of the time, and you’re a liar, if they find it they’ll never trust you again!”

“It’s probably here, it’s probably in one of these!” They state, stopping by the chests they were around earlier, pulling them open, “It’s probably, its, it’s probably,” They trail off, staring at the chests with no book to be found,

“Oh, oh no,” They say, reopening the chests and finding nothing, “It’s gone, it’s gone, it’s gone,”

“Where else could it be? Why don’t you have it WHY DON’T YOU HAVE IT?” They ask themselves, hands coming up to grip and pull on their hair, the sting of it is grounding,

They sigh shakily, “Why don’t you have your memory book? That is the one thing that you need. It’s the ONE THING that shows just how terrible you are!” They yell at themselves, they can feel the drip of blood as one of their claws digs into the skin of their head, probably staining their hair since it is on the white side,

“I have it, I have it, I know I have it, I probably just didn’t check, I’ll go back home and it’ll be in a chest because I’m an idiot and didn’t see it and everything will be fine!” They reassure themselves,

walking home in quick steps, every few they blank out and appear a few steps ahead, but just chalk it up as their panic making them less aware,

“Someone took it,” They whisper to themselves, but quickly backtrack, “No, there's no way someone took that! That's foolish, that's foolish to think! They don't even know what it is, you're supposed to trust them you can't think they stole it, this is the reason they can't find it in the first place because you don't trust them! You should've told them everything the first day you were here but you were scared of their reaction!”

“How could you think that, no one took it! Someone probably- No! No one took it,”

“We're doing fine, we're doing great, we're gonna find it and we're gonna make it so no one else ever finds it!”

“Cause it shows,” They laugh sadly, their steps slowing, their legs feel like jelly under them, “Cause it shows just how terrible you are,”

They continue walking, forcing their pace back up even though it hurts and they're left stumbling every few steps, “Where could it have gone off to, you checked all your chests there's no way you couldn't have found it,”

“It's fine, you'll find it you'll find it you'll find it you'll be fineyou'llbefineyou'llbefineyou'llbefine,”

“Okay, you don't know where the book is, that's okay! Someone didn't find it, someone didn't see where it is, they don't even know what it is, then where did it go?”

“Cause it, cause it shows that you lied to them, multiple times! It shows that you don't trust them, that you're not planning on staying, it shows them just how terrible you are to Niki! It shows how you really feel about them it, it shows,” They trail off, harshly scrubbing tears from their eyes, “But it's fine, it's fine!”

“It's fine, cause you'll find it and then you just have to make sure to never lose it again once you find it, which you will, cause you'll find it!”

“Cause if you don't find it then they'll know, they'll know everything, and they'll use it against you, they could change it! And that's not something we want to happen, okay? Okay, alright,”

“It's okay, we just have to find it,” They say, and then laugh brokenly, “But where?”

“No, we can't think like that, we just have to find it,”

“Okay, what did it have in it, what did it have?”

“It had, it had my friends! It had your morals it had,,, It had what you believe in, it had what you did oh it *definitely* has what you did!”

“It-It will be okay,” They tell themselves, “No it won't because they'll know what you did. They'll know you're a liar and a traitor and you can't even trust yourself! It shows that you lied to everyone immediately!”

“Why did you do that, why did you lie immediately to the only people that have ever kept you safe, the only people who've ever given you a home!” They yell to themselves, a hand yanking on their hair again and drawing more blood from the claw cuts as a scorching hot tear goes down one of their cheeks, they don't move to stop it,



They walk into the house quickly, thanking End and Aether that there is no one currently around as they run up to their room, “Okay, just gotta check every slot, it will be here, it will be here,”

“It will, it will be, it will, it will be here,” They say, their voice quavering, finding nothing, “It will,” They drop to their knees, no longer able to stop any tears as they start crying, hiccuping sobs interlaced with distressed enderman warbles that they can’t swallow down, “where did, where did you keep it?” They ask themselves, face in their hands, causing the tears to burn their ungloved palms as well,

One of their claws finds their wrist, scratching through the bandages they kept there with ease, digging in deep to the pale skin, scratching through it, the pain is grounding and satisfying, and they deserve it,

“You’re a dirty liar, Ranboo” Their mind hisses, “You lied to the only people who’ve ever given you a home, you don’t trust them, you can’t trust them! They’ll throw you out the moment they read the book! You even got Eret to think that you aren’t terrible!”

They sob, ripping off their mask and glasses with their free hand and throwing them onto the floor, continuing to scratch deep slashes into their arm, their skin is too tight, it doesn’t fit properly, it needs to come off, they wish they could rip the veins out of their arms and feel the endless void of respawn, the calming numbness,

They’re dying, they’re dying they’re dying they can’t breathe and everyone will hate them, why did they think this would go well they should’ve left as soon as they were healed and everyone hates them why would this go well they’re so terrible of course they screwed this up this is just like before even

“Ranboo?” They hear a voice say and flinch, an enderman screech of terror coming out of their mouth before they can stop it, they dissolve back into sobs after.

They babble out small “i’m sorry i’m sorry i’m sorry”ies probably barely understandable between their enderman warbles and sobs,

“Hey, it’s okay big man,” They say, kneeling in front of Ranboo and they can vaguely see through their tears dark hair and tanned skin, “It’s okay,”

“It’s NOT!” They sob out, “I lost it I lost it and I can’t find it and-” They sob harder, the tears scorch their cheeks and just make them cry harder from blinding, white-out pain,

“Shit,” They hear them say and whimper, curling in further on themselves, awaiting to be hit for not just fucking calming down and being stupid and panicking, “You’re bleeding, I’m gonna- I’ll go get someone, okay? I’ll be right back, I promise Ranboo,”

They don’t respond, just sobbing into their legs, curled up on the floor.

One of their cats nudges against their hand covering their face, meowing softly, they let out a distressed warble at the action,

“Look, your cats care about you this much and you can’t even do anything but sit there and cry” Their mind crows, “You don’t deserve them,”

Ranboo agrees, though can’t do much about it, at this point they struggle to twitch their fingers and their legs have long since gone numb, so it’s not like they can walk out,

They hear footsteps return and a little “Oh Ranboo,,,,” They’d cry harder if they could, but they’re sobbing hard enough it’s making them gag,

Someone knees down next to them carefully, “Can you hear me Ranboo?” They ask,

Ranboo nods shakily, but is unable to lift their head to look at who it is or discern the voice,

“Can I touch you?” They ask, voice so, so kind and it makes Ranboo wanna cry more,

They nod quickly, the action makes them dizzy but a hand slowly smooths through their slightly bloodsoaked hair, they tremble at the action, torn between leaning into the comfort and wanting to run from it,

“It’s okay Ranboo,” They soothe softly, “I need you to try to breathe, okay?”

“I cantI-canticnaticant” They choke out, wheezing, their breath feels like it is being compressed and no matter how hard they try they can’t take in a breath,

“I need you to try, okay?” They say, “Just try,”

Ranboo does, they swear they TRY- but the breath just doesn't enter and they are left coughing and choking,

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” They soothe, “I’m so proud of you for trying, can you try again please,”

“No, can’t,,,” They wheeze out, weaker this time, running out of breath to talk with,

“You can, I promise, I know it’s hard but you can,” They say, “Just follow my breathing, okay?”

They breath in exaggerated motions that Ranboo can hear, letting them follow, they try, managing to choke down a breath but coughing it out almost immediately,

“There, see, you’re doing so good already!” They say, “Just try again, it will be okay, I’m so proud of you,”

Ranboo follows their motions again, breathing in deeply and holding for a few seconds (not the whole 4, but pretty good), wheezing it back out again with a cough,

“Good, let’s try again,” They say, breathing again, letting Ranboo follow,

They repeat that a good few more times, Ranboo slowly getting their breathing under control,

“Okay,” The person says, “Feeling better?”

Ranboo nods slightly, untucking their face from their arms, the open air stings against the burns on their cheeks.

They look up at whoever was helping them, seeing Eret kneeling in front of them, Philza to their side with a hand in their hair (the blood on it is sticky now and feels uncomfortable, it will be a pain to get out), Quackity and Bad stand near the doorway, Bad holding some healing potions and medical supplies, awkwardly waiting for Ranboo to calm down, and Quackity looking concerned,

Ranboo guesses that Quackity is the one that found them and winces, they aren’t really particularly,,,, close with him, honestly they’re pretty sure Quackity dislikes them,

“Would you be okay with Bad healing you?” Eret asks, voice soft, and Ranboo nods, sitting up even though their skin and bones ache with the action, they kinda just want to dissolve into the floor at this moment, but they’ve had worse.

Bad walks over, kneeling down next to them, checking over the burns on their face and palms, then the cut in their hair from their claws and the scratches on their wrist,

Bad winces when he sees the slashes, they gladly didn't hit a vein but it is definitely bleeding pretty good, dripping down their arm, "We're gonna need to stitch this before we use a regen so it will heal properly," He states, staring at the wound,

"Sorry," Ranboo mutters, annoyed at themselves more for getting caught than actually doing it, they've done worse while panicking, accidentally hit veins and had to respawn a few times, that was never fun,

"It's fine," Bad reassures quickly, his voice has a nervous twinge behind it that makes Ranboo wince internally, they shouldn't be worrying everyone like this, "You didn't hit anything important, the stitches will just help the flesh heal together properly,"

Ranboo nods, they could tell that themselves, a year or two (or three? four?) on Hypixel made them aware of what wounds were fatal or not and this one was an annoyance at best on that ranking scale.

They move to stand up but are instantly brought back down on the floor before they can even stand, their legs next to completely numb,

"Woah there mate," Phil says, reaching out slightly but not really having to catch them, since they barely went a few inches off the ground, "You should probably stay sitting for a minute,"

"I'm fine," They say softly, waiting for the dizzy spell to stop, "Really, I've fought in worse condition than this,"

They assume that was the wrong thing to say from Eret's tight lipped frown and Bad's clear concern, though they can't see the other two's faces, they guess they're in similar states,

They cringe slightly and curl in on themselves more, they don't like when people have those looks, either they get hurt or they make someone feel bad, and they don't like either of those things.

Bad softly wraps up their arm while waiting for them to be able to stand and walk downstairs, not wanting them to bleed more onto the floor.

"Do you know why you panicked?" Eret asks, sitting on the floor next to them still, "You don't have to tell, of course, but we can help if you tell us," Bad nods in agreement with her,

Ranboo forces themselves to continue breathing normally even though remembering makes anxiety come back full force, "I lo-I, I," They stutter, taking in a deep breath, "I lost my memory book? I looked over and I can't find it,"

"Is that the book you carry everywhere?" Eret asks, "Do Not Read?"

Ranboo nods, "I write down all my memories in it, so I don't forget," They say, and immediately curse themselves for spilling as soon as they get slightly pressed on the matter,

Eret hums softly, "I think I know where it is," She says, standing up, "I'll be right back," She says, walking out the door past Quackity,

Eret walks down the stairs in quick steps, going down the hallway and turning into the living room,

Tommy and Tubbo are playing some card game on the floor, laughing and yelling at each other, and Eret softens but forces herself to stay serious, Tommy did something bad and seriously hurt Ranboo,

“Tommy,” She says, voice deadly serious, Tommy swivels over with wide eyes, clearly sensing that he was in trouble,

“Yesssss?” He asks, a worried smile on his face,

“Ranboo’s book, now,” Eret demands, holding out her hand for Tommy to set the book in,

“Haha, I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Tommy says, voice squeaking and revealing the lie easily,

“Now,” Eret demands again, and Tommy sets the book in Eret’s hand with a sigh,

“Ruined the prank,” Tommy grumbles, and Eret glares from behind her shades,

“You gave them a panic attack, Tommy,” Eret states, and she sees Tommy’s eyes widen with panic, she knows that Tommy didn’t mean for that to happen, he steals stuff all the time for fun, it was an accident, Ranboo still got hurt from it, “I expect you to apologize to him at some point,”

“Is he okay?” Tommy asks, worry clear in his voice and Eret softens from it,

“Yeah,” She says, “He’ll be fine, you still should apologize, you really shook him up,”

Tommy nods, relaxing visibly when he hears that Ranboo is okay,

Eret walks back up the stairs to Ranboo’s room, holding the book carefully,

Ranboo watches as Eret comes back into the room, their memory book in hand,

They are halfway between ecstatic and terrified, they want their book back so bad, having it out of their hands so long makes their brain feel visibly shattered and full of static and cotton, but they also are half expecting Eret to start reading it, to tell them just how terrible Ranboo is and for them to force them to leave.

Instead, Eret walks over with smooth, expectable motions and holds it out to Ranboo, a small smile on her face,

Ranboo takes it slowly, hands still shaking a bit, expecting her to yank it away at the last moment but she never does, waiting for them to take it fully before drawing back,

They clutch the book to their chest, swallowing down a happy ‘vrrrrr’ that threatens to come out their throat at the object,

“Thank you,” They choke out instead, and Eret nods,

“Tommy had it, he took it as a joke, he didn’t know you’d panic over it, I promise it won’t happen

again,” Eret explains, taking her spot next to them,

Ranboo frowns, running their thumb on the slightly worn leather of their book, the texture comforting.

“He’s gonna apologize on his own later,” Eret specifies, “I thought you’d wanna know were it was, he didn’t read any of it,”

Ranboo nods, “Thank you,” They say softly, “Sorry for panicking so much, it was dumb, I should’ve just asked were it was,”

“Hey, none of that,” Phil says, voice kind but reprimanding, “You had a panic attack, don’t apologize for that, it’s not your fault,”

Ranboo nods again, they feel a bit like they’re gonna cry but they decide they don’t want any more burns,

“How about while Bad patches you up I’ll make you some hot chocolate and then you can sit in that chair in the living room you like so much,” Phil suggests, slightly wrapping a wing around Ranboo, light enough that they could shrug it off, but they make no move to,

“Hey, it’s a good chair,” Ranboo defends, chuckling weakly, “Can I bring one of my cats?”

“You can bring all three if you want,” Eret states, “I’ll carry them for you,”

“Thanks,” Ranboo says, forcing themself to stand up, the dizziness mostly gone even though their legs still feel pretty numb, following Bad out the room and down into the medical room.

They stay still as they receive the stitches, it doesn’t hurt too much even though Bad apologizes every three seconds for it, after that they are handed a regeneration potion, the flavor of it is sickly sweet to the point that they next to gag but they manage to force it down.

Bad also puts small bandages under their eyes until the burns there heal, just so they don’t hurt as much.

They go and sit in the living room after, Tommy immediately apologizes to them almost a hundred times, next to grovelling at their feet. They promise to forgive him if he helps Eret bring down Jjjjjjjeffrey, Enderpearl and Enderchest and he immediately sprints off to his mission, leaving Ranboo chuckling.

Sitting in their chair, with still slightly trembling hands holding a cup of hot chocolate with their cats curled around them, hearing Tubbo and Tommy argue over if the other is cheating at Uno, Ranboo thinks that this is probably the best after-panic attack they’ve ever had.

They try to relax into it instead of worrying about it’s longevity.

Better to cherish it while it lasts.

(Bonus Bad POV!)

When Quackity comes downstairs panicking, saying that Ranboo is having a panic attack and bleeding, Bad doesn’t really think, just grabs a medkit and a few regen potions and follows Eret and Phil upstairs.

Bad has seen panic attacks before, helped others with them, and he can tell this one is not a good one by any means when he sees Ranboo, gagging with sobs on the floor, wrist dripping blood and hair stained with it.

He doesn't know Ranboo well, though he doesn't particularly dislike him, he just never really had a conversation with him, so instead he hovers strangely at the door until Ranboo seems to calm down and helps after that, checking the injuries and bandaging them until Ranboo can stand to walk down to the sterile medical room for stitches.

Hearing that Ranboo has fought in such a state makes his concern grow exponentially, the vision of Ranboo in battle on Hypixel, swaying and dazed, branding in his brain uncomfortably.

Watching Ranboo clutch the book to his chest and rock back and forth softly, making soft almost purring noises that he keeps noticeably silencing makes pity, no, not pity, compassion, throb in Bad's chest.

He's always had a bit of a soft spot for kids, well, for everything, really, but kids especially, and it hurts to see Ranboo this panicked.

It reminds him of the time that Dream jokingly stole Tommy's discs, causing Tommy to have an entire meltdown that ended with him sobbing on the floor, begging for them back.

(he also remembers that he smacked Dream upside the head for it so hard that his hand hurt after, though Dream agrees he deserved it for keeping the joke going so long even though he realized that Tommy was getting distressed, anyways a few days after Tommy got his revenge with a bright red soulmark right smack dab on the middle of Dream's face, so it turned out okay.)

Ranboo is shockingly still and uncomplaining as Bad does the stitches, almost worryingly so, he flinches away from almost all touch and yet the pain seems to not bother him, and it worries Bad to his core, though it is not his place to question it.

(if when Skeppy comes home Bad next to drags him into their room to stuff his face into his chest and sob, telling him what happened as Skeppy softly comforts him, that's his business, and he can deal with it if it means that Ranboo is okay. He deserves to be okay, to be protected and supported, and Bad is willing to give him that, if he'll take it.)

## Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to be a LOT less angsty than this one, but I hope you enjoyed it even though it was very angsty!

I am currently deciding between keeping this fic very much just focused on trauma healing and everyone bonding OR switching it over to having a (more background) actual plot, so if you have an opinion on that please let me know!

# Bonding

## Chapter Summary

Sam gets Ranboo to help him with redstone  
Fundy and Ranboo have a little competition.  
Ranboo and Tommy find something to bond over  
Wilbur talks to Ranboo about their memory issues  
Schlatt offers Ranboo a drink  
Ranboo looks over their soulmarks

## Chapter Notes

This chapter took me multiple days to write, I am not even that happy with it but haha anyways-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo is eating breakfast one morning, listening to the vague chatter from those around them. They usually don't join the conversations unless pulled into one, but just listening in (even if they can't discern many words over whatever Tommy's screaming to Tubbo about), is comforting.

Sam gets up first to put his plate away, though before he leaves to go work on whatever project he is currently doing he pauses at the doorway to the hall, thinking.

After a moment he turns back, looking at them, "Hey Ranboo, how good are you at redstone?"

"Um okay I guess? I'm not good at making my own stuff but I can follow instructions?" Ranboo answers, confused at the question,

"Great, meet me outside when you're done eating, wear clothes that you're fine with getting dirty," Sam says, turning on his heel and walking out the front door.

"What?" Ranboo squeaks, but Sam is already gone and unable to answer,

Niki laughs from next to them, "Looks like Sam has chosen to mentor another child," She says softly and Ranboo bristles slightly at being called a child,

"What?" They whisper again to themselves, confused about what is going on,

They finish up eating and put their plate away, going up to their room and following Sam's instruction to put on clothing that they are fine with getting dirty,

It is harder than expected to find something, though they manage, an old dress shirt, a black sweater vest to fight off some of the slight chill in the air outside. They put on their jacket after some thought, it has survived almost everything with very little need for repair, Niki said she basically only needed to dry it when they were found even though the rest of their clothing was

next to completely ruined, so they could probably wash some redstone off (or whatever else Sam planned for them.)

They also put on their gloves, mask, and glasses, deciding they'd rather have to clean them later than go without them.

They put their armor on over the clothing, the weight is familiar and comfortable, grounding in a way, and they don't feel like spinning the roulette wheel of guessing if it will rain today and risk being in agonizing pain if they get it wrong.

They walk out the door, finding Sam leaning against the wall waiting for them, he has his gas mask on and Ranboo finds it a bit strange to see him with it, even though they know he usually wears it. They only really see Sam during meals usually, when he doesn't really have a say in the matter over wearing it or not. They wonder if Sam feels the same about seeing them with their mask and glasses.

"Took you a bit," He states, pushing himself off the wall, though he raises a brow seeing what Ranboo is wearing, "I thought I told you to wear stuff you'd be okay with ruining?" He says, but his tone is more teasing than actually concerned,

"This is the least fancy stuff I own," Ranboo admits, wringing their hands, "It's all old stuff so it's okay if it gets ruined,"

Sam smiles at them, "It's fine, you'll probably not get them too dirty," He states simply, "Follow me, I'll show you what we're doing,"

They travel through the nether to the guardian farm, Sam gets worried when he realizes they'll have to go through water and doesn't seem particularly assured when Ranboo tells him that water only hurts them over time with armor on, however, they didn't really have any other choice to get to the guardian farm that wouldn't take a while.

"Why are we here?" Ranboo asks, staring at the, apparently not working, guardian farm,

"Tommy managed to break it while XP grinding, I think he managed to get a creeper in here somehow, I torched the spawner so I could fix the redstone," Sam explains,

"And why did you need my help for this?" Ranboo asks, regretting it almost immediately, noticing how mean it sounds, but Sam doesn't seem to notice,

"Didn't," Sam says simply, "But unless you're working on a secret project or something with all the mining you're doing, I think you don't have much better to do,"

Ranboo nods with a small hum, rolling up their sleeves, they catch sight of the bandages and gauze on their still healing wrist and wince slightly but move past it, "What do you need me to do?"

Sam hands over some redstone, a few repeaters, and some other things, "Do you have a ear com?"

Ranboo nods in confirmation, being reminded of it makes them hyper aware of the implant behind their ear and makes it twitch uncomfortably,

"Okay, I'm gonna call you and I'll tell you where to place things and how many ticks while checking if it works," Sam explains, "That work?"

Ranboo nods, climbing through the small hole Sam made in the wall to the redstone, getting to the task, it strangely relaxing to make the practiced motions of setting down redstone and clicking



repeaters with Sam's instructional lull in the background.

They're not even that mad when they walk home covered up to their elbows in redstone dust, instead just laughing and joking with Sam, who is in a similar state.

Sam is nice, even though Ranboo finds him a bit intimidating (they're NOT used to someone being taller than them, no one has been since they were a child), he speaks in a calm but pleasant voice and doesn't mind repeating how to do things when Ranboo forgets.

Ranboo likes Sam.

Fundy screeches, jumping back to avoid a creeper explosion that he oh so heroically stopped from hitting Ranboo, "You ruin everything," He says weakly, brushing gunpowder off himself,

"I didn't ruin anything, I didn't do anything," Ranboo says, looking up from their communicator to see the creeper hole, laughing in realization "Oh, I don't think that was me,"

Fundy bristles, stomping off down the path and hearing Ranboo chuckle as they follow in long strides, easily keeping up with his half-sprinting pace.

"Okay, so how are we doing this?" Ranboo asks, walking with Fundy towards the mining site,

"I was thinking it'd be that every ore just has one point, and we just count whoever has more and that person gets a point," Fundy explains, "So like let's say I have more redstone, I get a point, you have more diamond, you get a point, it's 1 to 1."

"Ah, okay, so what do we get if we win?"

"Whoever wins geeetsssss," Fundy draws out the noise, thinking, "To rob eachothers room?"

Ranboo feels a cold pang of anxiety at the idea, remembering what happened a few days ago with their memory book, "No, no, I was thinking, whoever wins gets to make a message on the others communicator,"

"Oh that's dangerous," Fundy states, smirking evilly,

"That's a lot of damage though, thats a lot of damage though," Ranboo says, repeating the phrase, it feels good on their tongue and they bite down on it softly to stop themselves from repeating it,

"That's a lot of damage," Fundy repeats back,

"That's a lot of damage," Ranboo repeats again, smiling behind their mask, the words just feel good on their tongue,

Fundy tilts his head, thinking it over, "You know what? Let's do it," He states as they both walk down the stairs into the mine,

They walk together to the far wall, "We're only gonna be like one block apart so there's gonna be ores in the middle that we're gonna fight over," Ranboo says, stepping into their spot,

"Ooooh I like that, I LIKE THAT, I like that!" Fundy says, stepping into his own spot, "How long are we doing it?"

"Uh, how about 4 hours? So that we can actually get a decent amount,"

Fundy nods in agreement, clicking on the communicator behind their ear so they could hear each other through the stone walls, "Count us down,"

"Three, two, one, GO!"

Fundy quickly takes the lead, going ahead of Ranboo while they struggle to catch up,

"Dude I'm getting nothing," Fundy remarks through the communicator,

"We've been mining for like 3 seconds Fundy!" Ranboo replies between their soft mutters of 'gotta catch up'

Fundy makes an excited noise and Ranboo guesses he found something as they mine out some gold ore from the wall.

"Question, can I use X-ray and question, can I stray from my path?" Fundy asks jokingly,

Ranboo stutters out laughing, "n-NO!" at the question, Fundy cackling happily afterwards.

They continue mining and Ranboo's ears twitch slightly at the sound of Fundy yelling 'NOOOOO' in a comical amount of anguish.

"THAT JUST BARELY DOESN'T CROSS LOOK AT THIS SHIT!" Fundy yells at Ranboo mines into the little dug out area where Ore used to be that Fundy is in.

"What, what?" Ranboo asks, peaking over to see the redstone in the roof as Fundy whimpers, the noise is strangely fox like and they laugh at it as they continue mining.

"Ah! Gravel!" Fundy yells a few minutes later, Ranboo laughs though they can't stop themselves from peaking over to see if Fundy is okay, him mining into the tunnel perfectly fine (if a bit dusty) a second later.

"Wow you were so close," They state, jumping back down into their tunnel,

"So- So I read somewhere-" Fundy starts, before gasping happily, "DIAMONDS ON YOUR PATH, BUT THEY CROSSED THROUGH THE MIDDLE!!!"

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!" Ranboo yells over Fundy's cheers, "I'm going to- I'm going to die."

"I GOT TWENTY SIX!" Fundy yells in celebration,

"TWENTY SIX?" Ranboo asks, "How did you get twenty six?!"

"I think I got four out of every single one of them,"

"Oh my ender," Ranboo grumbles, picking up some iron from the wall and continuing to mine.

"SILVERFISH, STOP!" Fundy yells and Ranboo can hear it through the wall even with their ears com on.

"Hehe, that was my trap," Ranboo states, smirking evilly to themselves at their own joke, enjoying hearing Fundy cackle from it,

They continue to mine, Fundy mostly filling the silence with random yells of either terror or happiness and Ranboo making quick quips after,

Ranboo jumps back from a creeper approaching from deeper into a cave they dug into, hitting it with their pickaxe on instinct and causing it to go off next to Fundy. Fundy yelps in response though seems no worse for wear,

“Tactical creeper, it’s fine!” Ranboo says, mostly to themselves, as they run back to continue mining in their tunnel, hearing Fundy mock them for having a creeper blow up from behind them.

“Mine, this is mine!” Fundy yells, shoving Ranboo slightly out of the way to dig up ores,

“No! Mine too!” Ranboo responds, digging up as much ore as they can before jumping back into their tunnel, digging into a vein of ore quickly.

“I actually just dug up everything on your side!” They cackle happily, digging up the ore in quick precise motions,

“MINE! MINE! MINE!” Fundy yells into his com, causing Ranboo’s ears to ring uncomfortably though they can’t find themselves to care through their own laughter,

“I got middle, middle baby!” Fundy says, and Ranboo can hear the sound of stone breaking through their com,

“No, no!” They yell, quickly finishing up with the ore vein so they can catch up,

“DIAMONDS ON YOUR SIDE!” Fundy announces, cutting them off,

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME I AM GOING TO KILL SOMETHING!”

“I’m so happy!” Fundy says, the words have a pleasant hum that makes Ranboo want to repeat them, hear the noise again, but they don’t

“Of course you are, of course you are you disgusting creature,” They bite back, and almost pull the words back but Fundy brushes them off, Ranboo wonders if Fundy heard them at all,

“I got forty-six!”

“FORTY-SIX? What the heck-”

“LAVA! Oh I’m screwed! I’m screwed, I’m screwed, I’m screwed! There’s lava at head height!”

“Ha! You have to- You have to run through it!” Ranboo crows happily, digging up some of the ore from Fundy’s height and replacing it with cobble so he’ll still have to dig through,

They both fall happily into bickering over ores, jabbing each other quite a few times with their pickaxes (the first time Ranboo feels complete terror that he might’ve actually harmed Fundy, too many bad memories of using pickaxes for much less innocent things, but Fundy’s laughter and yells over the ore being all for him keeps them from falling any further)

“Oh I got a vein right just at the end!” They declare happily, getting the iron before digging the last few blocks,

“Why is this minute so long, this is the longest minute of my life!” They say, waiting for the alarm to go off.

The ring of the alarm manages to make them jump even though they were expecting it and they yell out “Done, done!”, pulling their pickaxe from where they were driving it into the wall, “Okay, head back.”

“How long did we mine?” Ranboo asks, mostly themselves, pulling out their communicator, “Oh wow, we mined almost 2000 blocks,”

“No wonder my arms feel like they’re about to fall off,” Fundy says, complaining, and Ranboo chuckles,

Their arms also ache a bit, but they guess they are a bit more used to mining for hours on end than Fundy, who seems to rather stay above ground most the time unless there's a reason to be mining,

“Do you want to do the counting back at the house?” Fundy asks, depositing all the useless cobble, granite, and other things into a chest, along with crafting the redstone and coal into blocks.

“So that everyone can see me win? Sure,” Ranboo teases, and Fundy punches them weakly in the arm,

They travel back quickly, mostly crowing at each other that they OBVIOUSLY won and making up random things they could make the other say,

They go into the living room, not particularly caring about dragging ore dust everywhere (Sam did it with redstone almost every day, Ranboo doesn’t even wanna question the time they went downstairs and found Techno covered in blood,) and setting down a double chest,

“Okay, coal first,” Ranboo says, pulling out their coal blocks to the front of their inventory,

Fundy nods, copying their action,

“First stack,” Ranboo says, putting their first stack of blocks in, keeping them to one side so that theirs and Fundy’s items were easy to discern.

Fundy puts his own stack in, evening out their amounts,

“Okay, second stack,” Ranboo says, putting in their 61 remaining blocks.

Fundy hisses through his teeth, setting in 52 blocks.

Ranboo throws their hands up in excitement, yelling happily while Fundy lets out an anguished ‘NOOOOOOOO’

“Redstone, okay, redstone is next,” Ranboo says after their brief excitement calms down, “First stack,”

They both set their redstone block stacks in

“Second stack,”

Both place it in,

“Third stack,”

Fundy sighs as Ranboo sets theirs in, hand hovering and not truly setting it down,

“Do you not have a third stack?” Ranboo asks, sounding far too amused, even behind their mask Fundy can almost *sense* their smile.

He sets down the 62 blocks and Ranboo shouts happily again, setting down another 20 blocks in the chest.

“This is bad, this is extremely bad,” Fundy says, mostly to himself, watching Ranboo happily celebrate their lead,

“Okay, okay let’s do,,, iron next?” Ranboo asks, Fundy nods in agreement, pulling out his own unsmelted iron,

“Okay, first stack,” Ranboo says, placing them down in the chest and Fundy following suit,

“Second stack,”

“Third stack,”

“Okay final-, wait fourth stack,”

“Oh fuck you,” Fundy hisses, placing down their 36 blocks as Ranboo sets down a stack and 5 more.

“Yess!” Ranboo says happily, grinning happily as Fundy pouts,

“Okay, lapis, put your first- I’m just gonna assume you don’t have more than a stack so just place it down,” Ranboo says, placing down 21 to Fundy’s 56.

“Nooooo,” They whine, as Fundy celebrates his first point,

“Gold next?” Ranboo asks, moving to take it from their inventory,

“No, diamonds first diamonds first,” Fundy says, sure that this point was his,

“Fine just put it in,” Ranboo sighs, placing in their 33 diamonds to Fundy’s stack,

“What the heck,” They whisper softly after, glaring softly at Fundy’s grin,

They take out their gold, “Okay if we tie, we figure it out, okay?” They say, and Fundy affirms them with a nod,

“Ready, three, two-”

“I don’t wanna,” Fundy says, shifting around the weight of the ores in his paws,

“Three, two-”

“No”

“One-”

“No, no no no,”

“Come on, you gotta,”

“No,”

“You can’t do this to me,”

Fundy sighs, accepting his defeat,

“Three, two, one, place,”

Ranboo places down their 48 blocks as Fundy places down each block individually in a slot in the chest, stretching one and a half rows,

“W-what is this?” Ranboo asks, laughing slightly at the look on Fundy’s face,

“What is that, what is that!?” Ranboo asks and Fundy stays silent, “Is that it?”

“I seriously cry dude,” Fundy says finally, frowning at his clear loss,

“Is that- are you kidding?” Ranboo asks, laughing,

“I’m crying,” Fundy repeats, sitting down on the floor next to the chest in defeat,

“LET’S GO!” Ranboo yells in victory, throwing their hands up happily, unable to stop the delighted enderman vrrps and virrs that come out of their chest. Fundy doesn’t seem to mind them, instead just pouting over his defeat.

“LET’S GO 4 TO 2 BABY!” They yell, clapping as Fundy whines in the background,

Ranboo takes a few more seconds to settle, pulling out their communicator, “Okay, I’m gonna DM you what I want you to say, you have to send it word-for-word,” They say, grinning as they type in the message and send it privately to Fundy.

“I feel really bad but it’s gonna be REALLY FUNNY,” They state as they send the message,

“Don’t, Don’t do me like this,” Fundy says, looking up from their communicator with a horrified look,

“I gotta, that’s the name of the game Fundy,” Ranboo says, sitting across from the fox hybrid now as he stares at his communicator,

“Don’t do me like this, don’t do me like this!” He repeats and Ranboo cackles happily, grinning wide enough their cheeks hurt.

“Look me in the eyes- take your armor off and look me in the eyes,” Fundy commands and Ranboo feels cold anxiety at the idea, though they refuse to not do a direct command from a (friend?) and pull off their armor, looking up at Fundy,

It traps them in place like usual, they can hypothetically move, but even the idea of doing so is uncomfortable. The eye contact is as uncomfortable as usual, though it makes them feel less,,, they don’t know how to say it, they don’t feel like they need to run and hide or stab the person to be safe, they trust Fundy.

It feels nice,

They are distracted from the moment by Fundy’s horrified look and they laugh at him, struggling to stifle it,

“Why,” Fundy asks, and Ranboo laughs harder, leaning back against the couch behind them.

“It would be funny,” Ranboo explains in a voice choked from laughter, trying to stifle it,

Fundy types in the message to his communicator, holding his finger over the button, “Give me like a 3 second countdown,”

“Okay, 3, 2, 1, go”

Fundy presses the button, a resigned look on his face, “It hurts, it hurts, it hurts so much I hate you,”

**Fundy: I am a furry :3**

Ranboo cheers over Fundy’s shouts about hating them, laughing hysterically when they see the message actually pop on their communicator,

“I HATE YOU SO GODDAMN MUCH!” Fundy yells over Ranboo’s laughter, they have to drag their mask down from their face as they wheeze, doubling over onto the floor,

“I am fuming right now, I hate you,” Fundy says, barely hearable over Ranboo’s laughter,

Ranboo pulls the diamonds out of their inventory, shaky-handed from laughter, and hand it over, “Go ahead, you’ve earned it, I don’t care,” They say through laughter,

Ranboo manages to sit up, still wheezing softly from laughter, Fundy punches them in the arm once or twice, it just making them laugh harder,

“And what are you two doing?” Wilbur asks, suddenly leaning against the doorway, causing Ranboo to jump,

“Ch-check your communicator,” Ranboo says, struggling to talk through their laughter,

Wilbur pulls out his communicator curiously, laughing in surprise when he sees what was sent,

“Aww, you finally came out,” He says, laughing at how Fundy bristles,

**Ph1LzA: yes we know**

**Punz: i knew it**

**CaptainPuffy: Awww we love and accept you for exactly who you are.... a furry**

Ranboo laughs harder when they see the messages, doubling over again, wheezing with laughter as Fundy shouts at them in rage.

It is a calm afternoon, with Ranboo trapped inside from rain, when they hear a familiar tune from downstairs,

They walk towards it with interest, turning into the living room to see Tommy in the corner, leaning against a jukebox which is humming away with Mellohi playing in it,

Tommy looks up, blinking at them slowly, probably the calmest that Ranboo has seen him well, ever.

“Oh, hi big man,” Tommy says, yawning softly, “Sorry if the jukebox is annoying you, I can turn it off-”

“No, it’s fine!” Ranboo reassures quickly, “I just heard it playing and was interested,” They explain, wringing their hands together nervously,

Tommy raises an eyebrow at them, “Do you want to listen with me?” He asks, gesturing at the

other spot,

Ranboo walks over slowly, nervous that Tommy is gonna send them off, but he never does, simply settling back against the wall when Ranboo sits down, not particularly asleep, but dozing,

The next few times go pretty similar, whenever Ranboo hears the hum of the jukebox they will go downstairs and sit next to Tommy, listening to the familiar tune together, while Tommy has other discs, when he sees Ranboo he will switch it to Mellohi, which they appreciate, usually Tommy will fall asleep there. Ranboo has taken to bringing their memory book, writing in it while they listen.

It is one of these nights that they find themselves, instead of writing, instead looking at Tommy, they think their penchant for watching people (while a bit creepy) comes from being part Enderman, even though eye contact is a good way to get attacked, enderman like watching players, seeing how they build and interact, and Ranboo finds themselves doing similar often,

The sight of Tommy dozing, half-asleep, is strangely cute, and it reminds Ranboo of a cat, or maybe a raccoon, since it's Tommy, and their hand finds its way into his hair before they can stop it, freezing when they realize what they've done.

Tommy simply leans into their hand, making a soft happy noise under his breath, and Ranboo slowly, carefully, brushes their fingers through Tommy's hair, careful not to tug on it.

They repeat the motion a few times before relaxing, shifting so they are next to Tommy so they don't have to stretch out their arm uncomfortably, brushing through his hair in simple motions.

They feel their own ender-man like purr start, it isn't really a purr (even though their cats seem to take it as one,) It sounds more like white noise in their opinion, however Tommy seems to not mind it and leans against them, resting on their shoulder, the position a bit strange from the height difference.

It is about an hour later when Tommy blinks awake, jerking away from Ranboo with cheeks dark red with blush, Ranboo laughs at the sight, teasing him softly while he insults them back.

They repeat it the next time they listen to the jukebox together, and after that, and after that.

Ranboo doesn't really know why they're out with Wilbur, they have no memories of the entire morning, not even of waking up, so they're kinda thrown in blind when they find themselves walking down one of the familiar paths, Wilbur at their side.

"Are you okay?" Wilbur asks, seemingly noticing Ranboo's slight panic, even though they were used to it, randomly appearing in different places never got any less confusing.

"Uh, yeah, sorry!" Ranboo says, "I don't really, remember where I am right now, haha!"

"Oh, that's okay," Wilbur says, voice surprisingly soothing, "Do you want me to explain what we're doing?"

"Please," Ranboo says, sighing softly at their own memory issues,

"I asked you if you wanted to meet Friend, my pet, and you agreed to, so we are going to him



now,” Wilbur explains with a small smile, and Ranboo is very glad he doesn’t seem annoyed at them for forgetting so easily,

“Thanks,” They say softly, “Sorry for forgetting,”

“Oh it’s fine, I get it, I used to have some memory issues of my own!” Wilbur remarks, chuckling slightly to himself,

“You,,, did?” Ranboo asks, tilting their head,

“Oh yeah! It wasn’t short term, like yours is, I don’t know the specific name,” He says, “Basically, some bad stuff happened to me, I won’t get into it, don’t wanna drop my baggage off on a kid, and my brain couldn’t handle it, so it started to forget anything that wasn’t happy,”

“Huh,” Ranboo says softly, “I wish I could only remember happy things, sometimes it feels like I can only remember sad things,”

Wilbur laughs softly, “I guess we’ll just have to give you some happier things worth remembering,” He states, before pausing, “Wait, that sounded wrong, you have no control over if you remember things or not, I’m sorry-”

“It’s fine,” Ranboo says, waving it off, “It’s not the worse thing that’s been said about my memory loss,”

Wilbur nods, letting it go, “I got help from the others in getting over it, coping and stuff, you know?” He says, “I still have some days where I’m,,, spacey at best, but I’m getting better,”

Ranboo nods, “I know you said you don’t wanna put your baggage onto a kid, but if you want to talk about it at some point I’m a good listener,” They offer, “or if you just wanna complain about memory things,”

Wilbur turns to them and smiles, reaching up to ruffle their hair, “Thanks, you’re a good kid Ranboo,” He states, “You should try to talk to Karl, I know he also deals with memory issues,”

Ranboo nods, “I’ll think about it,”

Ranboo is surprised when he sees Schlatt at the cliff they’ve been coming to the past few days, they honestly thought no one knew about it, though they guess they should’ve assumed at least someone would, it is close enough to the house that someone must’ve.

Ranboo honestly is a bit intimidated by the ram hybrid, he always seems so, 3-steps-ahead-of-you, even while blackout drunk and being dragged up the stairs by Niki, like he has some plan, it reminds them a bit of Dream, who also intimidates them,

They’re about to sneak off when Schlatt turns to look at them directly, making them freeze in place.

“Oh, hey kid.” He says, gesturing next to him with the whiskey bottle in his hand, “Come sit down,”

Ranboo walks over timidly, sitting down next to the man, pulling their knees to their chest. They

look out over the view, with how high up it is it is mostly skyline, the forest below them, though under them is water, so if someone fell it wouldn't kill them.

The view is nice, it's mostly why they come out here, the few times they've managed to catch the sunset were breathtaking,

Ranboo looks over at Schlatt, who is sipping slowly at the bottle of whiskey,

"Isn't it a bit early to be drinking?" They ask before they can stop themselves,

Schlatt laughs, "Yeah, probably," He states, "I'm not getting drunk though yet, just want the taste, you know?"

"No, not really," They respond simply, grimacing at the smell of whiskey,

"You ever tried?" Schlatt asks, raising a brow at them,

"Um, like, whiskey or alcohol in general?" They ask, fidgeting with their sleeves,

"Either or I don't give a shit," Schlatt responds, taking another drink,

They pause, thinking it over, "Are you going to tell Niki?"

He laughs, "No, I'm not gonna tell on you,"

"Uh, at Hypixel parties they had alcohol sometimes and I'm, not the best with peer pressure!"

Schlatt nods with a hum, "What'd you try?"

"Um, one time they had this chorus fruit wine and they wanted to see if it'd make me teleport like it would for others, I had to drink a lot, like 8 glasses, I got super sick," They state, cringing slightly at the memory,

Schlatt grimaces, "That sucks, sorry that was your experience," He says, and Ranboo blinks at him acting so, nice, they just kinda assumed he was always mean.

"It's fine," They assure, "I forget most of it anyways,"

"You ever try whiskey?" Schlatt asks, tapping a keratin nail against the glass of the bottle,

"No," They reply, shaking their head softly,

Schlatt looks down at the bottle and then holds it out, "Wanna try a sip?"

"Um, no thank you," They say, pushing it away softly with their fingers, careful not to spill it,

Schlatt laughs softly but pulls the bottle back, taking a sip, "You're a good kid, you know? Remind me a lot of Niki,"

"Really?" Ranboo asks, surprised, people usually didn't compare the two (unless they were trying to make the point that Ranboo was worse, that always sucked).

"Yeah, all quiet but with a ton of morals," Schlatt states simply,

Ranboo cringes slightly, "I have the moral backbone of a chocolate eclair," They state, tone a bit disappointed, mostly at themselves,

Schlatt rolls his eyes, “Just because you struggle to go by them doesn’t mean you don’t have them, kid,” He states, “and hey, Tubbo likes you so you must be doin’ somethin right, kid’s a good judge of character,”

Ranboo blinks, looking over, “Oh yeah, aren’t you like, his dad or something?”

Schlatt grimaces slightly, “Kinda, it’s,,, complicated,”

Ranboo raises an eyebrow, “How can if you’re his dad or not be complicated?” They ask, before quickly realizing that they’re prying and going to pull back the words,

Schlatt laughs in response, sighing, “Yeah, you’d think so, huh?” He asks, shaking his head slightly, “We got separated when he was real young, that’s why he has that stupid accent,” He explains, fondness in his tone, “I only found him again through Wilbur, Phil had found him and took care of him, I still owe him for that, I don’t know if Tubbo really thinks of me as a dad though, I wasn’t there,”

“Man that’s,,, wow,” Ranboo states dumbly, not really knowing how to respond, “That sucks,”

“Yeah, I’m just glad I found him again, I thought I lost him for good,” Schlatt says with a shrug, “We’re working on it,”

Ranboo nods, “And you’re telling me this,,, why?”

Schlatt looks over at them and they gulp, avoiding eye contact, “Look, you’re a good kid, and I trust Niki’s judgement on her own family,” He says, “But I don’t particularly trust you yet, I just think it’s a bit strange how you show’d up, out of nowhere, injured, and conveniently don’t have the memory to know how you got onto a private server,”

They frown, swallowing nervously, forcing down the urge to spill everything to the man in front of him, they wouldn’t ruin this for themselves, “Sorry,” They choke out, looking away and instead at the far drop below,

“I’m not gonna kick you out or something, but if I even hear about you harming Tubbo, you will regret it,” Schlatt threatens, standing up and putting a hand on Ranboo’s head, between wear their crown sits, the movement is strangely affectionate even though it just came after a threat, “Stay out of trouble, kid,”

“Okay,” They squeak, trembling slightly as Schlatt walks off,

What a strange, strange man.

Ranboo hums to themselves softly, closing up their notebook after writing their latest page, and then, after a second, re-opening it and looking over the first page.

**Friends**

**Niki**

**Tubbo**

**Tommy**

**Eret**

**Bad????**  
**Fundy**  
**Sam**  
**Wilbur**  
**Schlatt?????**

It is definitely the fullest the page has ever been, and the sight makes them smile.

They are broken out of their happy moment by a sting of pain.

They hiss, setting down their book and shoving off their jacket, rubbing a hand over one of the stings,

It is over the pink outlines of a soulmark across their back, Niki's, they've felt it before, mostly before they left for Hypixel, but it hasn't acted up in a while unless they thought a lot about Niki, or the times that it acted up randomly that was probably from Niki thinking about them.

The weird part is that it's not the only mark that's stinging uncomfortably.

The green outlines on their back, a bit under Niki's mark, that extend around their front,

“𐄂 𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

Their palms and a mark on their chest, right over their heart, outlined in gold.

“𐄂 𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂 ”

On their shoulder, outlined in a redder pink than Niki's, the color of strawberries,

“𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

On both of their cheeks, a dark red that used to remind them of blood, but now is comforting,

“𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

A mark wrapping around their forearm, orangish red.

“𐄂𐄂𐄂 𐄂𐄂 𐄂𐄂”

On their head, the outline barely showing in the white side of their hair, different shades of green that sometimes flash the color of redstone,

“𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

On their jaw and under their chin in a sunflower yellow,

“𐄂𐄂 𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

And very, very vaguely, on one of their back shoulder blades, a dark woody brown.

“𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂𐄂”

They sigh softly in pain, laying down on their bed and curling up. The pain is not unbearable, honestly, it is very light, like when water lands on them and hasn't really started burning yet, but it is uncomfortable and leaves them with an empty unfulfilled feeling.

They can deal with it.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it? Also Schlatt's threat was more protectiveness over Tubbo than him being like, mean to Ranboo, thats just how Schlatt is.

If you are wondering why Quackity isn't on the friend list while Bad is, Ranboo thinks that Quackity dislikes them because Quackity is pretty suspicious of new people.

Oh also can you tell I like platonic funboo because I spent so long on that portion but it's from an actual mining competition video and I love it so much.

# Hybrid Traits

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo experiments with Ranboo's hybrid traits.

## Chapter Notes

Another chapter that is half just a copy-paste of a real event? Of course!

I'm kidding, but I hope you enjoy it, oh also Jack is there.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is just a random day on the SMP, full of Ranboo just wandering the lands, when they see a grass block that they just need to have.

It's just, in the wrong spot, it isn't, actually, Ranboo is sure that it is there naturally, but it shouldn't be.

They are on autopilot as they pick it up, carry it a few feet, and then set it on the ground, tail lashing at their ankles happily at the new placement that feels right.

They don't even question that they didn't use a shovel, nevermind a silk touch one. They just move on with their day normally.

After that it becomes a normal thing for them to find a block that they just, want, that they need to just pick up and hold. Mostly grass (and once a dirt block). They will hold it for a little bit, and then find a spot that it fits in and leave it there.

Sometimes they find something that they need to give someone else, though, that's always more difficult. They usually leave it inside or just outside the person's room and hope they get it.

They are out with Tubbo and Jack one day, both chattering away on their ear com, when they find a grass block that just, doesn't fit, and pick it up.

"I figured this out just recently and it is very- It is very nice to do, I find it very relaxing," They state, setting down the grass.

"What, picking up the grass and placing it back down?" Tubbo asks, and then follows it up with, "Wait, where did that grass come from?"

"I picked it up," They explain simply, like it was obvious,

“What do your hands have silk touch?” Tubbo asks, half joking,

“I- What?” Ranboo asks, broken out of their little haze of happy emotions from placing the block,

“How do you pick up the grass?” Tubbo asks, now looking curious as they stare up at Ranboo,

“I just pick it up,” Ranboo explains, demonstrating by picking up the grass block

Tubbo stares in shock at the unharmed block, “How on earth are you picking- how on earth are you mining that?!” He asks, standing up to follow Ranboo as they walk off to find another place to put it down,

“Block,” They whisper happily to themselves as they set it down again, tail lashing happily,

“Look when I mine it, it just goes to dirt,” Tubbo says, scooping up handfuls of soil from the no longer intact block when he tries to pick it up like he saw Ranboo did, “But when you do it doesn’t?”

“I don’t know man I just like grass,” Ranboo says, a little waver in their tone as they pick up another, natural piece of dirt in a perfect block, eyes lighting up in excitement when they realize they have almost a stack in their inventory, “I have so many, this is fantastic,”

“Wait that doesn’t, that doesn’t make sense,” Tubbo says, before pointing at a piece of grass, “Pick up this one here,”

“Okay!” Ranboo responds happily, picking up the grass block with ease, setting down the block a little bit to the right,

“What the hell!” Tubbo yells, staring at the perfectly intact block,

“I thought he was using a shovel or something, what!?” Jack asks, poking at the block like it’s gonna dissolve into pieces,

“There’s not even a plugin on the server that could do that!” Tubbo says, scrolling through the plugins on his communicator to check, “Do it again!” He commands, pointing at the ground,

Ranboo whimpers a little at the yells, “I’m not gonna do it again you guys are looking at me weird,” They state, crossing their arms over their chest and walking away as both chase them,

“No it’s a cool weird, just show us again!” Jack states, “It’s good it’s good we just don’t understand it!”

“Please, do it again, please!” Tubbo begs, using his puppy dog eyes (which don’t work as well when the person isn’t looking at his eyes, apparently, good to know,) “Come on just pick up that one there,” He says, pointing to another block,

Ranboo grumbles as they pick up the block, even though the placement is correct, and as soon as they know they see it sets it back where it belongs, “There,”

“How the hell!” Tubbo yells again, hands reaching up and gripping his horns in confusion, “Can you do it with stone?”

“What do you mean with stone?” Ranboo asks, watching as Tubbo walks off in the direction of a small cave,

“Enderman can pick up stone, come on just try it,” He states, pointing at some of the visible stone,

“Oh yeah, they can,” Jack says, following Tubbo behind Ranboo,

“I don’t think I can do stone, it would take a long time,” Ranboo states, though they grab the stone between the small grooves anyways, “I’m only half,”

“Just try!” Tubbo encourages, watching as Ranboo pulls at the stone,

They fall back a little as the stone comes out, the force they were using to pull it sending them to the floor,

“WHAT?!” Tubbo yells in excitement, staring at the intact stone,

“Oh, neat!” Ranboo says, staring at the stone happily, they place it down next to them as they get up, a good place,

“What about leaves, try leaves,” Tubbo commands, leading Ranboo over to a tree,

They sigh softly, more acting annoyed than actual annoyance, and pick up the leaves, much quicker than the stone at least,

“What the hell!” Tubbo yells, again, and they are confused how Tubbo keeps being surprised by this,

“Pick it up and put it back?” Tubbo asks, a mix of amazement and confusion in his tone, and they pick up the block again and set it down again.

Jack tries to pick up the block but just ends up destroying it, loose leaves falling onto the floor, “Well I can’t do it,” He says, sounding unsurprised,

“How about glass?” Tubbo asks, “Could you do glass?”

“I don’t know I’ve never really,,,, tried,” Ranboo states, wringing their hands nervously, “I mean, I’ve only ever tried grass blocks until now, so,”

“Here, I’ll get a piece of glass and a piece of ice,” Tubbo says, running off to one of his chests, “Oh, and an enderchest!”

“That’s going to take a long time,” Ranboo complains softly, watching as Tubbo sets out the blocks,

“Try the enderchest first,” Tubbo says, patting the enderchest’s lid and stepping back,

Ranboo sighs, putting their hands on the sides of the enderchest and trying to lift it up, struggling for a few minutes before it finally detaches and sends them to the floor, holding it in their hands,

“Cool, now I have three enderchests,” They state, storing it in their inventory with the other ones,

“Now try the packed ice,” Tubbo says,

Ranboo picks up the ice easily, setting it back down a block to the right,

“Try the glass,”

Ranboo repeats the action with the glass,

Tubbo picks up both of the blocks with his silk touch pickaxe, a look of shock on his face,



“I actually don’t understand it,” Jack says, staring in shock at the items that Tubbo is now holding,

“Wait, so what are the limits of this, can you teleport?” Tubbo asks,

Ranboo freezes, and they wonder why their heart skips a beat for a second before just putting it down as normal anxiety, “I mean, I have pearls?”

“I mean like actually, without pearls,” Tubbo says and Ranboo grimaces, hoping that Tubbo would just let it go,

“Uh, no I don’t, think so,” They say, wringing their hands together uncomfortably,

“How about you try to teleport to that little hill over there, REALLY focus,” Tubbo says, pointing to the spot,

Ranboo stares at the spot, thinking about wanting to be over there, nothing happens,

“Is anything happening?” Tubbo asks after a few seconds,

“No, no,” They state, shaking their head, “Sorry,”

“What about if we put a little bit of water on you and take it off and see what happens?” Tubbo asks innocently, and Ranboo frowns,

“Can we not actually?” They say, “It’s not like it does, a lot of damage, but over time,” They trail off, frowning,

Tubbo and Jack nod, accepting it,

“So you can just pick up whatever you want?” Tubbo says, and Ranboo chuckles at the childlike wonder in his eyes,

“Well not whatever I want but most things, yeah,” They say, smiling behind their mask,

“That’s so cool!” Tubbo hisses happily, flapping his hands in front of him, “Can you do anything else?”

“Um, I can unhinge my jaw?” They say, the attention makes them nervous but feels good, kinda like when they won a match on Hypixel but without the Murder Guilt.

“THAT’S SO FUCKING COOL!!!” Tubbo says, shaking his hands happily, “You have to show me!”

They smile, “Fine,” They say, pulling off their mask, “Fine,”

That night they sleep soundly, at least for a while, before the dreams start,

They’ve had nightmares since they were a young child, to the point they would refuse to sleep to stave them off.

But this feels different, a mix of feeling too real to the point that they can physically feel the texture of the obsidian under them, combined with the knowledge that this was a dream as soon as they

opened their eyes,

They are in a small room with words carved into the wall that are distorted, and they can't make out. They can feel the leather of their memory book in their hands, but when they open it all the pages are completely blank, a smiley face drawn at the front,

"End and Aether," They curse to themselves, chuckling slightly in fear, they can hear rushing water outside the room.

"Hello," a familiar voice says, and they look up quickly, coming face to face with a familiar mask,

"Dream?" They ask, "What are you doing here?"

"Just visiting, you know?" He says, his voice is different, echoey and softer than normal Dream's, "I like your little panic room here,"

"Is that what this is?" They ask themselves softly, looking around, it makes sense, they had made something like this before,

"Of course," Dream says, "You made it to give you safe space to,,,,, remember things,"

"What do you mean?" Ranboo asks, laughing nervously, "I usually just use my memory book for that,"

"Well, yes," Dream says, tilting his head, "But think of this as a physical place to process them, less of a panic room and more of a,,,"

"Comfort room?" They finish,

Dream nods, "Yes! Like that,"

"So why are you here?" They ask, "I don't particularly find you the most comforting? Why not Niki or someone else, like, I don't know, Tubbo? Or Eret? Or even Tommy,"

He laughs, a familiar kettle wheeze even though it echoes in the room strangely, "I could look like them if you want, but this is what I'm used to looking like,"

"What?" They ask, "But my brain made you, right?"

He doesn't respond, just making a humming noise softly from behind his mask to alert Ranboo that he heard them at all,

"Um, okay," They say softly, "What about why this room looks like this, can I ask that?"

"Obsidian is a safe material, no one can get in, and you like small places," He explains, "But it can look however you want, I could even have your pets here, they won't be the real ones, of course,"

"Of course," Ranboo echoes softly, "So what should I call you, since I can't really call you 'dream dream'" They ask,

"How about DreamXD," He states, "Or just XD is fine,"

"Okay," They respond, "Nice to meet you, I guess,"

"Nice to meet you too, Ranboo," XD says, "I hope that I can help you,"

“Uh, thanks,” They respond, they feel weird, slightly faint, and tired even though they are currently asleep, they almost think it’s funny,

“Oh, it’s time for you to wake up,” XD states, “Well, see you next time,”

“What?” Ranboo asks, swaying slightly even though they’re leant against a wall, “But it’s only been a few minutes?”

“Time passes differently here,” XD explains, “You’ll be here again, don’t worry, just wake up,”

They slump against the wall at the same moment they sit up in bed, the feeling is incredibly strange and leaves them a little dizzy,

Enderpearl meows angrily at them from where they were sleeping on their chest,

Ranboo chuckles, “Sorry Enderpearl,” They say softly, reaching down to pet them, “I didn’t mean to push you off,”

Enderpearl purrs happily, pushing their head into Ranboo’s head.

Ranboo sighs and brings their hand back after a few seconds, pushing the blankets off of themselves, looking out the window,

It is early morning, breakfast will probably be in a bit.

What a strange dream they had, but it’s probably just a weird one-time thing, right?

## Chapter End Notes

What's DreamXD doing here? :>

# Blue

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Ranboo open up to each other.

## Chapter Notes

Vague TW for mentions of domestic abuse, violence, and muzzles.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The morning goes shockingly normally after such a strange dream.

They get ready like usual, they decide to not deal with the pain of taking a shower, so instead they just get a clean change of clothes, besides their usual jacket, the familiar weight calming, and leave their room after feeding their cats.

They are one of the first of the ‘kids’ up, and they almost laugh at how easy to tell that is when they don’t hear Tommy’s yelling. They walk quietly and carefully down the stairs and then through the dining room into the kitchen.

“G’mornin mate!” Phil says, smiling at them from where he is stirring what they guess from smell, is probably pancake batter, “You’re up a bit early,”

“Had a weird dream,” They explain softly, “Woke up early and decided to just get up,”

“Oh, was it a nightmare?” He asks, looking up at them with worried eyes. Ranboo feels kinda bad for saying that now.

“No, not a nightmare, just weird,” They say, giving him a nervous smile, “What are you making?”

“Just pancakes, everyone likes them and they’re pretty simple,” Phil says, “They’ll be done in a bit if you wanna wait,”

“Could I help?” They ask, fidgeting with their sleeves,

“Sure!” Phil says, “Stir this until all the clumps are gone and then stop, you don’t wanna overmix.”

They nod, taking the whisk from Phil and breaking up the clumps as Phil collects things to put into the pancakes, cutting up different fruits and setting out things like chocolate chips.

They finish stirring and tap the on the side of the bowl to get some of the remaining batter off, smiling proudly at their (admittedly small) work.

“That looks good, we can probably start them once the pan heats up,” Phil says, looking over at the batter before setting up the pan and putting some butter in so it won’t stick,

“There sure is a lot,” Ranboo mumbles, leaning against the counter as he waits for the pan to heat,

“There’s a lot of people here, and Tommy eats enough to feed several horses,” Philza states, surprising a small laugh out of Ranboo,

They work together to make the pancakes for everyone, Ranboo wonders how Philza remembers what everyone likes, but thinks it’s probably a bit easier without the memory loss.

Others trickle downstairs slowly, varying levels of sleepy. Ranboo’s not completely sure that Wilbur or Techno are even awake when they stumble to the table (and doesn’t understand what Philza means when he snickers ‘sleepy bois inc’) but sets the coffee pot and some mugs down on the table in front of them and hopes they don’t end up burning themselves on it.

They almost find it funny how obvious it is when Tommy is up, sounds of him and Tubbo already arguing with Fundy over,,, something, they can’t really figure out what, but it seems mostly joking as they walk down the stairs shoving each other and laughing.

“Ranboo, do you wanna come with me to visit Friend again today?” Wilbur asks, notably more awake after finishing his glass of coffee,

“Oh, sure!” They respond, a bit surprised that Wilbur wants to hang out with them again so soon, “I’m gonna need to get my stuff after breakfast, though.”

“You fucking gremlins with your armor,” Wilbur grumbles with no real malice, sipping through his second cup of coffee while Ranboo laughs,

Ranboo doesn’t really know how to feel about seeing Dream again after the strange dream, they haven’t really interacted with him besides when they first woke up (which is pretty awkward, looking back).

Dream looks quite a bit different than XD, less abstract, though they guess that should be a bit obvious, since XD was in their dreams and Dream is well, real.

They realize they’re probably staring and quickly look down to their plate instead.

They had cocoa powder in theirs, not particularly wanting to deal with chocolate chips, the mix of textures messes with them, and they didn’t really feel like dealing with that sensory experience today. Though they did put whipped cream on top, just to add a bit more sweetness.

They eat slowly, unable to really focus on whatever is going on. Why did they have that dream? Of all the people for their mind to create to talk to memories about (even for something one-time) why would it be Dream? The man intimidates them quite a bit and they don’t particularly feel safe around him, though XD felt a bit different, he still wore the face of the man that Ranboo feared.

They notice the corners of their vision blurring, they squint uncomfortably at it, blinking to try to make it go away, probably just something in their eyes.

Ranboo blinks, stumbling over their feet as their surroundings slowly come in, they can vaguely hear Wilbur’s voice in the background, but none of it processes correctly in their brain.

“I think i’ve done this before,” They grumble softly, remembering a similar thing happening a few

days prior,

“What?” Wilbur asks, looking at them curiously, Ranboo notices that he’s holding a lead attached to Friend,

“Oh, sorry,” Ranboo says, and after a second of thought, follows it up with, “I blanked out,”

“Oh!” Wilbur says, “You were saying it was like when you blanked out with me last time!”

Ranboo nods, “Sorry, it probably isn’t the best that I keep forgetting when we’re together,”

“Oh it’s fine, not like you can control it,” Wilbur reassures, before frowning, “Or am I triggering it?”

“No, no!” They assure quickly, “It’s just coincidence, you’re not causing it or something!”

Wilbur sighs softly in relief, “Good, I was worried I might’ve been causing you to forget more or something like that,” He says,

“No, as far as I know there's no reason, it just happens,” They say, “It gets worse when I’m stressed or anxious, though,”

Wilbur nods with a hum, “That must suck to deal with,”

“Yeah, I’ve gotten pretty used to it, though,” Ranboo says, a hint of bitterness in their tone,

“Do you want to know what we’re doing?” Wilbur asks, gesturing around them,

“That would be nice,” Ranboo admits, “Because I really do not know,”

Wilbur chuckles, “Well, I asked you if you wanted to come with me to visit friend and give him a walk, we are currently doing that,”

“Oh, okay,” Ranboo says, “Thank you,”

“No problem, I told you before, I get it,” Wilbur assures, and smiles at them,

“Uh, yeah, I remember,” They reply awkwardly, “You wanna, uh, talk more about that?”

Wilbur frowns softly and they wince, “No, but like, ugh,” Wilbur rubs a hand down his face, “I don’t NOT want to talk about it, I just don’t want to, like, drop my trauma on a sixteen year old,”

“We could, like, trade?” Ranboo suggests, “Ask each other questions, and we can pass if we want,”

“Fine, but I’m going first then,” Wilbur states, “What are the scars on your mouth from? I see them at meals and I have no clue what they could be from,”

“Oh, these?” Ranboo asks, pulling down their mask to point at the thin marks, Wilbur nods, Ranboo winces, not expecting such a big question off the bat, “You know how some people don’t like hybrids?”

“Quite personally,” Wilbur states with a bit of bitterness,

“Well, the village I was born in was pretty, bad, with those things,” They explain, wringing their hands, “They thought I was a demon or cursed or something, pretty funny now looking back, since I live with a demon who i’m pretty sure is the sweetest person I’ve ever met,”

“Bad is a sweetie,” Wilbur states softly, listening intently to their story,

“Enderman don’t have fangs when they’re born, they grow in over time, and when mine grew in fully my mother wasn’t quite happy and well,” They chuckle humorlessly, “Hybrid muzzles exist,”

“Fuck,” Wilbur whispers, horrified, “I’m so sorry,”

“It’s fine,” Ranboo says, rubbing a gloved hand along the scars, “I started wearing the mask to replace the pressure it had on my face, I wasn’t used to there being nothing there. It also helps hide the scars,”

“That’s fucked up mate,”

“Yeah, I got over it mainly, it’s still a bit hard to, talk, sometimes,” They admit, “I’m scared that someone will put it back on, or if I smile without my mask they’ll see my fangs and put it on me,”

“Hey, we’re never going to do that to you, okay?” Wilbur assures softly, “You’re allowed to smile and laugh and shit without the mask and we’ll never EVER put something like that on you,”

“Okay,” Ranboo breathes, they knew, to be honest, but the confirmation is soothing, “I guess it’s my turn to ask you a question?”

Wilbur nods,

“Okay, so, you’re Fundy’s dad, right? Is he like, adopted? Since you’re not that old and he’s my age,”

“Oh, no, he’s my biological son,” Wilbur states, “I had him pretty young and his fox hybrid features made him age quicker than normal, it was sad, I never got to cherish when he was a cute widdle toddler,” Wilbur says, voice cooing softly at the end, “It only slowed down when he was about 14 physically, so he’s aging normally now,”

“So how old is he really?” Ranboo asks,

“To be honest, I have absolutely no clue,” Wilbur admits, “I was basically on the run from his mother with him, and right after my amnesia got incredibly bad. I feel really terrible about it, but Fundy doesn’t mind, since it keeps him from getting bullied by Tommy about being the youngest,”

“Huh,” Ranboo responds, “Well, your turn, I guess,”

“Okay, hmm,” Wilbur hums, thinking of his question, “Are you touch averse? You flinch a lot when people touch you and I don’t want us making you uncomfortable,”

“Oh, no, I’m fine with like, touch,” Ranboo says, “I’m just, not really used to it,”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow but nods, “Your turn,”

“You said you were, uh, running with Fundy? From his mom? What is that about,”

Wilbur sighs sadly, “Well, his mom was this beautiful lady, a salmon hybrid, named Sally,” He states, rolling up one of the sleeves of his yellow sweater to show a scarred, salmon-red mark, wrapping around just a bit above his elbow, “I thought she was a lovely lady, she was a bit older than me and the pregnancy happened, she wanted to keep it and I refused to leave her, even though I definitely wasn’t ready for parenthood,”

Ranboo hums to show Wilbur they’re still listening,

“She convinced me to leave with her, that everyone here was just using me, and I trusted her, then I had little Fundy, and after she started getting worse,” Wilbur says, frowning, “She started insulting me more, or leaving me to care for Fundy by myself, even hit me a few times,”

Ranboo frowns but lets Wilbur continue, not wanting to interrupt,

“I met Schlatt, I don’t even really remember how, some business partnership, we marked each other within a few days,” Wilbur says, smiling fondly but sadly at the memory, “Fundy told her,,,, something she didn’t like to hear, not mine to say, and she threatened to kick him out, or kill him, I was so terrified, he was still just a toddler, even if I wanted him kicked out he couldn’t care for himself, I stepped in front and she hurt me badly. I took Fundy and ran to him, begged him to help,” Wilbur says, “Schlatt brought me back here and I got my, you know, memory problems, everyone helped me through them and helped me raise Fundy, since I wasn’t in the shape too, and now I’ve healed,”

“Wow,” Ranboo mutters, horrified, “That’s terrible,”

Wilbur laughs humorlessly, “Yeah, it sucked, I still have bad days, sometimes, where everything is hazy, the others know the signs by now, you’ll probably see me go through one eventually, if you stay,”

“Huh?” Ranboo asks, surprise clear in their tone,

“You don’t have to, if you don’t want to!” Wilbur assures quickly, nervousness clear in his tone, “But, if you want, you can stay here, with us all,”

“I’m allowed to stay?” They ask meekly, refusing to let themselves believe until they get the confirmation,

“Of course,” Wilbur breathes, “As long as you’d like,”

They nod shakily, biting down hard on their bottom lip to keep it from wobbling,

They’re allowed to stay, they have a home, they have a home here,

“Oh Ranboo,” Wilbur says softly, noticing them getting teary eyed, “Do you want a hug?”

“Th-that’d be nice,” They stutter, rapidly blinking away tears to stop them from burning their cheeks,

Wilbur drops Friend’s lead to wrap his arms around Ranboo, he is tall enough that Ranboo can comfortably rest their chin on his shoulder if they lean down,

“You’re okay,” Wilbur soothes softly, rubbing circles onto their back as they struggle to hold back tears, “Thank you for opening up to me,”

“Y-you’re welcome,” They say back, basically wiping their eyes on Wilbur’s shoulder, “Sorry for getting all emotional, it’s stupid,”

“It’s not, you’re allowed to feel things, Ranboo,” Wilbur says, carding one of his hands through their hair, “I’m glad you’re comfortable enough to show them in front of me,”

“Yeah,” They respond, laughing wetly, “It’s hard, I’m scared you’ll get angry,”

“I promise I’ll never get mad at you for showing emotions, alright?” Wilbur says, “If you ever



need to vent or something you can come to me, or anyone, and we'll help, okay?"

"Okay," They say softly, "okay,"

They are strangely, not surprised when they wake up that night back in the obsidian room, XD sitting in front of them,

"Hello Ranboo," XD greets, "Have a nice day?"

"I think so," They say, "I talked with Wilbur,"

"I saw," XD states, "Did it feel good to get that off of your chest?"

"Yeah," They admit softly, "It felt like he really listened, no one's ever listened,"

"I'm glad," XD says,

"Of course you are, if I'm happy you would be, you're just me," Ranboo says, chuckling slightly,

"Oh, of course," XD states sarcastically with a small kettle wheeze, "Keep telling yourself that,"

They roll their eyes in response,

"So, how do you feel about it?"

"About what?" They ask, confused

"The muzzle, you've talked about it, so how do you feel about it?"

"No different," They scoff, "It sucked,"

"Not what I mean," XD states with a huff, "Are you still scared that they'll put one on you?"

"No," Ranboo says, "But I'm still scared someone will,"

"Oh?" XD prompts, tilting his head,

"Like, someone might take me, and put one on me, and make me hurt people again," They admit, curling in more on themselves, "Or maybe they'll just trap me in a prison and never let me leave for the things I did,"

"They will protect you," XD states, "None of them would ever stop looking, they're already too fond,"

"I'm sorry if I don't trust my own judgement on that," They say bitterly,

"Why are you so convinced that I'm just a creation of your mind?" XD asks,

"Because you are in my dream, it wouldn't make sense for you to be anything else!" Ranboo argues, sounding a bit hysteric at the end,

XD hums, “I could be plenty of other things,”

“Like what?”

XD doesn’t respond, just sitting across from them perfectly still,

“Are you happy with them Ranboo?”

“What?”

“With them all, the essemipi?”

“I-, yes, very much so,”

“That’s good,” XD says, “They’re happy with you,”

“Oh,” Ranboo says softly, “That’s good,”

Their vision feels blurry at the edges, like it gets when they’re incredibly tired,

“I’m happy with you too, Ranboo,” XD says, sounding painfully honest,

“That doesn’t make sense, I’m not happy with myself,” Ranboo states, slurring their words slightly,

“You will be,” XD says softly, “You’re waking up now, stay safe okay?”

“Okay,” They respond softly, slumping down again as they wake up.

## Chapter End Notes

Vague Ranboo backstory chapter??? Of course :>

Originally this was just the Wilbur and Ranboo conversation but someone in a comment guessed that you'd all get a Ranboo morning routine so I decided to give you it, as a treat.

# Duels

## Chapter Summary

Tommy, Tubbo, and Purpled pull Ranboo into some duels, Ranboo starts disassociating from this and wanders off. Ponk helps grounding them.

## Chapter Notes

TW for dissociation/derealization, questioning being real/alive, and vague hallucinations/mentions to hallucinating, nightmares, also dueling of course.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Being dragged off to help someone is honestly not that new to Ranboo, they think everyone feels bad with them just spending all their time mining and collecting materials, though they honestly don't mind either way.

But feeling included is also nice, so when Tommy drags him off with Tubbo and Purpled to the training area that they have avoided like the plague, they can't make themselves leave.

Instead they stay at the edges, watching as the three trade out matches, whoever is not currently fighting instead staying next to them. Sometimes yelling encouragement or instructions, other times just laughing as the two dueling stumble over themselves.

Ranboo stays out of it as much as they can, instead just watching. Purpled is clearly untrained professionally, but has skill from practice, focusing mainly on messing up the other person and then striking. Tubbo is mostly just dueling to have fun, but is shockingly strong as he easily knocks the others down when he gets a hit in. Tommy is shockingly talented but held back from that skill by being a bit too confident and getting distracted easily.

They huff a soft laugh as they watch Purpled easily kick Tommy's legs out from under him, sending him to the floor with a small 'oomph'.

Purpled walks over to the wall and slumps against it tiredly as Tubbo gets up to switch out,

"Hey Ranboo, big man, why don't you fight!?" Tommy calls, a bit too loud for the not that far distance,

"Um, are you sure?" Ranboo asks, wringing their hands nervously,

"Come on, I'll go easy," Tommy says, a big grin on his face as he swings around his sword in obviously unsafe motions,

"Maybe you should let this one go big man-" Tubbo says uneasily, before getting cut off by Ranboo standing,

"Do you have a sword I can use?" They ask, they feel similar to when they were waiting for a

Hypixel game to start, a weird sort of calm easing into their bones, covering their anxiety. They would go easy on them of course, the idea of even bruising any of them makes their stomach twist nauseously.

Purpled raises a brow from next to them, looking surprised that they agreed, but hands over an extra iron sword, none of them were allowed to use anything stronger after multiple stabbings (only a few accidental.)

Ranboo takes it, rolling their wrist a few times to get used to the unfamiliar weight as they step in front of Tommy, lowering their stance to have better balance.

Tommy gets into his own position, a confident smirk on his face, Ranboo knows he is going to attack first and shifts slightly to be ready to guard.

Tommy, as expected, jumps forward, sliding into the momentum of the swing and coming down hard at where Ranboo's head would be, if he hadn't already moved.

Ranboo slides under the blade easily, jumping back to avoid the few quick frantic slashes that Tommy makes at them once he gets his bearings again from the first swing, dodging and side-stepping them.

They wait until the swipes falter from tiredness, lifting their sword in a quick moment and catching Tommy's blade, twisting the sword and sending it flying off to the side, clattering onto the ground.

While Tommy is stuck in the shock of losing his blade Ranboo quickly swipes his feet from under him, pointing the blade down at him, but careful not to put him in any actual danger, they don't want to hurt him.

"Holy shit big man!" Tubbo calls from the sidelines, snapping Ranboo out of the battle haze, "That was awesome!"

Ranboo quickly puts away their own sword and helps Tommy up,

"You did pretty good! You need to be less obvious on your first attack though," Ranboo praises, smiling down at the shorter boy,

"You kicked my ass," Tommy states once he gets out of his shock, glaring at him (it's more of a pout, honestly)

"No, you did great!" Ranboo assures, "You lasted longer than most people do,"

Tommy looks just a tiny bit proud at that before being pushed out of the way by Tubbo,

"Move over big T, I wanna try!" He says, chuckling at Tommy's pout as Tommy picks up his discarded sword and goes back to the wall, where Purpled is watching, much more interested than he had been with the other duels.

Tubbo gets into his position happily, Ranboo following suit. Tubbo is more grounded than Tommy, harder to knock over and able to absorb blows, and probably won't attack first.

Ranboo attacks first, not going with a big move but instead just quick, harsh blows that Tubbo is forced to block.

The bad thing about being grounded and stable and hard-hitting, you tire easily.

Not many of the blows hit, and the ones that do aren't that bad, but they're not trying to hit him yet.

Before they tire themselves out they jump back, not wanting to fall for the same thing Tommy did the round before.

It takes a second for Tubbo to shake himself off before going in for strikes, all of them are hard-hitting and in long strikes, but easy to dodge, and they are careful to not get hit.

Tubbo does not have the cockiness of Tommy, but he is confident, and Ranboo tries to feed into it, make him less calculated.

All it takes is one wrong move where he is left with an open area, unprotected, for Ranboo to strike, lifting their sword back easily and bringing it down at the spot on Tubbo's side, stopping before it actually hits.

Tubbo freezes, more on instinct than actual fear.

"I win," Ranboo states simply, stepping back from the smaller boy and putting away their sword, "You did really good! You hit really hard but you tire out too easily, you need to focus more on less harsh blocks that take up a lot of energy and more on parrying."

Tubbo beams under the praise, "You did good too! You fought differently than you did with Tommy so easily!"

"Not really," Ranboo says with a shrug, "Same thing in a different order,"

"Can you go again?" Purpled asks and Ranboo jumps just a bit, not realizing how close Purpled had got, "I wanna try,"

"Oh yeah, sure," Ranboo says, smiling weakly from under their mask, they don't really get tired that easily, but Purpled is kinda intimidating, and they know he was incredibly good at Bedwars, also their heart is beating a bit too quickly for them to think it's just adrenaline and while they are not breathing quickly enough to be worrying, it kinda feels like their chest is being compressed.

Tubbo leaves the small dueling arena (it's more of a field in fences with a wall, but whatever), sitting next to Tommy and watching the fight curiously.

Ranboo and Purpled both get into position.

Ranboo narrows their eyes, it is hard to discern what Purpled will do, he could either set off and attack first or dodge a blow easily.

Before they can think any longer they yelp as Purpled moves forward quickly, their swords slamming together hard and jarring Ranboo's arm uncomfortably.

They hit the sword away and roll to the side, blocking another hit as they shove themselves off the ground.

They dodge under blows and focus on also delivering their own, sparsing Purpled's assault a bit.

They avoid hitting as hard as they could, they don't want to actually harm Purpled, so they focus on defending more than not so they can take him down easily later and not possibly injure him. A few times messing up their own attacks and almost getting hit stopping their own blade from coming down too hard.

They jump back from the clashes, being followed quickly by Purpled, for a second their vision flashes and it's another faceless person raising a sword over them to drive it through them and they don't wanna be here-

They are behind Purpled now, making a swift motion to push him to the floor and place a foot on his stomach when he flips over, pointing the sword at his face, panting hard behind their mask.

Everything feels a little distant and fuzzy, they can hear Tubbo and Tommy's cheers but it sounds oh so distant.

They put away the sword as they step off of the boy under them, helping Purpled up with stilted, stiff motions.

They look over at Tommy and Tubbo cheering, surprised in a distant, empty way to see Techno next to them, leaning on the fence.

Tommy walks over and claps them on the shoulder, rambling happily about how fast they are, but none of the words really process correctly.

They are aware that they thank Tommy as they wring their hands, looking down and being surprised to see the red on the white parts of their clothing.

They rub the fingers of their white-gloved hand together, it is not wet, and not dark enough to be dry or flaking, so it's not real.

That's more worrying than if there was actual blood, at least they are aware that blood is real and that they actually did something, did they hurt someone and didn't know? They hurt a lot of faceless people they don't remember, but they would really not like to hurt anyone here.

They flinch as they feel a hand, though much gentler than Tommy's, touch their shoulder, letting out a small whimper they can't manage to swallow.

"Are you okay kid?" Someone asks, they don't know who, it's all just fuzzy and static, is this even real? Is this touch real? Is the essemipi even real or are they still dying out in the rain hallucinating this ever happening.

"I need a minute," They choke out, shrugging off the hand and walking with only slightly stumbled, quick steps out of the arena.

They can't tell if anyone follows them or not and can't bring themselves to care, wrapping their arms around themselves and squeezing. They can't tell if the pressure only adds to the uncomfortable static around them or is comforting.

They don't know how long they walk, whether it was for a short time or a long time, but eventually they slump next to lifelessly on one of the huge trees that decorate the land, there are multiple, they never questioned it.

They curl up on themselves, they do not cry, and their breath is not shallow, they are not panicking. That's almost the worrying part, they just feel hollowed out, like if someone cut them open there would be nothing in there but ash and dust.

They think they should be able to feel the ground, the bark against their back, but they can't, maybe they're imagining this, maybe Purpled killed them when the sword came down, maybe they won't respawn, that'd be nice.

“Hello?” Someone says and they jolt, the sudden rush of adrenaline feels both bad and nice but very quickly washes away into nothing,

They look up, blinking to try to clear the static from their vision.

The person has a strange accent, it’s the person that Sam talks about, bonk, pink, Ponk? Yes, Ponk. His normal mask is hiding his face, though Ranboo imagines he looks concerned.

“Are you real?” Ranboo asks before they can think of doing otherwise, they don’t care much to worry about it, it’s a 50/50 that he’s fake anyways,

“I think so?” Ponk answers, pinching his own arm and wincing slightly, “Yeah, I think so,”

“Oh, okay,” Ranboo says softly, not really believing him but not caring much anyways, not the worse thing to hallucinate,

“Are you okay?” Ponk asks, sounding genuinely concerned, crouching in front of him so that they can look at each other easier,

“,,No,” They answer honestly, staring blankly at the man in front of them, “No, definitely not,”

“Oh,” Ponk says, not really expecting the honesty, “Can I help?”

“I don’t think so,” Ranboo says, avoiding eye contact with the older man,

Ponk takes in a short breath, “Okay,” He says, Ranboo can’t discern what sort of emotion is in it, “Do you want to come in?”

“What?” Ranboo asks, there is nowhere really nearby, where would they go into,

“You’re leaning on my lemon tree, it’s hollow on the inside,” Ponk explains, “Do you want to come in?”

“Oh, sure,” They answer, more on instinct than actually processing the question. They push themselves up, though it doesn’t help the fuzz in their brain, and follow Ponk inside.

The inside of the tree doesn’t have much honestly, though they don’t really process much of it anyways.

They look over at Ponk, they’re pretty sure he’s saying something, but it’s all just gibberish no matter how hard they try to cling to the words,

Apparently Ponk notices, they probably will feel bad for how difficult they’re being later, for being unable to do the simple action of listening, but currently they are too focused on the emptiness to care.

Ponk walks off up to the top after saying, something? and they slump down against the wall, sliding down it until they’re curled in their little ball again, rocking softly, just to add something to the bleakness of the world around them.

They sit there for,, some time, they don’t know how long, it feels like a mix of a second and hours,

They are only vaguely aware when they hear footsteps again, but when they look up and Ponk’s in front of them they think that something must have happened in between,

Skipping, memory jumping like a broken record player, it’s usual for them, it’s what their

'blanking' comes from, the skips get larger and larger, they wonder if one day they'll go into one to never come back out.

"-nboo can you hear me?" Ponk says, voice sounding strangely muffled even through the mask, and Ranboo thinks they nod, but they can't even feel where their limbs are at this point,

"That's good, can you see me?" He asks, and Ranboo thinks it's a strange question but nods after a moment anyways, staring at the man as he crouches down in front of them.

"Good, I'm going to hold something out to you, okay?" Ponk says, only moving once Ranboo nods again, holding out a yellow object? In front of him.

"Can you tell me what this is?" Ponk asks, and they squint as they process the object, it's circularish, more long, but the longer they look the more it is just fuzzy staticky shapes,

"Ranboo, stay with me, do you know what this is?" Ponk asks again, snapping once with his free hand to jerk them back to reality,

They blink at the object, staring at the, lemon? In Ponk's hand,

"It's a lemon," They mumble, much quieter than they wanted to, but Ponk nods anyways,

"Yes, it's a lemon from my tree, which you're in right now," Ponk specifies, "I'm gonna use it to help, alright?"

Help? Help with what? Ranboo was fine, they don't feel anxious, what is he helping with?

Ponk sits criss-cross across from them, doing something with the yellow thing (a lemon, it was a lemon).

The smell of citrus hits them and they get confused for a second, why was there the smell of citrus?

"Ranboo?" Ponk says, his voice fading in, "Can you hear me still?"

They blink, taking a few seconds to register the question and nodding weakly.

"Okay, can you hear anything else?" He asks,

Ranboo blinks, closing their eyes briefly to focus on listening,

"Leaves?" They say, their voice oh so distant in their mind, "and wind,"

"Okay, good!" Ponk says, "Focus on those things,"

Focus on what? Oh yeah, the noise, the sounds. It is shockingly silent, they guess they got used to everyone being pretty loud all the time.

"Can you still see the lemon?" Ponk asks after a moment, holding out the, now partially peeled, lemon, looking at it is strange,

They nod, "It's yellow," They state, it's the only thing that comes to mind about it.

"It is!" Ponk affirms, "Can you see anything else in the room?"

"You," Ranboo says, Ponk is a bit more in focus when they say it, affirming his existence more,



they look around the room, “Chests, I think? The floor,”

“Yeah, those are good!” Ponk encourages, “Can you hold out your hand for me? I am going to put the lemon in your hand,”

They nod, but trying to move their arm just makes it twitch next to painfully and they wince slightly,

“Um,” Ponk says, noticing their struggle, “Can I touch your arm so I can move it for you?”

They nod, just working on relaxing their grip around their legs as Ponk very gently grabs their arm and untangles it from around one of their legs, setting a piece of the lemon in it.

“There,” Ponk says, “You can feel the lemon, right?”

They nod, staring at where it is in their hand, bright against the darkness of their glove.

“Okay, can you feel anything else?”

“You, when you touched me,” They say, talking minutely easier than it was before, “The floor, the wall,”

“Yes!” Ponk encourages, “Okay, do you wanna try to eat the lemon?”

“Huh?” They ask softly, staring at the piece in the palm of their hand,

“Do you want to try to eat it?” Ponk asks, a bit slower, “It’s grounding,”

They nod slowly but don’t move, just staring at it,

“Okay, can you lift the piece to your mouth?” Ponk asks slowly,

They nod, managing to lift the piece to their mouth but just bumping it against their mask,

“Oh,” They say, sounding disappointed as they drop their hand again,

“Oh, yeah, shit,” Ponk says, chucking a bit nervously, “Can you take off your mask first?”

They lift their other hand to try, but just end up kinda scrabbling at their cheek, scratching it vaguely through their gloved hand.

“Can I touch you?” Ponk asks after a moment, and they nod, dropping their hand again.

Ponk very carefully pulls the strap of their mask off of their ear, leaving it to dangle from the other one.

“There,” He says, “Can you try to eat the lemon piece again?”

Oh right, the lemon piece, they forgot about that,

They focus a bit on the light weight of it again, twitching their fingers on that hand, it feels strange to move (they can’t have been still for that long)

They lift their palm again and put the piece to their lips, biting down on it.

The sour taste makes them cringe violently, yanking the (unbitted) part out of their mouth and dropping it on the floor, flapping their hands uncomfortably in front of them.

“Oh, are you back?” Ponk asks, not seeming bothered by the weird hand flapping, more concerned looking than anything,

“Y-yeah,” They stutter, still cringing from the sour taste of the lemon, “Sorry,”

“It’s fine, you were disassociating really badly,” Ponk states, shrugging, “Also I got to feed you a lemon, it was kinda funny,”

Ranboo glares but can’t force themselves to have any malice in the look, much too tired, “It was gross, you made me eat a peeled lemon, that’s an affront to everything,”

“Hey, otherwise you would have bitten into the peel, that would’ve been worse!” Ponk defends, laughing softly, “Usually you’re supposed to use an orange for that grounding technique, but I didn’t wanna have to go back to the house and chose to use the superior fruit,”

“How did you even get a lemon tree?” Ranboo asks, staring at the lemon missing a piece that Ponk holds, “I thought that was only modded, you have to buy just normal lemons otherwise,”

“Magic,” Ponk explains, picking up one of the pieces and putting it in his mouth under the mask,

Ranboo makes a fake gagging noise, earning muffled laughter from Ponk as he tries not to choke on the piece of lemon.

Ponk manages to stop himself from choking, taking in a deep breath and Ranboo cringes slightly as they feel the mood get serious again.

“You have anxiety issues, right?” Ponk asks, keeping his voice calm and friendly, “You don’t have to say, I’m just asking,”

“Uh, yeah, pretty, uh, pretty severe ones,” Ranboo says, wringing his hands nervously in front of them.

“You should talk to Puffy, she’s way better at this stuff than me, she has a therapy degree, I’m not saying you should go to her for therapy, but like, she has friends and stuff,” Ponk says, sounding casual with such a serious topic,

They nod, “I’ll think about it,” They whisper, mostly to themselves,

Falling asleep is easy after a tiring day, that doesn’t mean they rest easy though.

They fall quickly into twisting nightmares of their own laughter as they light TNT above someone’s bed on bedwards, falling onto them and exploding them, blood splattering across the floor in a gory mess.

It shifts into one of the first times they died in a skywars match, the person is faceless in their memory but they remember the way their own multicolored blood stained the shiny blade as it slashed across their chest, being shoved to the floor and stabbed through, left to bleed out.

Usually, sadistic kills aren’t what people aim for on Hypixel, too busy trying to win, they just got unlucky.

A woman finds them bleeding out on the floor, gagging on their own blood, and brings mercy on

them, picking them up and dropping them off the island into the endless void below.

The pain of dissolving into it isn't the same as normal pain, it hurts, but it is calming once you get over the feeling of falling.

The fall transfers into them falling from the glass cage into another Skywars match, running down to grab the items from their chest, as they are digging through it a sharp pain goes through their chest and they look down to find a sword stabbing through it, screaming in pain as it is dragged back out and they are pushed to the floor.

"Come on Ranboo, it's not real," A voice says and they whimper, it feels so real though,

"Ranboo, come on, wake up,"

There is a snap and they sit up into the panic room, XD sitting across from them as usual. The anxiety from their nightmare fades next to instantly, it almost feels weird.

"Morning, well, night," XD greets, and Ranboo blinks as they notice that XD has enderpearl in his lap, the other two cats sprawled on top of their legs.

"Hi," They reply, reaching out to pet dream Jjjjjjjjeffrey, "I'm guessing this is gonna be a normal thing now,"

"Usually," XD states with a shrug, "Unless you're incredibly tired or respawn,"

"Great," They say sarcastically, "And every time you're gonna be here?"

"Unless you don't want me to, but you don't like to be alone," XD states, "You didn't have a good day,"

"No," They respond, even though they don't need to, "I got all freaked out over nothing and ended up messing up Ponk's day with it too,"

"He didn't mind, he told you that," XD replies, "You were having a trauma response,"

"That doesn't mean it isn't stupid," They grumble, glaring at the obsidian like it killed their family, "It wasn't even that bad, I could've left,"

"Could you?" XD asks, "Even if theoretically you could've just gone to a private world, you felt like your only choice was to stay."

"I still chose to," Ranboo argues, "If I was going to be such a baby about a few fights I should've just left,"

"You did leave," XD says, "That's how you're here now,"

They pause, blinking, "Is it?" They ask uncertainly, staring at the man's mask like it will grant him answers,

He tilts his head, "Yes, you know this, you remember,"

"No I don't," They insist, "I have short term memory loss, I don't- I don't know what happened,"

XD hums, "You were hurt and needed help, so you teleported here, to your soulmates,"

"Okay, you're definitely insane," Ranboo says, only a tinge hysterically, "I can't teleport a-and

they're not-" They cut off there, unable to finish,

"You did earlier!" XD argues, "In the fight with Purpled, and anyways, if I am insane, and you think I'm a creation of your mind or something, doesn't that make you insane."

"OBVIOUSLY!" Ranboo yells back, throwing their arms up, "For being part of my brain you don't seem to know much about me!"

"Because I'm not! I'm literally not you!"

"Then prove it!"

XD pauses, tilting his head like he's thinking if something is a good idea or not,

"You will get proof soon enough," XD says cryptically,

They sigh, "You really are bad at giving information," They say, blinking as the world starts to blur and shift.

"Oh, already? Man, you need to start sleeping deeper," XD says, "You're waking up,"

They try to say something back but it comes out too slurred, their vision darkening and lightening at the same time, across two 'worlds', it is incredibly disorientating.

They sit up, looking around to a dark room, clearly still night, the sound of rain pattering loudly against their window makes them whimper against their will.

Well, fuck.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was really just an excuse to write Ponk because not enough people do and he's really difficult to write? but so fun, kind chaos gremlin.

Writing their fighting styles was fun, I decided that while I love Ranboo that is just incredibly strong, I feel like them being able to tell their enemies moves and using that to fight them made more sense?

Purpled's fighting style was just based on his bedwars technique of 'hit it until it dies', Tommy was just kinda made up because I thought it fit him, and Tubbo's was based on his hybrid smp shulker origin!

# Overloaded

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo after their nightmares (and another dream with XD) joins Insomnia Club.

The next day is just a bit too much for them.

## Chapter Notes

Minor TW for sensory overload, minor ableism towards themselves (calling themselves weird/questioning why they can't just be normal and deal with things), and accidental misgendering since a large portion takes place from Puffy's POV!

Also did you know that Puffy is apparently canonically taller than Ranboo??? Because I learned this just before I wrote this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They're curled up in a ball, their blankets dragged up around them and hands over their ears, unable to block out the sound of rain.

All the anxiety from their nightmare that wasn't present in the panic room feels VERY present now, leaving them trembling and scrabbling clawed hands over where phantom injuries lie, only just careful enough not to actually scratch through the skin.

They carefully try to keep their breathing steady, as close to four-four-four as they can, but even counting to four is a bit difficult at the moment.

When they get minutely less panicked they stand up, wrapping one of their thinner, smaller blankets around their shoulders like a shawl, slipping out their room as quietly as possible and walking down the stairs, hoping to get a glass of water or something from the kitchen.

They hear soft conversation and narrow their eyes slightly in confusion as they peak into the dining room.

A few people are sitting at the table, out of their usual places and more clustered together at one end, talking in lowered tones, Wilbur notices them at the doorway and looks up at them, taking a sip from his mug of, whatever it is.

"Couldn't sleep?" He asks, earning a small nod from Ranboo, "There's hot chocolate on the furnace, go get yourself a cup and come sit down,"

Ranboo nods, listening to the command and walking into the kitchen. It smells like chocolate and is incredibly calming compared to the smell of rain that makes them absolutely terrified.

They grab a mug from a cabinet and pour the hot chocolate into it, careful not to pour it all over their hands which are still a bit shaky with anxiety. After a moment of thought they grab two

marshmallows from the bag on the counter and put them in, walking out back into the dining room.

They study who is actually there, now more aware of their surroundings. Wilbur of course, with Techno and Tommy.

“So, why are you up so late, er,” Wilbur looks up at the clock, reading 3:52 AM, “Early,”

“Nightmares,” Ranboo explained simply, choosing to not speak about XD, they didn’t want everyone thinking they’re insane already, “How about you all?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” Wilbur says with a shrug,

“Nightmares as well,” Tommy says, his hot chocolate has a pile of whipped cream and marshmallows on top that Ranboo is surprised he managed to balance,

“Sleep is for the weak,” Techno mutters, skimming through the book he’s holding,

“Well, welcome to insomnia club Ranboo, the hot chocolate is free,” Wilbur states, patting them gently on the arm,

“Is this something you do often?” Ranboo asks, shifting their gaze between the three,

Wilbur shrugs, “Not us specifically, it is just a general household thing when you can’t sleep,”

“We’re sleeping bois inc though, when Phil’s here,” Tommy states, his voice is lower and calmer with tiredness, like when they listen to the discs together, “we were the originals, bitch,”

“Hey, Tubbo is sometimes included,” Wilbur argues softly,

“And Tubbo,” Tommy adds, Ranboo catches the tug of a smile from the mention of him, cute, “Sometimes,”

Ranboo, quite resolutely, ignores the dark green outlines around his middle that start tingling slightly in pain, almost like the feeling when you move a limb that falls asleep. Yep, that definitely is NOT happening.

“You wanna talk about your nightmares?” Tommy asks after a few moments of silence, looking up at them tentatively but avoiding their eyes, something they are grateful for as they don’t have their glasses on currently,

“Not- not really?” They respond, voice a bit strained, “It’s just- Kinda, it’s just kinda dumb,”

Tommy frowns, “I could tell you about mine, if you want, not that you need to listen, they’re kinda stupid as well, it just helps to hear others, sometimes,” He says, rambling a little at the end,

“Go ahead,” Ranboo says, honestly they’ve always been a better listener than talker, and spending so much time talking about themselves recently makes them feel a bit selfish.

Tommy cradles his mug in his hands, staring down at the liquid instead of at Ranboo, “Uh, it was a nightmare of this time I got lost in the antarctic, they couldn’t find me for a few weeks and by the time they did I had pretty bad frostbite,” Tommy laughs, the sound weak, “They had to chop off my leg, they managed to save everything else with magma cream,”

Ranboo blinks, “You lost a leg?” They ask, wondering how they managed to not notice the entire time,

Tommy perks up, only partially faked, “Hell yeah, lost it like a big man, got a cool ass prosthetic

from Sam,” He says, pulling one of his legs up and showing off the metal,

“How did I never realize you’re missing a limb,” Ranboo whispers to himself, eyes wide as they stare at the metal, they’ve seen plenty of prosthetics (if a chop through a limb is clean enough, sometimes you’ll respawn without one, so they were pretty common on Hypixel), this one is clearly well made, working just as well as a normal leg if not better.

Wilbur and Techno share slightly pained expressions, Wilbur’s much clearer. The guilt of their little brother losing a limb because they weren’t there never really goes away, no matter how many times Tommy says it’s fine.

“It’s real cool innit? It feels real strange, because sometimes my brain still thinks it’s there so it’ll make up feelings n’ shit, not really fun when it’s painful though,” Tommy rambles, smiling widely,

“That’s so cool,” Ranboo says, “Is it hard to walk with?”

“Was, I got used to it,” Tommy says, “I had to use crutches for a while but y’know, too slow for big man Tommyinnit,”

“Of course,” Ranboo replies, smiling fondly,

“Wanna talk about your nightmare now?” Tommy asks, picking up one of the marshmallows from the top of his hot chocolate and popping it in his mouth,

“Uh, I can, if you want?” Ranboo says, “It’s not like, that big of a deal though,”

“Ranboo it is 4 am now, I am pretty sure the nightmare must’ve been pretty bad if you are down here staying up instead of sleeping,” Wilbur says, giving Ranboo an unimpressed look.

Ranboo wilts slightly under the gaze, “It was just, um, Hypixel, like, different matches and things,” They explain, having to set their mug down to wring their hands, let out a bit of the anxiety,

Techno raises an eyebrow, much more visible without his normal pig mask, “What happened in ‘em?” He asks,

“Just normal Hypixel stuff, um,” They pause, trying to bring back what specifically the nightmares were about, “A bedwars game, uh, lighting the tnt above a bed and letting it drop, it exploded like half of the team, there was blood everywhere. And uh, my first match, I was stabbed and left to bleed out, y’know, one of the players more in it for blood,” They chuckle humorlessly, staring down at their multicolored hands blankly.

“Shit man, I’m sorry,” Tommy apologizes, wincing slightly, “I shouldn’t’ve pushed you to talk about it,”

“It’s fine,” Ranboo says, shrugging and trying to hide the slight tremble in their fingers, “It wasn’t really that bad,”

Tommy frowns, “Dude you’re currently downstairs, awake, at 4 am because of it, I think it’s a bit more serious than you’re letting on.”

Ranboo’s gaze drops again, staring down at their mostly empty hot chocolate, “Can we stop talking about this?” They ask softly,

Tommy doesn’t look like he wants to but nods, going back to drinking his now cool enough to chug hot chocolate.

“You two should get to bed, get the last few hours you can,” Wilbur states, standing up with his own empty mug,

“Can we listen to Mellohi first?” Tommy asks, receiving a nod from Wilbur and cheering quietly.

Ranboo puts away their mug and follows Tommy to the living room, instead of their usual corner they both sit together on one of the smaller seats near to the jukebox, Ranboo’s hand combing through Tommy’s slightly knotted golden locks,

“At this point I should stop buying brushes, just have you do it,” Tommy mumbles, leaning against Ranboo’s shoulder,

Ranboo chuckles lightly, “Yeah, but then I’d have to get through bigger ones too and I don’t wanna hurt you,”

“You can’t hurt me, I’m big man tommyinnit, i’m-” Tommy yawns, leaning further against Ranboo, “invincible,”

“Sure,” Ranboo says, watching Tommy slowly drift off, “of course big man,”

Ranboo wakes up the next morning under a blanket that definitely wasn’t there the night before on the same chair, Tommy leaning against them and their arm completely numb from it.

They carefully extract themselves from Tommy’s side, laying him down on the couch and pulling the blanket over him.

He looks at the clock on the wall, squinting slightly to read it, 10:50 AM, later than they usually wake up.

They sigh softly and walk up the stairs, they can hear everyone talking (probably over breakfast) but decide that getting ready is a bit more important than joining immediately.

They walk into their room and smile when they see their cats laid on the bed together, all curled up.

They walk over to their closet and grab some clothing, changing into it out of their sleepwear. They remember that Tommy, Will, AND Techno all saw them in it and wince a little, being out of their normal clothing in front of people is a bit uncomfortable, it’s like when they accidentally fidget weirdly in front of others or repeat noises.

They much prefer when they can act normal and dress in their a-bit-too-fancy clothing and people don’t question them. Being weird receives questions, more than the normal questions about them being a hybrid or being too tall or the other weird things that they can’t hide.

They grab their mask, gloves, and glasses, they reach for their crown but falter, they want the weight and pressure of it but it’s a Hypixel crown and it makes the memory of their nightmares come back full force.

They carefully go to where they keep the flower crowns that Tubbo and Tommy make them and look through them. They choose one with flowers in red and green and set it on their head delicately, it is lighter than the Hypixel crown, but it will work so they don’t have to use that one.



They walk downstairs and into the dining room, a bit surprised to see Tommy half-asleep at his seat, head laying on his arms while Tubbo laughs at him,

Tommy lifts his head just a bit to say a small, “g’morning,” before dropping back into his arms, causing Tubbo to laugh harder at him.

Ranboo smiles slightly at the action, going to their normal seat next to Niki. There are plates set out on the table full of food, hashbrowns, muffins (that were definitely made by Bad), french toast, bacon, and assorted other things.

They put some on their own plate (making sure to take a muffin before they are completely gone) and eat slowly, watching the others talk with each other.

Usually people watching is kinda fun, probably an enderman trait of some sort, just watching others interact, but currently it’s a bit much, the noises grate uncomfortably on their senses and they’re left instead of leaning into them like usual, desperately trying to ignore the people and the noises.

They eat quicker after that, a bit desperate to get away from everyone and somewhere quiet, going and scraping and cleaning off their plate after. Being in the kitchen still definitely isn’t quiet, barely a room over, but the distance helps them feel like they’re able to breathe again.

They walk quickly through the dining room again to leave, they are unable to stop the small flinch from hearing the sound of silverware dragging across a plate, the sound physically painful, if they weren’t so used to hiding it they’d probably have cried from it,

They leave the house quietly, hoping for once that no one would take them to do something, they don’t particularly want to be alone, but people are loud and especially most of the people here are, if someone screams next to them they’re pretty sure they’ll cry,

They fidget uncomfortably with their hands as they walk quickly away from the house, every few seconds trying to stop themselves and instead finding a place to put them, their pockets, curled around themselves, but always end up fidgeting with them again, staying still feeling viscerally uncomfortable,

It’s annoying that they just can’t keep their hands still, that they can’t just act normal and interact with others, instead they’re out here alone because every noise is too much and the light from the sun hurts even through their glasses, the sound of their footsteps even hurts.

They let out a small distressed enderman chirp, barely hearable even to themselves, the sound is calming though and they repeat it. They are so used to hiding them that it feels a bit weird to make the noise, but comforting.

“Ranboo?” Someone says and they almost scream, the noise is too much and breaks them out of calming themselves down,

Instead they choke down everything and stop making noises and turn around, seeing Puffy standing there, looking a tad worried,

“Y-yes?” They say, voice shaking much more than they want it to,

“Are you okay? I heard distressed enderman noises and thought one was trapped or something, and I found you,”

“I’m fine!” They reassure, forcing their voice to sound casual, “Perfect! Completely okay!”

Puffy raises an unimpressed eyebrow, crossing her arms, “Oh really?”

“Y-yeah! Great actually,” They respond, hands trembling slightly with the exertion it takes to stop their hands from moving,

Puffy opens her mouth to say something but pauses, eyes widening and reaching out quickly, grabbing their arm and shoving them behind her, “CREEPER!”

They yelp at the feeling of someone touching them, tumbling slightly to the floor as Puffy raises her shield to protect her from the blast.

They cry out in pain at the noise, god the explosion is so loud they just wanted to calm down why is everything so loud they can still feel her touch on their arm and ohgoditissoloudwhyiseverythingsoloudthereiswaternearbytheycanhearitandtheexplosionsitllringsintheirbr:

“Ranboo?” Puffy asks, voice lowered, a worried look on her face as she stares down at the hybrid,

Ranboo lets out a sob, curling in on themselves, balling their hands into fists and smacking them against the sides of their head like it could fight away the pain that just won’t stop, it’s too much, it’s always too much.

“It’s so loud,” They sob, tears going down their cheeks, mind-numbingly painful to the point that they are unable to even scream from them,

Puffy allows herself 5 seconds to panic before helping the sobbing teenager, his own tears burning his face and definitely not helping the clear sensory overload.

She counts backwards from 5, steadying her breath, before getting to work, kneeling very slowly and very softly next to Ranboo, who has moved from hitting himself and now has his arms shielding over his ears.

“Hey,” She whispers oh so gently and hears Ranboo whimper in response, “I know, it is very loud, I can bring you inside and it will be quiet and dark in there,”

Ranboo makes a distressed vrrp but nods, hard to see with how he’s curled up,

“Touch is probably a lot right now, but I can carry you if you want, since you don’t look like you can move much,”

Ranboo nods again, with shaky, stiff movements pulling his arms down from his head,

Puffy reaches under him and picks him up, it is strangely easy, even though he is quite tall (not as tall as her though) he is incredibly skinny, less so than when he first arrived though.

He tucks his head into her shoulder, whimpering and making soft vrrps that make her heart hurt just a tiny bit,

She walks in careful steps to not trip or make too loud of a noise.

She manages to open the door to the house with one arm full of trembling ender-hybrid,

There are a few people still in the house but most are in their rooms getting ready to go out, so she gladly doesn't see anyone as she carefully carries Ranboo up to his room and sets him down on the bed, where he curls back up again.

The lights are already out so she simply pulls the blinds closed, darkening the room.

She walks over to Ranboo, who is curled up but noticeably less distressed, "I'm going to go grab some things, is anything else bothering you,"

"Loud, clothes are uncomfortable," Ranboo mumbles, face tucked into his knees and muffling him slightly, "Itchy,"

"Okay, I'll grab you something to change into and you can put them on while I grab the other things," She says, walking over to his closet and finding some soft, more casual clothing easily (probably just used as pajamas)

"Are these okay?" She asks, holding them in front of Ranboo, he rubs a hand along the fabric to test it before nodding,

She sets them down and leaves the room as quietly as she can, sighing slightly in relief. She feels immensely bad for possibly worsening the sensory overload as he was clearly trying to cope with it before she approached him, but at least this way it won't possibly get worse with him in the middle of a forest where mobs could get him.

She steels herself slightly again and walks up to her room, pulling out a box from under her bed.

She likes to keep them around for things like this, just boxes full of things for different scenarios, bad ADHD days, anxiety or panic attacks, dissociation, just helpful things.

It is mostly just so that when someone has one of those things she can run up and grab it quickly after a few times of having to scour her room (and the house) for them, and she lets people come up and grab them when needed. By this point she's pretty much made one for each of the people who have them regularly, maybe she should make one for Ranboo.

This one has stuff for sensory overloads, along with some other things, noise blocking earmuffs, some fidget toys, a weighted blanket, and a pen and some paper in case they're nonverbal.

After a moment of thinking she just takes the entire box, walking out of her room and a bit surprised when she sees Eret standing there,

"Oh, hi!" She says, "Do you need something?"

"Is Ranboo okay? I saw you walk in with him," Eret asks, worry clear on their face,

"He's fine, sensory overload, he is in his room right now and I'm bringing him some more stuff to help," Puffy explains, shifting the weight of the box slightly so she can hold it easier,

Eret nods, "If you, or he, needs anything tell me, okay?"

Puffy smiles, "Of course, thanks Eret,"

They smile back softly, walking to their own room as Puffy walks down the stairs to the medical room, grabbing a regeneration potion for the burns on Ranboo's cheeks before walking to his room,

Ranboo is still curled on the bed but in different clothing, his cats curled up near him and one in his arms, purring against his chest.

“Hey,” She greets softly, “I have some noise mufflers, a weighted blanket, and fidgets in here, if you wanna use any,” She says, setting the box down next to them,

They nod, sitting up very slightly to look into the box,

“Do you want me to stay? Or I can get someone else to stay if you want,”

Ranboo shakes his head, grabbing a tangle from the box and laying back down, holding his cat a bit closer as he messes with the tangle with one hand,

She nods, “Okay, call or message on your com if you need anything,”

Ranboo snaps their fingers so she pauses, turning around, he grabs a piece of paper and one of the pens, writing down something onto it and handing it over,

She takes it softly, looking at the text that reads ‘Thank you :)’ and smiling,

“You’re welcome, Ranboo,” She says, “I’ll tell everyone to not bother you, if you don’t come down for dinner i’ll bring some up,”

He nods again, waving goodbye softly.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was very nice to write because hurt/comfort is fun.

Next one is gonna have Ranboo come out most likely! So I am excited for that :>

# Identity

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo finally has time to question himself, herself, themselves?

## Chapter Notes

Warning for mentions of possible transphobia or past transphobia but nothing very bad, also accidental misgendering that gets corrected.

Also not tw warning but the beginning of this is a bit difficult to read because of changing pronouns, that's meant to be there and it goes away after a bit.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo has never really had the time to question himself (themselves?)

Well, he they had, they he spent most of their life questioning themselves (herselves?), memory loss and their status as a hybrid and his/her abilities.

It left not much time to question other things though, too busy worrying about if she/he/they will be hunted down and killed or were they'll get their next meal or if Niki will be okay,

So he never really got a chance to question if he or she or they were really a boy, it was just something she kinda accepted, of course he was a boy, that's what everyone said so why would they question it?

When on their first day awake and Eret asks his pronouns, he doesn't really get why answering he/him makes her/his/her skin crawl and puts their teeth on edge, like when she touches a fabric that just feels wrong or when he puts on too tight clothing, it didn't fit.

He pushes that thought as far down in them as it can go, way too big of a change going on at the moment for them to question changing anything further.

But now they've (she's?) settled down a bit here, used to the schedule and the people and they (he) have time to question things.

They remember when they were small one time they took one of Niki's skirts (with her permission, of course), the feeling of the swishy fabric and how they felt pretty in it,

The moment was ruined after they were yelled at by their mother, they didn't touch the skirts again after that.

The confusion and questioning is probably what caused them to (very awkwardly) ask Eret what she was a week or two ago, he, she, they knew nonbinary people and identities existed, but it just felt like confirmation that she, he, they wouldn't be alone if they possibly were not a boy,

Were they a boy? Thinking about it, it didn't really fit, never did, they just accepted that it didn't fit because they were weird like all the other parts of them, though its different than that weirdness.

The fidgeting and not knowing how social stuff works and being unable to tell how someone is feeling by how their face looks is weird, but it is theirs, it is a part of them, their dual-toned skin and hair is strange, but part of them. Not feeling like a boy is strange, but being a boy is definitely not part of them.

It's frustrating, thinking about it, questioning, they hate having to solve questions without a defined answer alone, they much rather being told the answer even if it makes them look stupid, but she couldn't go and ask someone what they were because then he'd just get the answer that he had told everyone before.

They never really got gender in the first place, they got what pronouns people used by listening to others speak of them (or being told by Eret, that was definitely helpful), they didn't get the difference between how they wore clothing and hairstyles and how they spoke and walk would make them in two categories that seemed to change constantly, why were those things those ways? It never made sense.

They were just kinda left to accept it, they were good at running with rules that meant nothing, like not doing their enderman noises and making eye contact and morphing their face in different ways with different emotions and changing their tone to mean things,

Feeling wrong in their skin is just another part of being them, feeling like parts don't fit, a deep discomfort that burrows into their marrow, it's fine, it's fine,

After soaking in the questioning and frustration for long enough they decide to talk to someone, someone who will probably get it, and set off to find Eret,

He (They?) find Eret, unsurprisingly, at her sheep farm, cooing softly at one of the pink sheep fondly,

"Hello," He or They greets softly, not wanting to scare her on accident, he knows that he walks quietly,

Eret looks up, smiling at them, "Oh, hi Ranboo!" She says, standing up fully, "What're you doing here?"

"I wanted to talk," Ranboo says, running his thumb over the grass of the block they're holding, it is comforting,

Eret raises an eyebrow from behind her glasses and leaves the sheep pen, leaning up against the fence, "What about?" She asks,

"Um, I-," He takes in a shaky breath, "I wanted to talk about gender?" He says, very aware of how awkward that sounds,

Eret's eyes widen slightly from behind the shades but the rest of her expression stays the same, not wanting to accidentally frighten him (or them, or her), "Oh, are you questioning?"

Ranboo nods, looking down at the block in his hands instead of at Eret, "Just, thinking about it," He says, laughing awkwardly after,

"Of course, I get it," Eret says, smiling softly to assure them further, "Do you want to talk about it?"

“I don’t know?” Ranboo says, confusion clear in his voice, “It feels weird, and confusing, I don’t get it,”

“Yeah, it’s confusing questioning yourself, it took me a while to understand my own identity,” Eret replies, careful with her phrasing,

Ranboo nods, frowning, “I just don’t get it, I don’t feel like a boy but girl doesn’t really fit either and maybe it’s just because I’m weird like everything else is about me, I just don’t fit anywhere,”

Eret softens, “Hey, it’s not weird to question yourself, okay? Plenty of people don’t fit in either of those boxes,”

Ranboo frowns more but doesn’t argue against the point, instead sitting down in the grass, rubbing a hand over the top of the block in their hands. Eret after a moment chooses to sit down in front of them,

“Everything’s so confusing all the time,” Ranboo complains softly, “I wish I could just know,”

“Yeah, it sucks,” Eret agrees, “Do you know what pronouns you would like to be used?”

Ranboo shakes his head, frowning,

“That’s okay, would you like me to try some out for you?” Eret asks patiently, smiling comfortingly,

He thinks for a minute before nodding, looking up curiously at Eret but not meeting her eyes,

“Okay, hm, Ranboo is my friend, he is very nice and kind and I care about him a lot, he is questioning himself right now and that’s okay,” Eret says, watching Ranboo carefully for reaction,

Ranboo frowns, cringing slightly, “I don’t like that,” They murmur, rocking slightly back and forth,

“Okay, how about,, Ranboo is my friend, she is very nice and kind and I care about her a lot, she is questioning herself right now and that’s okay,” Eret says,

Ranboo thinks for a moment before shaking their head, “It’s better, but it still doesn’t really fit,” They say softly,

Eret nods, “Ranboo is my friend, they are very nice and kind and I care about them a lot, they are questioning themselves right now and that’s okay,” Eret says, having to change the words around a little bit for grammar’s sake,

Ranboo pauses, it makes warmth bloom in their (theirtheirtheir) chest, it just feels right, a little click into place,

“I like those,” Ranboo breathes softly, a grin on their face,

“Good! So you use they/them?” Eret asks, unable to stop some of her own excitement, it’s not her fault, Ranboo’s happiness is infectious,

Ranboo nods, “I-I think I’m nonbinary too, I don’t really, fit, with boy or girl,” They admit, a nervous smile on their face,

“Okay, is your name still Ranboo?” Eret asks, “Or do you wanna try something else,”

“No, I’m still Ranboo,” They respond, “That still fits, I like it,”

Eret nods, “Do you want me to tell anyone? Or is this a secret until you’re ready, both are fine, I get it if you’re not ready to come out yet, it took me a while after I figured it out,”

“Um, if they ask I guess it’s fine? But like, I’d rather you not just bring it up,” Ranboo replies, “Don’t tell Niki, I wanna tell her myself,”

Eret nods again, smiling at them, “I’m proud of you for finding yourself, it definitely took me longer to accept myself,” She says, reaching out to ruffle their hair.

An outline of strawberry pink on their arm stings uncomfortably, they ignore it.

It takes them a day or two to prepare to tell Niki, they know she’ll respond fine to it, she has never been anything less than accepting to them, but it is still weird, such a big change (they guess it’s always been there, just quietly),

They decide that it’s like a bandage and they’ll just have to pull it off eventually, so they set off to find Niki one morning, an hour or two after breakfast,

It is not too difficult to find her, collecting flowers for some dyes, she is wearing the rainbow sweater that they like a lot, rolled up over her elbows so it doesn’t get dirty,

“Hi,” They greet softly, walking out from the forest into the flowery plains clearing she is standing in,

She looks up, a bit surprised by their sudden arrival, but smiles brightly at them, “Oh, Ranboo!” She says, “I wasn’t expecting you,”

“Haha yeah, sorry,” They apologize awkwardly, shuffling their feet slightly, “I had something I wanted to tell you,”

“Oh?” Niki replies, curiosity in her tone, urging them to continue,

They swallow, forcing the words out before they get stuck in their throat, “I-I’m nonbinary, I use they/them pronouns now,” They say in one quick breath, stuttering a bit from the speed, hands trembling at their sides,

Niki’s eyes widen slightly, looking up at them, “Oh,” She says, a bit dumbly, “Do you still go by Ranboo?”

“Uh, y-yeah,” They say, nervously smiling at her, they wish they remembered their mask,

She nods slowly, “Would you like to be called my brother or my sibling?” She asks patiently, in the same tone she uses when they’re very anxious or hurt, fitting, as they are very anxious currently,

“Either are fine, I guess, I don’t mind either,” Ranboo says, shrugging their shoulders slightly,

Niki nods and smiles at them gently, “Okay, thank you for telling me,” She says, sincerity in her tone,



They blink a bit in surprise, “Oh, yeah, of course, I thought I should tell you uh, before I tell others, you know, since we’re, siblings,” They say, trailing off slowly in their rambling,

She nods, giggling softly at their awkwardness, “Does anyone else know?”

“Um, Eret, I asked her about it and it made me realize, you’re the second, though,” Ranboo answers, looking a bit guilty for not telling her first,

She nods, not looking angry at all, “Thank you, really, for telling me Ranboo, I’m glad you trusted me,”

They nod again, smiling at her, awkwardly but painfully sincere, “You’re welcome,”

Trying to find out how to tell everyone else is harder, the idea of doing it with everyone makes anxiety thum in their chest so quickly they have to go pick up a grass block to fight it back, but they don’t particularly feel comfortable telling everyone one-on-one, they haven’t even talked to most of the people here alone since they first met them, so it’d be incredibly awkward,

There are people that they think deserve to be told personally, Tubbo, Tommy, Fundy, Sam, maybe Wilbur or Techno, so they focus on those instead.

Tubbo and Tommy are in the flower field when they approach, talking and laughing amongst themselves, bees floating around them

Tommy notices them before they speak, waving them over with a big grin, “Hey big man!”

They wave back softly, sitting down next to the two in the grass, running their hands through the blades of grass as the two teens go back to their talking,

They wait for a dip in the conversation before they talk, not wanting to cut in, “Hey, can I, uh, tell you guys something?” They ask, nervously wringing their hands,

Both look up, a bit confused, but Tubbo nods slowly, “Yeah, of course big man,”

“Uh, about that, I’m not really a man?” They say, chuckling awkwardly, “Um, I’m nonbinary, they/them,”

“Oh that’s so fucking poggers!” Tommy says and Tubbo punches him in the shoulder, the yell accidentally scaring Ranboo, “Sorry, sorry,”

“So you use only they/them, like, they went to the park and stuff?” Tubbo asks, smiling kindly at them, “Oh, I should probably tell you because I’m pretty sure I never did, I use he/him or they/them, either are fine,”

They nod, “Yeah, just they/them, and um, neutral or masculine terms? I am still questioning that,” They say, tails swishing happily behind them in the grass,

Tommy nods seriously, processing the information, before pausing, “Wait, should we no longer call you big man?” He asks Ranboo, guilt in his voice at possibly misgendering them,

Ranboo laughs softly, “Tommy, you called Puffy big man literally this morning at breakfast, I don’t think it’s the most gendered term,”

Tommy goes red in the face as Tubbo and Ranboo laugh at him, yelling and cursing at them and only making them laugh harder.

They are on a mining trip with Fundy, a less competitive one thankfully, when they decide to come out to him,

It is a lot less planned than the others, admittedly, they had really no plans to tell him yet, they're just chatting over coms, hundreds of blocks into a strip-mine when they decide it's a better time than never,

"Uh, hey Fundy, can I tell you something?" They ask, trying to keep their voice from stuttering or sounding too weird,

"If it is how much more stuff you're getting than me, no," Fundy says sarcastically over the com, the sound of him breaking stone coming through it,

They laugh humorlessly, anxiety rising in them, "No, it's uh, it's something serious," They say, they can hear Fundy pause, the sound of stone breaking stopping,

"Oh, uh, what is it?" Fundy asks, a twinge of nervousness in his tone,

"Um, I- I'm nonbinary, I use they/them pronouns now," Ranboo admits, having to force their voice to not be so quiet it's unheard to the fox hybrid,

Fundy doesn't respond for a few seconds, which only makes their anxiety grow, before saying, "Oh, uh, me too, not like, the nonbinary part, but I'm trans, still he/him, uh, I'm a trans boy,"

"Oh," Ranboo responds dumbly, slumping on the wall of the cave a bit in relief, "Is it weird to say that like, makes sense? I wasn't expecting it, it just, fits,"

Fundy laughs softly, "Uh, no, yeah, that's how I feel about you too, I guess, didn't expect it but it fits," He says, Ranboo can hear the smile in his voice, "Uh, thanks for trusting me, y'know, I'm sorry for not telling you,"

"No, it's fine, you shouldn't be expected to tell me," Ranboo says, "Thank you for trusting me too, Fundy,"

Fundy hums in acknowledgement and Ranboo can hear as he starts mining again, "Now get back to work or I'm gonna beat you this time," He threatens, grin in his voice,

Ranboo laughs and gets back to work quickly, they're not competing for anything this time, but they have quite a few more wins than Fundy for their 'friendly competitions' and plan to keep it that way,

"In your dreams,"

Working on whatever redstone contraption that Sam decides is necessary is something they're pretty used to at this point, while they are quite tall, they are smaller than Sam and thinner, and

listen to instruction well, so they end up helping quite a bit,

After the incident after dueling with Ponk, he visits him and Sam while they work sometimes, with lemonade a few of them, which they think is a bit funny even though it's very kind,

They are working on placing down redstone wirings, they don't really know what this machine does, Sam explained it a few times but they never got it and he just told them they'd see when it was finished, so they're just going with it,

Sam was taking a break outside of the stuffy, hot room where the wirings laid, the torches and wires made it warm in a way that was uncomfortable and stuffy, if Ranboo wasn't naturally cold due to their enderman half they'd probably also be taking a break but they wanted to continue,

They hear them talking over the com in their ear, even with how socially inept they are they can tell the two are head over heels for each other and it's a bit cute, though they don't say it,

"Yeah, Ranboo is really good, **he's** been helping me for the past few weeks now-" Sam says but it all fuzzes off after that, because they're not a he, not a he, they're a they they're a they, they they,

"They," They correct before they can stop themselves, voice slightly choked, and pause, anxiety hitting them as they realize they corrected Sam out loud, they didn't mean to do that, oh no-

"Oh sorry, they've been helping me for the past few weeks now," Sam corrects quickly, not sounding angry in the slightest, "It's made things go a lot faster for my projects, usually only Tommy would help and he just makes things go slower, not that I mind,"

They zone out of the conversation again after that, letting out an anxious breath and muting their com, sitting down on the floor, careful not to ruin some of the wiring,

They pull down their mask with redstone dust-stained fingers, probably smearing some on their face, they don't really care, more focused on keeping themselves breathing,

After an amount of time they can't really follow they hear Sam enter again, pausing before walking over with careful footsteps,

"Hey Ranboo, are you okay?" He asks, voice soft, crouching in front of them so they can see him easier,

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry for correcting you, it was dumb, I'm sorry," They apologize quickly, breath wheezing slightly,

"Hey, it's okay, I'm not mad at you, you use they/them pronouns, right?" He asks, grabbing one of Ranboo's hands and rubbing soothing circles over their knuckles with his thumb,

They nod, "I-I'm nonbinary, I use they/them, Ranboo's still my name, though," They specify, voice a bit shaky from anxiety but calming down slowly,

"Okay, that's okay, I'm not mad, thank you for telling me," Sam soothes, "How about we finish up for today, okay? We can go back to the house and we can have Phil make you some hot chocolate and you can cuddle up with your cats,"

They nod in agreement, slowly standing with the help of Sam, who wraps a supportive arm around their shoulder so they can lean on him,

“Th-thank you for accepting me,” They say, voice quiet, almost a murmur,

“Of course, it’s just basic decency,” Sam says, “Now come on, let’s get home,”

They don’t really know why they, of all people, were sent with Phil, Wilbur, and Techno to go shopping.

Of course, most of the things they need can be grown or grinded for on the server, but some things still need to be bought since they’re on a vanilla server (besides Ponk’s unexplainable lemon trees) so they can’t just make them,

They’re pretty sure it was something about getting them new clothing, since they have almost ruined quite a few pieces while doing redstone with Sam or mining with Fundy or grass stains from hanging out with Tubbo and Tommy, so maybe they should get some more casual wear,

After they get an almost comical amount of candy using money from Hypixel (they had quite a lot, they never spent much) , they drift over to the clothing section alone, grabbing a few things that catch their eye,

This is what ends in them staring longingly at a skirt they found, it is longer, though clearly meant for a human, so it’d probably only be a bit under their knees, it isn’t particularly exciting, a plain black of some fabric they don’t know but don’t mind the feeling of,

Maybe how boring it is is what gravitated them towards it compared to the bright pink of some of the other ones, though they can’t force themselves to grab it, the thought making anxiety rise up into their chest uncomfortably,

“Oh, Ranboo, there you are, we lost you for a minute,” Wilbur says, coming to stand next to them, noticing what they’re staring at, “Oh, do you want it?”

Ranboo tries to answer but fails to, their mouth just opening a few times without any noise coming out, before they make a quiet, distinctly enderman-like whimper, “I don’t know,”

Wilbur pauses, seemingly noticing their slight distress, he hears Phil and Techno also approach the both of them but ignores it, instead choosing to comfort the teenager, “It’s okay if you want to wear a skirt, Ranboo, boys can wear skirts,”

This doesn’t help as much as Wilbur wanted it too, Ranboo curling in on themselves a bit more, “I’m not a boy,” They murmur softly, avoiding even looking in Wilbur’s direction,

Wilbur blinks, not expecting that, “Oh, okay,” He says, “That’s okay, so are you a girl? Or-”

“Nonbinary, uh, they/them,” Ranboo says softly, fidgeting with their hands,

Wilbur nods slowly, “Okay, that’s okay Ranboo,” He pauses briefly, “Do you want the skirt?”

They nod but don’t reach out to grab it so Wilbur does, carefully folding it in his arm, “Come on, let’s go to Phil and Techno, do you want me to tell them? Or-”

“Yeah, please,” Ranboo says, following Wilbur to the two that aren’t too far away, Wilbur thinks they heard them having a semi-serious conversation and chose to not impede on that, gladly since

he's pretty sure Ranboo would've had an anxiety attack,

Neither question the skirt, Wilbur owns a few (he just doesn't wear them so he doesn't ruin them), so there's no real reason to question it, he waits until there is a time Ranboo is away from them again to tell the other two,

"Ranboo told me that they're nonbinary, so they use they/them pronouns now," He says, not scared that either won't be accepting, Techno and Fundy are both trans masc and Tubbo is a nonbinary boy, along with other assorted trans or not-straight members of their little server, he is not worried about their supportiveness at all.

Philza nods while Techno, who is turned away looking through golden jewelry, hums to acknowledge it, "Is that what you two were talkin' about?" He asks, Wilbur can tell he's more focused on the conversation than he's letting on,

"Yeah, they were looking at a skirt and nervous about getting it, I told them it was fine because boys can wear skirts and they told me they weren't a boy," Wilbur says, recounting the events, "They asked me to tell you two, I don't know who else they are out to yet,"

Both nod, but the conversation doesn't continue as Ranboo comes back, thin pupils as wide as dinner plates as they hold an ugly as sin black hawaiian shirt with white flowers on it,

"If we don't get this for me I'll cry," They threaten, holding the shirt to their chest next to protectively,

Philza laughs, none of them really expecting Ranboo 'wears almost exclusively a suit' Nihachu to want a hawaiian shirt, but their fashion choices are just full of surprises,

"Sure mate, we'll get you the shirt," Phil agrees, taking it to put it in the basket, Ranboo pumps their fist in the air, hissing a small 'yesss' that makes Phil and Wilbur laugh, and Wilbur doesn't miss the small snort from Techno that he tries to hide.

Ranboo is pretty sure the rest learn mostly from others referring to them that way, either accidentally or on purpose.

A few ask, which leads to awkward conversations explaining that they're nonbinary, but no one is anything less than accepting, which feels good.

It takes them a bit to get the confidence to wear the skirt they got, they've worn most of the other clothing and aren't really avoiding any of it, but some part of them is still scared they're gonna get yelled at and told to just act like a boy.

One morning, with a random surge of confidence they get once every blue moon, they put on the skirt, it fits comfortably, ending about mid-calf and swishing whenever they move.

They spend a few minutes just looking in the mirror, a grin on their face as they twirl back and forth, swishing the skirt.

It feels good, it feels right, some itch they didn't know they had been scratched.

It feels solidifying, they're not a boy and they're not a girl and they're comfortable like this, and

they're accepted.

The anxiety inducing part is actually going downstairs in it, standing in front of their door, fidgeting with their hands nervously as they try to gain the confidence to be seen by others in it,

Eret wears skirts all the time, or the strawberry dress that is infuriatingly pretty, they know that Wilbur has a few that he's worn sparsely, mostly on days he won't leave the house so it won't be ruined.

But they're still nervous, because it is still a change and there still might be a reaction and they don't know if everyone actually knows yet.

They push it down eventually and leave their room, no one is there, of course, they don't know why they expected anyone to be outside of their door, but the lack of people calms their nerves, somewhat.

They walk downstairs slowly, nervousness climbing again as they walk into the dining room, most of the others already sitting at the table eating,

They feel a few eyes look up at them and force themselves to not freeze in place, instead looking down at the floorboards like it's suddenly interesting,

"You look good big man!" Tubbo compliments, their grin obvious in their voice,

"Thank you," Ranboo breathes softly, going to their seat, their anxiety slowly dissipating when no one says anything further,

They see Tubbo looking at them from across the table and look up, Tubbo grinning at them,

'I'm proud of you' Tubbo mouths, a huge smile on their face and they flush, ears lowering a bit in embarrassment, as they focus on their plate instead of the compliment.

Acceptance feels good.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was really nice to write, since it was mostly just me putting my own experience onto Ranboo.

Also I should probably put identities/pronouns on the explanatory chapter since I have quite a few headcanons here, but I am procrastinating it since it will take a while.

# Dreams

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo learns stimming is normal and has a talk with dream XD

## Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter, but I felt like a chapter that is just XD and Ranboo talking was necessary and also fun to write.

This chapter also closes up a few unexplained things from earlier chapters (Ex. how Ranboo even got there, why there was conveniently an extra room, extra chair at the dining table, etc.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Realizing that they're not really a 'boy' opens up a lot more things they haven't accepted about themselves, things they consider weird that are okay now,

The others of the essemipi stim, that's what they call it, 'stimming', the word feels nice to say, good on their tongue, not being 'annoying' or 'weird' or 'distracting', stimming.

Callahan signs to speak, apparently he's mute but not deaf, and sometimes he repeats a sign until his hands ache a bit, laughing silently in joy.

Fundy claps his hands together when he's happy, or smacks his palms against his legs or a table or a wall, sometimes he does it when he's angry to calm down, never in the way of hitting a wall, it's never violent. When he's thinking or frustrated he'll rub his knuckles back and forth over each other.

Tommy jumps up and down when happy, little wings flapping happily behind him and sometimes smacking things over, sometimes when he's extra excited his hands will flap too, going up and down with him. He looks like he's having enough fun that Ranboo wants to join, sometimes, but never does, just smiling politely and ignoring it,

Others do other things, less noticeable, drumming fingers or tapping pens or things like that, but no one ever calls it 'annoying' or tells them to stop, and it's comforting.

They start to use their enderman noises again when in private, if they're not by anyone there's no reason to hide it, right? So what's the worst that could happen if they chirp happily when mining and finding diamond, or make a vrrpy coo at themselves to calm themselves down while panicking.

The worst is that they could forget they're supposed to hide those things, apparently. Unable to stop the happy chirp that leaves their mouth before they can think about it when they find diamond, their brain completely ignoring the fact that Fundy is currently calling them over their ear com, perfectly able to hear them.

Instead of yelling or teasing or calling them annoying, instead Fundy responds back with a distinctly fox-like chirp, not particularly mocking them, but copying.

They repeat it back and both go back and forth, trying to copy each other until they end up with a generally similar result, laughing over it.

After that they use their enderman noises more, not much, compared to the others hybrid noises at least, but more. The first time they use them properly near Tommy he calls them 'poggers' and they laugh so hard they wheeze for a few minutes while Tommy yells at them.

They start doing other things too, flapping their hands excitedly when they're alone, or repeating their vrrs and vrps to themselves just because the sound feels nice on their lips and tongue and it sounds good.

They're talking to Tommy at some point and flap their hands unthinkingly as they talk, the topic is exciting and it makes them want to move and show the world their excitement, though as soon as they notice they drop their hands limp to their sides, face flushing awkwardly,

Tommy raises an eyebrow at them and they wince, looking away from him entirely, anxiety rising as they wait for him to start yelling, telling them to stop being annoying and just be normal for once,

"Why'd you stop?" Tommy asks, instead, not sounding angry, but they've never been good at telling that so maybe he is and he's going to start yelling,

"Uh, sorry, I know it's annoying, I'll stop," They apologize, frowning, all of the excitement that bubbled up and out of them dying down instead to guilt and fear,

"We're not fuckin' assholes," Tommy says instead, crossing his arms over his chest, "you're allowed to stim big man,"

They pause, their hands twitch to wring in front of them but they stop them, keeping them flat against their sides, "It's fine, I get it's annoying, I can stop, it's fine," They assure, pointedly ignoring Tommy's gaze,

"Do you find it annoying when I stim? Or anyone else?" He asks, his voice doesn't sound angry but some other emotion, frustration maybe?

"No," They admit, ears swivelling down slightly,

"Than why the fuck would we get annoyed by you stimming? Or even stop you if it was annoying?" Tommy asks, "I'm pretty sure it's a unanimous vote we would rather someone stim than possibly have a panic attack or something,"

"I don't know, I'm sorry," They admit, frowning, guilty they thought that the people here would be mad that they stim,

"It's fine big man, now come on, finish your story, it was getting interesting," Tommy states, shoving them slightly in the shoulder good-heartedly, "And don't hide your stimming anymore, alright?"

They nod in agreeance, anxiety calming slowly, "Alright, alright,"



Sleeping and waking up in the panic room becomes pretty normal, sometimes they have nightmares before or after that XD snaps them out of, and sometimes they don't,

Time passes weirdly in the panic room, dream logic of some sort, but still strange, a few times it only lasts a few minutes, barely any time to say anything before they're sitting up into a new day, and sometimes it feels like it lasts days, even though only a few hours go by,

The stranger part is they don't forget the dreams, they forget pieces of course, their memory is about as good as swiss cheese on the best of days, but unlike most their nightmares they never fade away, they're more like their normal memories,

They don't like thinking about that, so they choose to ignore it and think of it as just strange, recurring dreams.

They're in the panic room again, the feeling of entering it is similar to the feeling of waking up and is disorienting, feeling both themselves falling asleep and waking up at the same time.

XD is sitting across from them like usual, a familiar hum surrounding the room from an unknown source,

"Hello," XD greets like usual, voice a calm echo that they think has differentiated more from Dream's voice overtime, or maybe they've just noticed the differences, "How'd you sleep?"

"You should stop referring to it as that, makes my brain feel all weird," Ranboo grumbles, "It makes me feel fake,"

"Well, it is, just think about it that if you're awake here, you're asleep there, and vice versa," XD states simply, "But I'll stop referring to it that way, if you want,"

"Please," Ranboo says, sighing and leaning their head back against the cool obsidian wall,

XD hums in acknowledgement, picking up one of the fake cats and cradling it in his arms, "So, how are you doing in the world of the awake?"

Ranboo snorts at the new nickname for it, "Better, Puffy gave me a weighted blanket and some stim toys, my memory is getting better but I guess there is more things to remember,"

"That's good, you're learning to live normally again,"

"Live normally?" Ranboo asks, tilting their head, "I've been living normally for a while,"

"I don't think playing in murder matches and having multiple panic attacks per day counts as living normally," XD says sarcastically, "You were surviving, not living,"

Ranboo scoffs, "It wasn't that bad, if it was so terrible I could've, should've just--"

"Left?" XD finishes, voice unimpressed, "And done what? Go back to Niki with all your anxiety about her possibly hating you? Back to a village that hated you? Onto a survival world to be alone?"

Ranboo frowns, looking down at the black obsidian floors,

"Your choice to stay or not was one made for you by circumstance, you just want to believe you had a decision in it because what does it mean if you didn't? You don't want to believe it as

another time that you bent to the will of something that wasn't yourself," XD states, voice almost bored,

They flinch slightly, curling up on themselves, they wish they had their weighted blanket, it is always comforting when they're anxious, "But I could've, I should, I-"

"Ranboo, you made the best decision you could've, a very difficult one, and that decision also harmed you, both of those can exist at the same time," XD says patiently, "That doesn't mean you made the wrong one, or it's your fault, it was a bad situation you were a victim of,"

Ranboo scoffs wetly, wiping away tears before they burn down their cheeks, they aren't particularly thrilled to learn if pain also works here, "Yeah, and I guess the people I murdered are also people I'm the victim of, huh?"

"No, they were also victims, Hypixel was a terrible server that survived off bloodlust and no other options for the people in it, you'd still be there if it wasn't for an accident of your hybrid powers,"

Ranboo shudders at the idea of still having to be there, even if they sometimes miss the adrenaline rush that matches would bring, they certainly did not miss it there,

"How did I get here?" They ask, voice low and quiet, scared of an answer, "Why did I come here?"

XD hums, tilting his head, "I guess you wouldn't remember," He states, "Well, I guess I can tell you,"

"You got injured in a match but won, and you were travelling back to the medical center to get healed," XD starts, his voice taking on the tone of someone telling a story, "A group of people looking for fighters for fighting rings saw you, and well, wished for another champion,"

Ranboo's heart drops, to say they remembered that would be a lie, but they remember feeling fear, and that is just as important as the actual memory,

"You got quite injured trying to get away from them, one grabbed you and in fear, you used your soulmate bond to teleport somewhere you deemed safe, though sadly you didn't end up in the community house, so you wandered in the rain before passing out, Techno's enderman friend found you and led them to you, and they took care of you,"

"Oh," They say dumbly, staring down at their lap, "Thank you,"

"Why are you thanking me?" XD asks, tilting his head,

"You told me so I could remember, thank you," They specify, "So my bond with Niki brought me here?"

"I never specified Niki, if it was her alone here you'd probably not feel a strong enough tug to come,"

Ranboo freezes, "So what are you implying?"

"I am not implying anything, I am saying Niki isn't your only soulmate here,"

"You're a liar, you're only saying what I want you to," Ranboo argues back quickly, more to himself than to XD,

"We've been over this, I'm not you, I only speak the truth," XD states easily, "and the truth is you

have a suspicious amount of marks that just happen to line up with others colors, you're observant, you can see that,"

One of Ranboo's hand's rise to their chest, hovering over the outlined red mark right over their heart, it's probably a worrying mark, not many people touch over someone's heart for no reason, checking for a pulse or maybe CPR, but it's been one of their favorite's since they were a child who still accepted love,

They're not dumb enough to not notice it's in the same gold that Tubbo has from Tommy, apparently the mark on his arm and Tommy's fist was from Tommy punching him in the arm, it's a bit funny to think about,

They wonder why such a soft mark, on their heart and on their palms, could come from Tommy while the one that Tubbo got is violent, even though Tommy didn't mean it,

"I don't deserve them," Ranboo sighs, hugging their legs to their chest,

"Didn't Eret already have this conversation with you?" XD asks, "Deserving love doesn't exist, they love you, they've loved you since before they met you, you fit here, they kept an extra room and an extra chair and an extra space in the living room for a soulmate that they were hoping to find, and now they have you,"

Through the slight panic and sadness Ranboo feels warmth, whispering a soft "Oh," as they process the information, they never thought of why there was more space for them when they arrived, they guessed it happened while they were sleeping but-

But they knew, everyone had waited for them, and now here they were,

They wonder if everyone is happy with who showed up.

That thought ruins the warmth, replacing it with icy panic because were they enough? Was everyone disappointed in who arrived to fill this spot? An awkward teen with faulty memory who panicked whenever someone moved too fast and sometimes couldn't handle hearing basic noises? Would they stay when Ranboo had days where they could remember nothing, weeks of time gone? When they had days where they were sure everything is fake and it's all going to dissolve into nothing and they'll be alone?

"Yes," XD answers and they look up quickly, all but forgetting he was there, "Yes, they'll stay,"

"I thought you weren't in my head," They grumble, wiping tears from their face, gladly, they didn't burn here,

"I'm not created by your mind, however, I am in your head, that's how I am in your dreams, it's not that difficult to grasp," XD states, before continuing his earlier statement, "They all also have problems and they're healing from them, you just haven't seen them yet,"

"Great, they don't trust me to see them," Ranboo replies, a bit of a reach, sure, but they're starting to have their panic and sadness be replaced with annoyance towards the masked man,

"No, because you are a still healing teenager whose problems are currently much more severe from being recent and right now it is their job to be dependable for you, not your job to be dependable for them,"

Ranboo makes an annoyed sound, halfway between a whimper and a growl, "I just want to be helpful and I feel like I'm doing nothing,"

“You’re helping, you are growing bonds with others, and that makes them happy, you go mining for materials that you give out when people need them, which has saved a few armor sets, you help Sam with his redstone machines, you keep Tommy and Tubbo distracted so they don’t cause too much chaos or atleast are there while it happens so it doesn’t go too far, you do plenty, just because the jobs are quiet doesn’t make them any less important,”

They don’t have an answer for that, just sitting and mulling over the words in their head,

“What would you do if one of them sealed the bond, Ranboo?” XD asks,

“I- I don’t know,” They admit “I’d probably panic if it was Niki, I feel bad for that though, she should be my first mark and yet-”

“What about the others?” XD cuts them off before they can go off into a tangent,

Their shoulders slump, “I don’t know, I think, I think I’d still panic, but I might be happy, for proof that they care,” They admit, watching as XD goes to respond before-

They flinch as they hear a slam distantly, not in the panic room though, it feels echoey and distant and-

“Fuck,” XD hisses, “Ranboo, Ranboo you need to wake up, okay? Wake up,”

“What?” They ask, feeling their body grow weaker as their vision becomes blurry,

“Wake up!” XD snaps and they flinch out of sleep, waking up into their room.

## Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger pog???

Hope you're ready for the next chapter! :>

# Colors

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo wakes up to Tommy panicking and tries to help him.

## Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the cliffhanger last chapter, all of your reactions were VERY funny though lol (shoutout to the person who thought it was a house fire)

Nothing too bad happens, don't worry, this is a comfort chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo is awoken from their dream by the sound of Tommy's door opening and shutting followed by fast footsteps, which is not so uncommon.

The strange part is the lack of sunlight shining into their room, signifying it still being night, along with the lack of a happy yell or trying to awake Tubbo or anything else.

The strange part is the soft crying they can only still hear from this distance due to their unnaturally good hearing.

They fling themselves out of bed quickly, dashing out of their own room and following where Tommy went, heart almost stopping in their own chest seeing the front door open, rain pattering on the steps and Tommy sobbing his heart out a few paces from the front porch,

They have at least the thought to grab their jacket to shove onto themselves and some shoes before running out, hundreds of bad scenarios running through their head, he could get attacked by mobs, or he could get sick from the rain, or he could run off further and get lost,

They slow down as they approach Tommy, hearing his sobs and gasping breath even over the pouring rain that is already starting to sting their skin in a way they know will be unimaginably painful in a bit, they can't find it in themselves to care,

"Hey," They say, tone soft but loud enough for Tommy to hear over the rain, "Tommy, it's okay,"

"I'm sorry- I'm sorry it's fine I'm sorry I can handle it I'm sorry," Tommy chokes out, looking at them with wide, terrified eyes,

"It's okay, let's just get you inside, okay?" They say, hands trembling a bit at their sides as they try to comfort him, they really hope they won't have to stay out in the rain much longer, it's starting to hurt,

"No, no I can't I can't!" Tommy yells, backing away from them, making them flinch hard,

They swallow a whimper from the increasing pain of water on their skin, "Tommy please, it hurts,"

They whimper out, reaching out a hand slowly to him.

Tommy looks at them with wide eyes before nodding timidly, stepping to walk inside and his legs all but collapsing under him, Ranboo having to catch him,

Ranboo picks him up easily under the legs, shifting him so they're holding him bridal style, they move to walk to the house, the rain becoming increasingly painful, they hear the sound of a bow string snap as an arrow from a skeleton goes off, tensing for impact but feeling nothing besides the feeling of misplaced air as their surroundings suddenly get brighter,

They look around to find themselves in the main hallway, still holding Tommy who is holding onto them tightly, breathing harsh,

They shake off whatever just happened and set Tommy down with his back against the wall, both of them dripping water onto the floor, they hope no one is mad later,

"Hey, breath with me, okay? Everything will be alright," They reassure, crouching in front of the boy,

"I-It won't, it won't and I will be alone again and fuck I don't wanna be alone please don't leave me please!" Tommy begs, hands coming up to grip a handful of the sleeves of their jacket, tears are dripping down his face and the sight is so painfully pitiable they wanna cry,

Instead, they let him grip onto them and continue talking, "I'm not going anywhere, okay? No one is going to leave you, we're all here, everyone is asleep upstairs," They say softly, "I need you to breathe with me, okay? We're going to breathe together,"

"Can't I can't I can't," Tommy wheezes, breath stuttering more now that he was aware of it's unevenness, now working double as hard to try to correct it and failing, Ranboo understood that feeling, it's how most of their panic attacks went,

"Shhhhhh," They shush softly, wrapping their hands over one of Tommy's arms unthinkingly and pressing his palm against their chest so he can feel the steady thump of their heart, it is something that they'd seen help with others panic attacks before, so they hope it helped, they wince from a sudden stinging where Tommy touches but blame it from the contact on their burns, "Can you feel me breathing and my heartbeat? We're going to try to match that, okay? We're going to do 4-4-4"

Tommy nods, the movement jerky as he chokes on another sob and they hold back a wince, keeping their face soft and kind, "Okay, in for four, one, two, three, four" They count softly, watching as Tommy sucks in a breath, "Hold one, two, three-" Tommy coughs out the breath harshly, choking on it,

"Sorry I'm sorry-" He chokes, coughing harshly,

"It's okay, let's try again, in one, two, three, four. Hold one, two, three, four, out one, two, three, four," They say, keeping the rhythm steady with the heartbeat that Tommy can feel,

Tommy manages, coughing harshly after breathing out, "Good, you're doing good Tommy, let's try again," They praise, continuing the cycle,

After they get the rhythm down Ranboo drops Tommy's hand, trying to continue the breathing exercise when Tommy stops focusing on them suddenly, his gaze dropping to his hands,

They follow the gaze confused and stare, wide-eyed, at Tommy's arm, covered in three separate marks of bright Red and Green,

“Holy shit,” Tommy whispers, rubbing one hand along the marks on his skin like he’s checking if they’re real or not, before looking up at Ranboo, fearing their reaction,

They’re fearing their own reaction a little bit, staring down at their palms, the outline filled in gold, almost matching Tommy’s hair,

Both freeze at the sound of footsteps, someone (Ranboo can’t see), rounding the corner with a yawn,

“What the fuck is going on down here?” Skeppy says with a yawn, Bad hissing ‘language’ tiredly from behind him,

They both blink as they stare at the two teens, both absolutely dripping wet and Ranboo’s skin looking increasingly irritated by the water, Tommy curled into a corner, both with new marks neither has seen on them before,

“Oh fuck,” Skeppy whispers, staring at the two teens looking back at them sheepishly,

“Uh, hi?” Ranboo squeaks, voice trembling slightly with anxiety from many sources, some part of them wishes to run but they know that they’d probably fall instantly,

“Oh muffins you’re burning, we need to dry you off!” Bad yelps, running off to grab towels for the burning enderman hybrid,

“We should probably get both of you in a better spot,” Skeppy says, watching as Bad runs off and the red mark on his own cheek turning just a tiny bit brighter in fondness, walking over to the two teens, both in a pretty bad state,

Ranboo accepts Skeppy’s help getting up, legs trembling just a bit in a mix of pain anxiety, Tommy is a bit less unbalanced, the new mark soothing even though anxiety for how Ranboo is reacting doesn’t help his still lessening panic attack,

Skeppy manages to corral the two teenagers into the medical room to get Ranboo a healing potion, deciding it a bad idea to separate the two freshly marked and panicking teens, searching through cabinets as Bad comes in with a change of clothes for both teens and towels,

Bad dries off Ranboo’s hair, face, and more exposed skin as he scolds them both for going out into the rain, though clearly more worried than angered, Skeppy can almost feel the worry through the soulmark on his cheek and walks over, placing a hand on his back comfortingly while he hands Ranboo the potion,

“Drink it, it will help the burns, then go change so that it doesn’t continue,” He instructs softly, not wanting to stress out the teenager more,

Ranboo nods, sipping the potion while Tommy finishes drying himself off, though he doesn’t leave to go change, waiting for Ranboo to finish so they aren’t too far separated,

Both leave the room after to go and change in their rooms, not leaving each others side until they have to split to enter their individual rooms,

Bad and Skeppy busy themselves downstairs with setting up the living room, while soulmarks being fulfilled was a great event, and they’d probably celebrate in the morning with a breakfast both of them enjoy and congratulations, they also made you feel a lot of emotions (especially if it happened during one of them having a panic attack, though they’re not sure with if not both had one) so they decide to do something to comfort the teens,

What better way than the first movie night since Ranboo has got here?

Tommy finishes changing quicker (a bit easier when his skin doesn't hurt from being half melted into his clothing) and waits outside Ranboo's room impatiently, tracing over the marks.

Multiple colored ones are rare, sometimes they existed in the middle of big personality shifts, but sometimes they settled like that, Tommy thinks this fits Ranboo, it matches their eyes and how they seem so split some of the time over things, caught between confident and insecure, happy and sad, forgetful and incredible memory.

It fit, and Tommy loved it, Tommy loved Ranboo, like a sibling, like a friend, like an accomplice. An allium sits hidden in a chest full of things they stole from George together, given to him by Ranboo on one of the first days they were let out of the house, probably forgotten by the taller hybrid, and cherished by Tommy.

Tommy is startled out of his fond thoughts by Ranboo's door opening, revealing them probably the most dressed down Tommy has seen them since they showed up in the rain the first time (or maybe when they were helping Tommy a few minutes earlier, but he wasn't focusing on what they were wearing then). Their hoodie hangs slightly off on them, a bit too big on their thin frame to make up for their height, and it is almost a bit funny,

"Hey big man," Tommy says, reaching to lace their fingers together, it calms down his own brain more, a little bubble of peace now to be enjoyed by them both together, it feels similar to Tubbo's or Niki's, but a bit different, a bit more like Ranboo, he can feel Ranboo's anxiety behind it and Ranboo can feel his,

"Hey," Ranboo replies softly, reaching up their other hand (palm completely marked with Tommy's gold, a mark of Tommy's soul staining their skin forever, it makes Tommy feel incredibly happy) and brushing it through Tommy's slightly damp hair, he doesn't shrug it off like he usually does when someone shows affection outside of specific moments, letting both of them bask in a new soulmark,

"Let's go downstairs, I think they're doing something for us," Tommy says softly, leading the taller hybrid down the stairs again, refusing to let go of their hand, the contact makes the mark feel real, makes him aware of it, wrapping around his arm and on his palm, pushing comfort into the deepest pits of his soul,

They walk into the living room, hearing soft conversation and footsteps, and find Skeppy and Bad quietly moving around furniture and laying out spare blankets and pillows,

"Movie night," Skeppy says before either ask, "You guys can pick,"

Tommy brightens before looking at Ranboo when he feels a twinge of anxiety through the bond, twinging uncomfortably over where Ranboo marked, "You don't have to if you don't want to, we can go back to sleep," He says, quiet enough he doubts even Bad or Skeppy heard it,

Ranboo's ear twitches to hear the noise, shifting uncomfortably and avoiding his eyes, "It's fine, just anxious, I feel like this a lot," They explain softly and Tommy frowns, he knows Ranboo has anxiety, but he really hopes that Ranboo doesn't live every day feeling like this,

"Come on, we'll pick a movie while they wake everyone up," Tommy says softly, leading Ranboo over to a spot on the folded out couches where they can sit next to each other comfortably and not have Ranboo's way too long legs hang off,



Bad and Skeppy disappear to wake everyone up, Bad gently shaking the children awake first while Skeppy jumps onto a sleeping Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap, cackling wildly as all of them jerk awake.

“What the fuck!” Sapnap hisses at him angrily, smacking his arm, not as hard as he could, but hard enough that Skeppy can laugh at him being so pissed,

“Soulmarking and a panic attack, we’re having a movie night,” He explains, “Get up and be downstairs or I think Bad will drag you down there,”

All of them look confused, apparently deducing it probably had to do with Ranboo (the only one unmarked by anyone else) and probably not any of them or Bad and Skeppy, but no further knowledge as Skeppy leaves to wake someone else up, instead just walking downstairs, holding a few pillows and blankets in hand,

Tommy and Ranboo are curled up against each other, arguing softly over a movie with no fight in either of their tones, both of their hair just a bit damp and Ranboo’s skin flushed slightly with irritated still-healing burns,

Sapnap manages to only grumble a few complains as the three make their spots, followed after a while by a sleepy Tubbo and Fundy walking into the room,

“Whas’ goin on?” Tubbo mumbles, rubbing tiredness out of his eyes,

Fundy, marginally more awake, taps his arm and points over at the two teenagers, Tubbo’s mouth makes an ‘o’ and he quickly finds a spot with the others, close enough he could reach over and touch Tommy easily but not intruding on their small space together as they finally decide on a movie (one Tommy wanted and Ranboo didn’t care enough to argue about,)

Others follow after, Wilbur and Phil, followed by an annoyed and half-asleep Schlatt and an even more asleep Techno, though both soften when they see the two teens,

Tommy raises a confused eyebrow at Ranboo when he feels a pulse of anxiety as soon as Dream walks in, George slung over his shoulder as waking him up is a losing battle.

Sam and Ponk follow, noticeably more awake than most and Sam asking Tommy in a soft voice if both are okay, Tommy answers for both with a nod, Ranboo shrinking slightly into his side at the attention,

Then Punz and Purpled, both don’t look particularly like they were sleeping but equally annoyed with being pulled from their rooms, not even making spots on the couch to sleep and instead just sitting leaning against it, Punz playing a game on his communicator while Purpled next to pouts with crossed arms,

Antfrost comes down next, fur all puffed out from sleeping and Tommy laughs at it, receiving a glare with no malice as he sets up his spot, Callahan comes down too, setting up his own spot without saying (or signing) anything.

Niki comes down next, and Tommy catches the mix of relief and sadness, almost envy, she has as she looks at the new mark on Tommy’s arm, Tommy gets it, she didn’t get their first mark and Tommy did, he’d probably be a bit pissed too if something like that happened with him, Puffy steers her away from moping as she comes down with way too many blankets, handing a few to Tommy which he realises are his and Ranboo’s, he thanks her quietly for them.

Eret and Jack are last, both their rooms are the farthest so it isn’t surprising they’d be last to be

awoken, Eret because of their 'kingship' as everyone so named it and wanting to be highest, and Jack to distance him as far from Tommy as possible as after a week of living near each other everyone learnt they were insufferable,

Eret asks Ranboo if they're okay with a soft voice, receiving a small nod in response as Ranboo curls tighter under their weighted blanket that Puffy brought down, tail lashing and hitting Tommy's leg softly.

They start the movie once everyone is ready, Ranboo forgets the name, some superhero movie? They don't really know, more focused on the intense calm that radiates from being near Tommy, from leaning against his shoulder.

They love Tommy, they know that, not in the romantic sense, definitely not, or even really the brotherly way, they can't name it, it's just love and trust, they know Tommy will support them.

(Tommy stood up for them when people thought they helped burn George's room, he took the blame, they grew close to Tommy when both were homebound, listening to him talk for hours in this room, they think they love Tommy as they run their fingers through his hair while listening to Mellohi in the corner with a jukebox)

Ranboo has completely lost the plot of the movie at this point, only able to focus on the calm warmth of Tommy at their side, whispering quips about what is happening, they feel his sadness when some character (spiderman??? apparently??) turns to dust and force as many happy emotions as they can back,

They're probably not the best at it, seeming as this is their first time ever having a soulmark, but Tommy calms down, so maybe it helps, or at least they don't make it worse.

They drift off eventually, leaning against Tommy's shoulder in a position that should be uncomfortable but isn't, a soft enderman purr in their chest, they don't know if it actually makes sound, but either way Tommy can probably feel it, which makes them equal parts embarrassed and happy.

They wake up in the morning, blinking awake to a much brighter living room, people sprawled around and some already missing, the sound of laughter and plates clinking a few rooms away.

They take a few seconds to remember how they even got here, eyes widening as they look down at their palms, suddenly remembering the night before,

Holy fuck they were soulmarked, they had soulmarked someone, holy fuck.

They feel a mix of terror and excitement, they're so happy to have proof that they're loved, and accepted, and won't be alone, but this is a weakness, something that can be ripped away and a sign of their love for someone else too, they don't want to fuck this up so badly,

Tommy groans softly, sitting up and blinking around blearily,

“Stop feeling so loudly and go back to sleep,” He complains, leaning against Ranboo’s shoulder tiredly,

They laugh softly, “Sorry, sorry,” They apologize, the anxiety fading with the wave of calm sleepiness that Tommy pushes over them,

They look over and see Niki curled up next to Puffy and guilt washes over them, leaving a tingling pain over where Niki’s mark is around them,

Niki deserved her mark to be fulfilled first and it was not, they are happy with getting Tommy’s first, they know that it would’ve taken them a lot longer to psyche themselves up to mark Niki after everything, but it is still something she deserved,

“You’re failing at my demands, bitch,” Tommy remarks, bonking his head against their shoulder, probably hurting himself more than it hurt them, “You’re fine,”

They nod, breathing in and out once or twice before calming down fully, getting off of their makeshift bed from the couch (that they didn’t even know were pull outs) and managing to avoid stepping on anyone laid out on the floor.

Tommy fails to do the same, stepping on at least 3 people’s arms and tripping full force onto Jack, who wakes up with a start and punches him in the arm for it, starting a small brawl that wakes everyone else up.

Ranboo chuckles as they watch the two fight, unable to make their feet go any farther away from Tommy, they usually would, watching even the play fights usually Tommy gets into usually make them uncomfortable, but they are still riding the dopamine and adrenaline high of the soulmark, so maybe they’re acting a bit weird,

Eventually Phil storms in to see what is causing the ruckus, pulling the two apart with scoldings over it being ‘too early for this’, sending Tommy off to Ranboo who is still hovering near the door and making Jack sit down for a few minutes to cool down,

Tommy walks back over to Ranboo, cradling a cheek that Jack accidentally jabbed with his elbow, glaring as the hybrid snickers at them,

“Fuckin’ bitch,” Tommy grumbles but grabs Ranboo’s arm anyways, tugging them towards the dining room, touch almost shockingly gentle to the taller hybrid,

Ranboo follows him, raising their eyebrows when they look at the many plates of set out food, even more than usual, which is saying a lot for a household of twenty-something?

“Are we having a party or something?” They joke softly, probably unheard by anyone but Tommy,

Tommy looks at them and blinks, they can feel his confusion and wonder if this is why everyone knows how everyone else is feeling, maybe that’s why they’ve never gotten it, “It’s for us big man,”

“What?” They ask softly, they wonder if Tommy can feel their confusion as well,

“To celebrate us, you know,,,” Tommy trails off, looking down at the mark on his arm and Ranboo’s palms like he’s scared they’ve disappeared suddenly,

“Oh,” They say, sort of dumbly, they never really thought of the celebration part of soulmarks, it’s usual, but they never really processed that, they’ve barely processed that they have one now, that

their skin has a mark that others can see, that Tommy loves them.

They robotically follow Tommy to his seat, Tommy urging them to sit next to him instead of their usual spot, they're a bit too caught up in the realization that this is real, that they have a fulfilled soulmark now, that this isn't a dream they'll wake up from,

They barely register the passing time until they hear more voices in the room and look around, immediately drawn to Tommy's worried gaze at them,

"If you can't handle this right now we can take some food and leave and I will tell anyone trying to bother us to fuck off," Tommy suggests, whispering so that only Ranboo could hear them,

They shake their head 'no', they're pretty sure if they left after they set up all this for the two they'd drown in guilt, "It's fine, just not used to it," They assure softly,

Tommy looks suspicious but nods slowly, keeping an eye on them as more people filter into the room, seats changed up a little bit due to Tommy refusing to let Ranboo not sit next to him.

They're almost shocked that no one really complains about it besides arguing over seats, maybe it's how much they look like they'll shatter like glass if anyone raises their voice at them currently,

Breakfast passes in a haze of congratulations that are barely heard over the static in their ears, they think it probably was good, but none of the flavor processes.

Tommy drags them up to their room after, shoving an outfit into their arms before leaving, apparently expecting them to change,

They do, probably slower than normally, everything takes a minute to process, and they are growing increasingly uncomfortable from being away from Tommy, they hope they don't remain this clingy forever, maybe this is a punishment for waiting so long.

The outfit feels comfortable on their skin, none of the textures are bad and they wonder if Tommy memorized what ones they wear when distressed before shaking it off, he probably just chose randomly and happened to pick these.

They briefly touch their hand over the golden mark over their heart, some part of them that is still an afraid child fears it will rub away like paint, but it stays, marked onto their skin, the texture isn't even different.

It is hard to explain how the mark feels, it feels like Tommy, they guess, not physically of course, the skin feels exactly the same, they can even feel the scar that used to be there from a slice across the chest with a sword, but it makes them feel something when they think about it too long, or touch Tommy, or touch the mark.

It feels warm, not temperature-wise but emotionally, fond with a hint of excitement that pushes them in between calm and an adrenaline rush.

They shake themselves out of their thoughts and finish buttoning their shirt, stepping out of their room to find Tommy leaning against the wall, also changed into his usual outfit, they wonder if he just has multiple of the same outfit or if he just never changes,

"Took you long enough, bitch," Tommy grumbles but they can feel he isn't actually mad, him reaching out and grabbing their hand, "Come on,"

"Where are we going?" They ask, following Tommy as he drags them downstairs,

“You’re going to experience a Tommyinnit tradition,” He states, having to momentarily let go of their hand to shove on his shoes quickly,

They raise an eyebrow but get no further explanation, putting on their shoes quickly and then getting dragged out of the house by Tommy,

He, surprisingly, doesn’t talk much on the trip, just leading them along, the bond that ties them together now randomly sending them feelings of fondness when he looks back at them,

Tommy leads him up to the edge of a cliff with a bench a few paces away from the edge, a worn but in good shape jukebox sitting next to it,

“We’re here!” Tommy declares, throwing his free arm open, “Welcome to the bench big man,”

“What is this place?” Ranboo asks softly, looking around at the small clearing,

“The bench, I made it with Tubbo, it’s a recreation of something we had when we were younger,” Tommy explains, leading them over to the bench and sitting down, they sit down next to him carefully, “You know that Tubbo was my first soulmark? We made the bench then and sat together and listened to my discs, and it kinda became a tradition whenever I got a soulmark to do it,”

“Huh,” They respond simply, staring out at the distance, clouds blocking out some of the sun so it doesn’t hurt their eyes as much,

Tommy pulls a disc out of his inventory, Mellohi, and slides it into the jukebox, leaning against Ranboo’s shoulder as the music slowly starts,

“So, how do you feel about the mark big man?” Tommy asks, voice just a bit softer, calmed by the familiar tune,

“I, I don’t know, honestly, sorry,” Ranboo answers, frowning, “I am happy but I am also confused and scared,”

“I get it, well, I don’t get it get it, but I understand where you’re coming from,” Tommy says, rubbing a thumb soothingly over Ranboo’s knuckles from where their hands are still interlaced, “I got so freaked out when I marked Tubbo that I punched him again,”

That surprises a wheezing laugh out of Ranboo, choking slightly on their breath,

“You what?” They ask, entirely too amused from the information,

Tommy glares at them with no malice and it spurs them into more laughter, having to turn away and wheeze into their hand to try to stop it,

“You’re a bitch, why do I like you so much,” Tommy grumbles, they think they weren’t supposed to hear the last part but it makes warmth bloom in their chest, warmth that Tommy can feel,

“Sorry, sorry,” They apologize, definitely not sorry, “It’s just funny,”

“Hey, you started tearing up when we soulmarked! I thought you were gonna start fuckin’ sobbing or something!” Tommy says, laughing a bit himself now, “You were also all burnt up n’ shit, sorry for that,”

“It’s fine, I ran out without grabbing an umbrella or something, it was my fault,” Ranboo states, sighing softly, their skin still feels a little prickly and sensitive all over from the burns, a regen

potion can only do so much,

Tommy frowns, “You did it to help me though, just accept the thanks, bitch,”

They laugh a bit at the moment being ruined yet again by Tommy’s inability to not curse, smiling softly, “Yeah, you’re welcome,”

Tommy hums in response, leaning against them fully again, focusing onto the humming music in the background as they rest against each other.

## Chapter End Notes

FIRST SOULMARK POG!!!!!!!!!!!! I was going to make this angsty originally and base it off Tommy's canon death, but I'm sad about it still so instead I shall ignore it and make this a Tommy comfort chapter.

Since it needs to be specified probably because idk if I mentioned it before: Touching while bonded makes you able to feel the other's emotions when touching (like they're your own when first bonded, but it calms down after 24 hours-ish and after that can be hidden), after bonding you usually get clingier to the person as they literally now have a piece of your soul on them, this also calms down after a certain amount of time but still being apart for too long can feel uncomfortable or physically painful after a while.

# Absolution

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Niki finish what they should've a long time ago.

## Chapter Notes

I promise all chapters from now on aren't just gonna be soulmarking, but I felt that Niki finally deserved to get one from Ranboo.

Ranboo is happy with their first soulmark, something so clear that they can look at whenever (plus the mark over their heart, but that felt private, they don't know if even Tommy knows about it even though he also has a mark on his hand,)

Though the guilt of it not being Niki's eats them slowly, she hasn't talked to them much since the soulmark besides a small congratulations, and they get it, neither actually talk much, more of the 'peaceful silence' types, but they can't help but feel she's avoiding them.

So, after a few days of thinking about it (and several conversations with XD), they decide to go and find her, collecting a small bouquet of Alliums on the way, the flowers rest comfortably in their hands.

They follow the phantom tug they've grown used to until they find Niki sitting a few paces away from the edge of the cliff they'd had a conversation with Schlatt on before, staring off into the sky in the distance,

"Hello," They greet softly, not approaching her, they're a bit worried she's mad at them, that if they approach she'll yell (even though she isn't really the yelling type),

She looks behind her at them, smiling softly, "Hey Ranboo,"

They calm down from her lack of an angered response, approaching slowly and sitting next to her,

She goes back to looking at the sky, neither talking for quite a few minutes,

The silence is a mix of calming and awkward, both ignoring the conversation they need to have, that they've needed to have for a while now,

"So," Ranboo starts, finally, running a finger over the alliums petals,

Niki hums to show she is listening, looking over at them,

"I'm sorry," They apologize, first, slumping slightly from their stiff posture, "I know you're probably mad at me, I don't blame you if you are,"

"What are you talking about?" She asks earnestly, confusion written on her face,

They look down at their hands, golden palms looking back at them, “The soulmark, you deserved to have my first and I stopped you from touching me until I got another one,”

“Ranboo, hey, no, look at me,” She says and they look over, wincing when they make brief eye contact before they focus on a different part of her face, “I am not mad at you, okay? I get it, even if it doesn’t make sense to me I understand your reasoning, I am not angry, okay?”

They nod, biting their lip to stop it from wobbling, they refuse to cry from Niki saying she ISN’T mad at them, it’d be such a waste to mark their tear scarred face even deeper from that.

“It’s not just that, I’m sorry for leaving, sorry for not coming back until I was literally dying and you had to deal with that, I’m sorry for everything, really,” They state, frowning,

“I forgive you, I am sorry that I couldn’t keep us safe enough that you felt your only choice was to go onto a battle server, I’m sorry for never trying to find you, I’m sorry for not protecting you enough, your my little sibling and I should’ve been there more, I should still be there more,” She says, voice apologetic but not as soft as usual, showing Ranboo that she is serious,

They nod, “I wasn’t mad in the first place, I never blamed you for that Niki,” They state, shaking their head slightly, “You were also young and shouldn’t have had to take care of me,”

“Yes, but I still could’ve done stuff for you better,” She states, “We both made mistakes,”

They sigh and nod, though they don’t really agree, Niki did nothing wrong, it’s all their fault, but they also know that line of thinking is false, so they don’t say it.

“So, how was the soulmarking? Did it feel nice or are you still freaked out about it?” Niki asks patiently, looking down at where she can see it on their palms,

“It’s,,, strange, I didn’t really expect it to feel like that,” They admit, “I was scared of having one, you know, but I never really thought of the implications of being able to feel other people's emotions,”

She laughs softly, “Yeah, it’s strange, the emotion stuff and clinginess dies down eventually,”

“Good, I can only handle so much Tommyinnit in my life,” Ranboo mutters sarcastically, earning another laugh from Niki,

“Yeah, I don’t miss when we first soulmarked, still happy about it though,” She says, looking fondly at the gold on the side of her hand, “We just accidentally brushed hands and suddenly boom, soulmate, he yelled about it for a while, I think he had the calmest reaction to yours,”

“Oh,” They say, flushing lightly, ears lowering, “Really?”

She nods, smiling at them, “He hit most of us after in panic, he screamed at me, oh when he marked Dream he apparently laughed at him for like half an hour because he marked him right across the face, he used to be red so it showed up so clearly, he was probably glad he wore the mask already,” She states, laughing from the memories, “But he’s really nice after, clingy too,”

They nod, remembering how Tommy basically dragged them around the entire day after they bonded (not that they minded, if Tommy just left they’d probably have cried),

“I’ve thought of it a lot, and I’m glad Tommy was the first you fulfilled a mark with, I’m envious over it also, but I’m not angry at either of you,” Niki says, “I wish I could’ve been the first, but I understand why I couldn’t have been, does that make sense?”



“Yeah, kinda,” They say, huffing softly, “I feel the same I think, not envious, more of guilty, but I’d probably take a lot longer to get used to the idea of you being my first mark than Tommy, because it was an accident,”

She nods, “It’s okay if you’re not ready for any others yet, you’re still getting used to Tommy’s I’m sure.”

“I never said that,” Ranboo mutters, pulling their legs up to their chest,

Niki looks over quickly, eyes a bit wide in surprise,

“I-if you want, of course! I get if you still don’t want to or anything-” They backtrack quickly, stuttering over their words,

“Ranboo,” She says, cutting off their rambling, “Do you want a hug?” She asks, opening her arms,

Their breath is a bit shallow as they uncurl their arms from around themselves, slowly reaching out and wrapping their arms around her, feeling her arms wrap around them in turn,

They wince at the stinging sensation it gives in between the outlines of Niki’s mark, it feels a bit like a needle poking into their skin all over but they don’t let go of her, they refuse to.

They don’t let go even after the pain fades, instead just basking in the contact, how long since they last hugged their sister? They don’t even remember at this point, it feels like forever since they were held by their elder sister, after nightmares and when they scrape their knees and when they help her bake.

They feel tears in their eyes and furiously blink them away, shoving their face into her shoulder even though it bends their back uncomfortably, not wishing to burn their face further,

She does not complain even though the position is not particularly comfortable for her either, just holding onto her clearly trying-not-to-cry sibling, waiting for them to choose to pull away,

They do, eventually, after their spine starts aching a bit, looking at where their arms wrapped around her stained a dusty rose red, her arms stained a bright green and red,

She looks up and grins at them, barely hidden excitement shining in her eyes,

“Well, no one was expecting this,” Ranboo says sarcastically, chuckling to themselves,

She giggles back, “Definitely not,”

They go back into silence, looking at where the soulmark is visible, mostly hidden under clothing,

“Oh my god is there gonna be another celebration, I can’t get that many compliments again I won’t be able to take it,” Ranboo whines, falling back onto the grass, staring up at the clouds above,

Niki giggles, laying down next to them, “I can tell them not to if you want, or we don’t even have to tell them for a while, we could probably hide these easily,”

“But then I’ll feel bad,” Ranboo says, frowning at the sky,

She smiles, reaching out and grabbing their hand, “No one will be mad, we get that it’s a lot,”

Ranboo sighs, nodding softly, “It’s weird still, I didn’t really expect soulmarks to feel like that, yours feels a bit different to Tommy’s too,”

“Oh?” Niki prompts, giving Ranboo room to talk,

“It’s,,, weird, I guess, Tommy’s feels a lot more energetic than yours I guess? Kinda sparky, or warm, kinda like a firework, while yours is calmer, it reminds me of your baking actually, less energy behind it, nostalgic,” They say, rambling a bit at the end, “Also it hurt less than I expected, but I guess I was just paranoid of it hurting a lot,”

She nods, “People feel different, along with their emotions being there, it’s also apparently different for the person they mark, like Wilbur feels very calm and safe for Tommy and a lot more, well, loud I guess is the best descriptor, for me, at least that’s what he says,” She says, explaining it as best as she can, “Do you want to hear what you feel like, for me?”

They pause for a second before nodding tentatively, staring up at the clouds instead of looking at her,

“Well, both sides feel a bit different, though they are clearly the same, just a bit split on things,” She begins, smiling fondly as she thinks about it, “The green side feels a bit calmer but also more anxious, a bit nostalgic like how you described me, moldable.”

They nod, listening intently, it sounds like them, even though they hold back a wince at ‘moldable’, a good stand in for ‘will do anything anyone tells them because they’re a coward’

“The other side is more happier, not as energetic as Tommy but still there, all the humor and jokes and everything like that, I don’t know how to really explain it but it feels loyal? Trustworthy and close,”

“That doesn’t really sound like me,” Ranboo argues softly, hand squeezing a bit tighter in Niki’s,

“It does, just because you don’t show that part as much doesn’t mean it isn’t there,” Niki says, “You came here and fulfilled the mark even though it made you anxious because you were loyal to me and wanted me to be happy, that was brave,”

“That was just because I felt bad, also it’s been years, I should’ve a long time ago and didn’t,” They say, frowning up at the sky, refusing to look at her,

“And you came and fixed that and apologized, because you are brave,” She states, squeezing their hand soothingly, “We can’t change that stuff happened before, because we’re here now and I’m happy it ended up like this, if you didn’t refuse to I might’ve never met anyone to go on this server and meet the rest of our soulmates in the first place,”

Ranboo catches her calling the others both of their soulmates but chooses to ignore it, guess they can’t really deny it at this point, “Yeah, I guess so,”

She smiles softly at their agreement, “Do you want to try to find shapes in the clouds?” She asks, seeing them focusing on the sky,

“Like we did when we were younger? In that big plains biome near the village?” Ranboo asks, scanning the clouds for shapes

“I thought you forgot about that,” She admits, sounding a bit surprised that they remember,

“I don’t remember any specific time, I just remember doing it a lot, and being happy while doing it,” They say, shrugging their shoulders as best they can while laying on the ground,

She nods, “Well, I see a bunny,” She states, pointing at a cloud that is semi-circular with two

clouds connecting, like ears,

“Oh, I kinda see it,” Ranboo says, tilting their head to get a better angle, “I see,,,, clouds,”

Niki laughs, “Hey, you got to actually find something,” She says, and they feel fondness leak through the bond,

“Fine, I see a tree,” They say, staring at a cloud that gets bigger in almost a little point, though it doesn’t really narrow enough to fit,

She hums, tilting her head around and trying to find it, “I don’t see it,”

“There, it has a little dip,” They say, pointing at the cloud they were looking at, “Nevermind, it’s changed by now,”

She huffs a soft laugh, “That one looks like the sun,” She says, pointing up at said star,

Both dissolve into laughter at that, laying in the grass under a cloudy blue sky.

# Michael

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Tubbo become fathers, it goes about as well as expected.

## Chapter Notes

Several people suggested a Michael chapter but I was already writing one so- I guess we all have the same braincell!

Also one of the characters got a THIRD of the votes on being soulmarked next, so have fun with that in a chapter coming soon!

Oh also shoutout to the person who answered first to the form for the next soulmark and asked for my hand in marriage? Yes but I get to choose the flavor of cake at the wedding

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo has always been a bit easily attached to things, not ever really people, friends were never easy to get, but animals were always nice to them and dragging in strays was a normal occurrence to the point Niki called them a Disney princess for a while as a kid,

He is walking through the nether with Tubbo when they hear a baby piglin snort followed by a chicken's squawk, looking around to see a little baby zombie piglin sitting on a chicken, golden sword held loosely in hand,

"Oh he's so cute!" Tubbo coos, staring down at the small piglin, "Are you lost?"

The piglin, of course, doesn't say anything back, just snorting again at them,

"Do you think he has any family around here?" Ranboo asks, looking around for other zombie piglins that aren't children, shockingly little in sight,

"No, piglins usually stay with their families if they have any, at least that's what Techno says, so he's probably alone," Tubbo says, before gasping happily, "Oh my god Ranboo, we should adopt him!"

"I don't know, would the others be okay with it?" Ranboo asks, watching as Tubbo kneels in front of the piglin, reaching out and having one of his fingers grabbed,

"Nooooo, the others bring back pets all the time!" Tubbo says, cooing happily again as the baby piglin shakes Tubbo's finger in his little hand,

"This isn't a pet, Tubbo, this could give him player data, like Techno," Ranboo says, kneeling next to the piglin as well, "This is like adopting a baby human,"

“How hard could fatherhood be,” Tubbo says, shrugging, “and can you leave a face this cute here,”

Ranboo looks at the baby piglin, his existing eye is wide and bleary with zombification, his face is chubby like a human child, though his skin looks a bit less soft, tough enough to survive the nether even as a child,

“Fine,” Ranboo says, sighing, “But if we get in trouble you’re taking full blame,”

“Of course!” Tubbo agrees, wide smile on his face, “Let’s get him back,”

“What are we even going to name him?” Ranboo mutters, desperately trying to lead the piglin back, originally they TRIED to pick him up, but he refused to let go of the chicken, clinging to it so hard they thought he might choke it to death,

“What about Michael?” Tubbo suggests, also leading the chicken their son??? Is on, using seeds so that the chicken will follow,

“Michael? Why Michael?” Ranboo questions, blocking off the path so that Michael doesn’t wander back onto it, leaving them on a floating island, the sides blocked off so that the piglin can’t jump off,

“I don’t know, just fitting, we could call him Mike, or Mikey,” Tubbo states, voice spiking a bit at the ‘ike’ sound and making Ranboo chuckle,

“We will not,” Ranboo says, forcing their voice to sound more serious before dissolving into soft laughter, “Michael is fine,”

Tubbo goes to answer before screeching, Ranboo looks over, worried that he fell into lava, and watches as Michael’s chicken walks off the edge, Michael (gladly) laying untouched on the floor,

“NO! MICHAEL’S CHICKEN!” Tubbo yells, running to the edge and looking down as the chicken slowly lowers into the lava, burning to a crisp,

Ranboo runs over to check on Michael, who is making a soft, shriek-like cry, reaching out to where the chicken fell,

“I know buddy,” They coo softly, picking up the squirming toddler, very glad that Michael dropped the sword so they don’t get shanked, “I know, we’ll get you another chicken,”

Michael makes a much more human-like whine into Ranboo’s neck, one of his small little toddler fists grabbing a handful of their suit jacket, but the crying stops,

“There we go, it’s okay,” Ranboo says, bouncing the toddler softly on their hip, cooing softly at him,

Tubbo looks at them with surprise, “Holy shit, you’re a baby whisperer,” He says, walking over to where Ranboo is holding the toddler,

“Haha, very funny, do we have a basket? Than we can carry him easier and have him be safe, it will be much colder out there and I don’t want him to get sick,” Ranboo says, searching around their inventory one handed,

“No, I can go get one, I’ll get one of the others to come help bring him back too, one second!” Tubbo says, running through the portal before Ranboo can raise any complaints,

Ranboo huffs softly, sitting down on the ground, cradling the whining toddler in their arms, “What a dork, he never listens to me!” They complain softly, letting the toddler grab one of their fingers, chuckling softly,

“||J==': :L 4J ħ==T .L” They say, slipping back into enderman tongue easier, they think maybe their vocal cords were more made for that, it just feels better to speak in sometimes,

Michael oinks back at them, using his small baby fist to shake their finger angrily and making them chuckle fondly,

They look up at the vwoop of the portal being used again, Bad and Tubbo stepping through,

“Oh muffins, you weren’t lying,” Bad says, staring surprised at the little toddler,

“I told you we were adopting a child!”

“I thought you meant jokingly! Or like a pet!” Bad defends, “Not an actual child!”

“Well I was being serious! Now help!” Tubbo says, walking over to Ranboo and Michael, holding a basket in hand,

Ranboo takes the basket and softly maneuvers Michael into it, cooing at him softly when Michael whines at not being in Ranboo’s arms anymore, wrapping him safely in the blankets.

“Shhhh, it’s okay, I’ll hold you again when we get you home, okay?” Ranboo says softly, stroking a finger on one of Michael’s chubby little cheeks,

Michael makes a noise that Ranboo takes as agreement, standing and carefully grabbing the basket,

They raise an eyebrow at the confused looks on both Bad and Tubbo’s faces,

“What?” They ask, holding the basket just a tiny bit closer,

“I didn’t think you’d be so good with kids,” Tubbo admits, “At least one of us knows what we’re doing,”

“It’s not that hard,” Ranboo mutters, flushing slightly, one of their ears twitching as they hear Michael babble happily,

“Sure,,,,” Tubbo says sarcastically, smirking much too happily at Ranboo’s fondness for the small piglin.

Apparently the trip back can’t be that easy, because suddenly as they walk back rain starts pouring down, making Ranboo flinch as a drop lands on their cheek,

“Shit,” Tubbo hisses when he feels a drop on his own head, looking up at the suddenly much cloudier sky,

“We need to get back, we don’t know how Michael will react to rain,” Ranboo states, quickly

shrugging off their suit jacket and laying it over the makeshift bassinet they made for Michael, covering him from any of the rainfall,

“And we know how you will react to it,” Bad says, a hint of irritation in his tone, making them wince softly,

“Sorry,” They apologize, walking a bit quicker, hoping the rain doesn’t intensify too badly before they get back,

Bad looks at them, apparently realizing how that sounded, “Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean that it’s a bad thing it hurts you! Well, it is, but it’s not your fault, I just was saying you needed to be more careful about it,” He assures worriedly, hands waving in front of him with his words,

They nod, “It’s fine, I need to be more careful,” They say, it still hurts a bit, even though they get that Bad had no ill-will, memories of being told to ‘get over’ their water aversion burning more than the rain does,

The red outlines on their cheeks start to sting and they wince, bringing up their free hand to rub at them,

Bad at the same time starts rubbing uncomfortably at his palms, but they quickly ignore it, not wanting to think of those implications, a bit scared if they do they’ll fall to pieces.

They are gladly distracted from it by Tubbo making a noise of excitement, jogging a little to catch up with the two taller ones, the house coming into view, “We’re almost there Michael! And then you can meet everyone!”

Michael makes a similar noise of excitement, muffled slightly by the jacket covering his basket,

“I bet you’ll like Techno, he is part piglin like you are,” Ranboo says, talking fondly to the little piglin hidden under the jacket,

“I think that’s a bit stereotypical of you Ranboo,” Tubbo states jokingly, a mischievous smile on his face, “Just because they’re both piglins doesn’t mean they’ll get along,”

“That’s not why I think they’ll get along, I think they’ll get along because Michael has a sword and is no longer an orphan, which is all the standards that Techno has,” Ranboo says, smirking proudly when it surprises a laugh out of the two other ones,

“Oh my god, it really is,” Tubbo says, a hand over his mouth to muffle his laugh,

“Tubbo your only standard for friendship is if they have a marginally good opinion on bees, you have no room to judge,” Ranboo says, Bad and Tubbo laughing harder at it.

Ranboo sighs in relief as they step under the porch of the house, exposed skin stinging slightly from rain and the humidity it brings,

They unlock the door and walk in, kicking off their shoes, setting down Michael’s basket so they can take their rain-soaked armor off properly.

They finally finish shucking off their chestplate, sighing contently from the lack of weight when Bad and Tubbo finally walk in, both walking slower than them and having much shorter legs, along with not being harmed by the rain, so they weren’t in as much of a rush.

As if on queue, Wilbur and Phil walk into the hallway from the kitchen, talking happily before

noticing the three,

“Oh, whatcha got there mate?” Phil asks, spotting the basket with Ranboo’s jacket draped over it,

Michael starts babbling happily from the new noise, and Ranboo smiles nervously at the knowing look Phil gives them,

“We may or may not have adopted a child?” Ranboo says, chuckling nervously,

“You fuckin what?” Wilbur asks, sounding much more amused than mad but Ranboo can’t help the anxious pit of anxiety in their stomach growing, they’ve never been good at discerning anger from other emotions,

Wilbur walks over to the basket, pulling the slightly wet jacket from off of it and looking at the small toddler squirming around inside, babbling happily,

“Oh, it’s a little piglin!” Wilbur says, pulling the toddler out of the basket happily, “What’s his name?”

“We named him Michael!” Tubbo states proudly, “He had a chicken, but it ran off and died,”

“Are you gonna unzombify him?” Phil asks, offering one of his hands to the toddler who happily starts gnawing on one of his fingers, though not hard enough to hurt,

“You can do that? I thought they were unhealable,” Ranboo says, watching semi-anxiously as the two interact with the toddler,

“It’s pretty rare knowledge, took me a while to find, but you can, it will stop this rot from spreading,” Phil states, gesturing at the green parts of Michael’s skin,

“Does that hurt him?” Tubbo asks, sounding much more worried now with the knowledge it may be harmful,

“It’s not painful, but eventually he’ll die from it,” Phil states honestly, looking up sympathetically when Ranboo makes a distinctly enderman noise of distress from it,

“Don’t worry, he still has quite a while before it’s worrying, if we heal him quickly than all this skin will probably even grow back, though the eye is probably unsaveable,” Phil assures,

Ranboo sighs softly in relief, dropping to their knees and taking Michael softly from Wilbur, holding him close to their chest. Maybe it is a bit strange to be this attached already to the small child, but they can’t help it, the idea of Michael being taken away (or worse, dying) hurts their heart,

“I could probably pull out some of Fundy’s old baby stuff, great chance to embarrass him,” Wilbur offers, thinking back to the boxes full of old things,

“That’d be great! Then we can have cute little baby clothing for him!” Tubbo says excitedly, looking fondly at the little hybrid who is babbling happily, reaching up for Ranboo’s crown which they give over,

Ranboo nods in agreement, watching as Michael mouths at their crown, gnawing on the gold happily, “Yeah, some clothing would be good, he’s probably getting cold out of the nether,”

Wilbur nods, standing to go dig through storage for the boxes of clothing, Phil following, saying



something about finding some of Wilbur's baby clothing, chuckling when Wilbur groans in response.

Ranboo watches happily as Michael toddles around on the living room floor, struggling to stay on his feet for more than a few seconds without holding onto something and falling onto his front, the toddler laughing happily every time,

He is wearing new clothing, a cute little pink sweater that apparently was from baby Techno (which Ranboo and Tubbo found entirely too amusing) and some cute little baby trousers, all the clothing is so so small and just makes everything so much more adorable,

Ranboo looks up from where they are watching Michael to see Techno walk into the room, catching sight of the toddler and pausing,

"Why is there an orphan in the house?" He asks, staring as the piglin toddler trips over his own feet and goes tumbling to the floor, shrieking with laughter,

"That's not an orphan, he's our son!" Tubbo yells, dashing into the room from where he was in the kitchen warming up some milk,

"Our?" Techno prompts, raising an eyebrow at the teen, holding a bottle of milk in hand and hair slightly more tousled than usual,

"He's also my son," Ranboo states, gesturing to where Michael has gone back to mouthing at their crown happily, apparently one of his favorite toys now,

Techno sighs, "and the others are okay with this?" He asks, leaning against the wall casually,

"Phil supported it! He even got out some of the old baby stuff," Tubbo says happily, walking over and giving the bottle of milk to Michael, who struggles to figure out how the bottle works and instead just playing around with it,

Techno sighs again, walking over and taking the bottle softly, adjusting Michael slightly so he is in a better position before starting to feed him instead of just expecting him to know how to use the bottle by himself, "I guess I won't get rid of him, you know, because he's not an orphan,"

"Of course," Ranboo says amusedly, watching as Techno feeds the toddler so gently, seeming to not even want to touch the child in fear that he'll hurt him,

Tommy stomps in not long after Techno leaves to get rid of the now empty bottle, slightly soaked with water and clearly annoyed,

"Big T! Tommyinnit! Come meet our son!" Tubbo says, gesturing happily over to the toddler,

Tommy looks over, confusion quickly replacing the frustration, "What the fuck, when did we get another kid?" He asks, walking over,

"Just earlier today, actually, we had a rescue mission!" Tubbo chirps, watching Michael try and

fail to walk again,

Tommy walks over, picking up the toddler under the arms and holding him out with arms extended, studying the little piglin,

“That is not how you hold a toddler,” Ranboo whispers, but doesn’t stop Tommy, much too amused,

“I am going to be the favorite uncle,” Tommy states, “He’s so fucking cute,”

“Fuck!” Michael repeats back, swinging his little legs in the air,

“NO!” Tubbo and Ranboo shriek at the same time, causing the toddler to shriek-laugh again,

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Michael repeats happily,

“Oh my god his first word was a curse, I am a terrible father,” Ranboo whines, laying down completely on the floor, hands covering their face,

“Hey, this is no one but Tommy’s fault!” Tubbo argues, pointing an accusatory finger at the blonde,

“This is so poggers,” Tommy states, smiling mischievously at the child still repeating the curse,

“Pog!” Michael repeats back happily,

“Pog!” Tommy repeats again, both going back and forth,

“This is the nether, holy cow,” Ranboo whispers, laughing weakly as their soulmate and their son repeat words at each other,

“At least they’re getting along?” Tubbo suggests, waiting to yell at Tommy if he tries to teach any more curses,

“At least,” Ranboo repeats, laughing again as Tommy tries to teach Michael to say ‘women’, which Michael seems to struggle with.

## Chapter End Notes

A lot of this was inspired by how my little brother was when he was a toddler, because Michael has very little canon personality

Oh also to specify because of the 'get player data' part, if a mob is raised (as a human) by players or in other circumstances, they can get player data and actually be players (with inventories, coms, etc) instead of just being mobs.

# Marriage

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Tubbo get planktonically married (for tax benefits)

Ranboo blinks away from a dream with XD to the sound of Michael whining, he doesn't really cry, hasn't since he got here, so Ranboo mostly took care of him, being such a light sleeper came in handy,

He sighs, sitting up and looking over at the crib, originally they were gonna place it against a wall but Michael preferred being closer so it is next to their bed now,

Michael whines, reaching out for them, eyes just a bit teary,

"Shhh, it's okay honey," Ranboo cooes, lifting the toddler out of the crib and pulling him into their arms, "Did you have a bad dream?"

The toddler doesn't respond, just whining and reaching out to them further, they cradle the little hybrid in their arms,

They shush the baby softly, laying down back on their bed and setting the toddler next to them, Michael holding on tight to their shirt, but slowly settling, his keratin covered fingers poke a little into Ranboo's chest but they can't find it in themselves to mind as the toddler dozes off.

Ranboo sighs contently, running a hand along the soft, thin fur on Michael's head, the toddler doesn't stir, just snuggling closer in his sleep, a handful of Ranboo's shirt still held tight in hand,

They close their eyes, letting themselves fall back into sleep.

Their next awakening is calmer, blinking awake to morning light shining through a window, Michael is rolled over, laying on Jjjjjjjjeffrey with Enderpearl and Enderchest curled up around him,

They smile, carefully sliding out of the bed to not disturb the four of them, trusting that the cats could make sure Michael doesn't roll off of the bed while they look away for a second, carefully pulling out an outfit for the two of them and setting Michael's out for when he wakes up, changing into their own quickly,

While they wait for Michael to wake up they write in their memory book, mostly about their talks with XD the night before and checking over what they did the day before, not much apparently, most of their days have been taken up by caring for Michael,

Not that they mind, quite the contrary, they've pretty much had to be dragged away from the toddler since they got him, it's not their fault that Michael is so cute, if they weren't aware of how much it'd be harmful they'd probably lock him in an obsidian box for safety, so instead they are

left with coddling the piglin excessively,

Phil says it probably comes from their enderman side, apparently enderman are similarly protective of their young, when they brought up that they'd never seen a baby enderman (besides themselves, they guess) Phil answered 'exactly', which they guess solves that.

They look up when they hear Michael shifting, looking over to find the toddler waking up slowly, rolling over onto Enderpearl's tail and causing her to get up, meowing angrily but not doing anything to the child, Ranboo raised her better than that,

"Hi Michael," Ranboo hums softly, the toddler turning to them tiredly,

"Boo," The toddler whines, making grabby hands at them and making them chuckle,

"Yes, boo," Ranboo responds, picking up the toddler under the arms, "Let's get you dressed and then we can go eat, okay?"

The toddler babbles happily, letting Ranboo change him into a yellow and black shirt (that used to be Tubbo's apparently, it's adorable) and some blue overalls,

"There you go, all dressed up," They say, smiling proudly at the babbling toddler, lifting him up again,

They carry him downstairs, smiling at the noise of chatter as they approach the dining table, they can feel that Niki and Tommy are already awake, random flashes of happiness or annoyance hitting them,

They don't think they'll ever get used to feeling other people's emotions.

Dream and Tommy are already arguing, both never seem to run out of topics to start arguments about, the rest of the table ignoring them with varying levels of politeness. Niki and Puffy are talking quietly, smiles on their faces. The fiances are all up, Quackity and Sapnap fueling the flames of Tommy and Dream's argument while Karl eats, blissfully not paying attention to it. Tubbo is also there, watching with amusement.

Tubbo waves when they walk in, lighting up when he sees the toddler,

"Michael!" Tubbo says, getting up and taking the toddler from Ranboo and twirling around, the toddler laughing happily,

"Bee, Bee!" Michael yells happily, kicking out his little hooved feet happily,

"Michael, Michael!" Tubbo repeats back, "How'd you sleep!"

The toddler babbles happily, and Tubbo acts very interested in the story as Ranboo slips past to their own seat. Tubbo sets Michael in his lap at his own seat, nodding enthusiastically to Michael's babbles,

Phil walks in from the kitchen, somehow managing to balance three plates in his two hands, setting down two in front of Tubbo, one of them for Michael, and sliding one across the table to them, "G'morning!"

"Thank you, good morning," Ranboo says, watching in amusement as Michael immediately tries to smack his little baby hand into the middle of his waffle, being narrowly stopped by Tubbo,

“Thanks dadza!” Tubbo yells at Phil’s retreating figure, desperately trying to stop Michael from his quest to get a handful of syrupy waffle, “Michael please I will feed you just don’t use your hands,”

“Bee!” Michael yells angrily, squirming in Tubbo’s grip, and Ranboo has to smack a hand over their mouth to muffle their laughter and not encourage the toddler,

Tubbo looks at them in betrayal, holding onto Michael’s arms to stop him from smacking the plate,

“Ranboo, please help, he listens to you,” Tubbo pleads, Michael still squirming,

“No, this is funny,” Ranboo says, putting a bite of waffle in their mouth,

Tubbo glares at them, narrowing his eyes, “Ranboo I want a divorce,”

Ranboo sputters on their bite of food, only managing to not choke on it by being hit on the back by Sam,

“Wh-when did we get married?!” Ranboo sputters, still coughing lightly from almost choking,

“You two got married?” Schlatt asks, voice still slurring with tiredness as he stands at the doorway to the dining room, clearly just arrived,

“Well not anymore, they refuse to help me with Michael, so we’re divorced,” Tubbo says, crossing his arms, Michael in his lap copying the action,

“Oh my god,” Ranboo laughs, covering their mouth with their palm. Tubbo pouts harder, Michael looking up at him and then copying the expression,

“How come they’re already married and you three are still fiances?” Wilbur jests, kicking one of Quackity’s ankles under the table,

“Hey! It’s not been that long!” Quackity snaps, swiping back at Wilbur’s feet,

“Well, I have all the time in the world,” Karl jokes, Ranboo blinks a bit at it, the other seem to get it, maybe they just forgot something,

Wilbur and Quackity ignore the response, swiping at each other with their feet, falling into a game of footsie under the table, accidentally kicking several other people in the process,

“Hey, quit it,” Techno growls, swiping at the two’s feet after getting kicked, much too tired for this,

Wilbur looks at him mischievously, deliberately kicking him under the table.

Techno stomps on his foot.

Wilbur yelps in pain, dragging his legs back to himself, glaring at him, “You fucker!”

“Techno, please don’t break your brothers foot at breakfast,” Phil sighs, bringing the last few plates in and setting them on the table, handing them out to people who have joined during the fight,

“I don’t even have my boots on yet,” Techno grumbles but doesn’t continue, eating through his own food,

Tubbo looks up from where he has managed to start feeding Michael, “Hey Ranboo, you wanna

hang out today? Tommy is watching Michael,”

“Sure but you have to undivorce me,” Ranboo says, taking another bite of their own food to hide their smirk at Tubbo’s offended look,

“Fucking what?” Tommy says, finally distracted from his argument with Dream,

“We’re getting married,” Tubbo says, explaining absolutely nothing,

“Fucking *what*?” Tommy repeats, looking between the two incredulously,

“You heard me,” Tubbo says, feeding Michael his next bite and pretending to ignore Tommy,

“It’s too early for this,” Tommy groans, putting his face in his hands,

“Wow, this is the first time I’ve ever heard Tommy ‘annoying child’ Innit think someone else was doing stuff ‘too early’” Dream mocks, pointing a fork at Tommy,

“I’m not a fucking child you bitch! I’m a bigger man than you’ll ever be!” Tommy yells, going right back to his argument with Dream while Tubbo and Ranboo try to hold back laughter,

Ranboo follows after Tubbo, not needing to rush to keep up with the much shorter man, even though Tubbo is half-running,

“Hurry up Ranboob!” Tubbo says, laughing as he hops over a log,

Ranboo sighs, stepping over it, only a few feet behind,

“I still don’t get why we couldn’t have just taken the path,” Ranboo says, complaining lightly,

“Because this is faster!” Tubbo yells back, waiting a few seconds for Ranboo to generally catch up before running off again,

“I doubt that,” Ranboo grumbles, they’re pretty sure the added travel time of having to avoid trees, stray logs on the floor that no one took the time to pick up, roots and other things, that it is longer,

Tubbo breaks through the tree line into the small flowery clearing, Ranboo following him

“Spin! Spun! My children!” Tubbo yells happily, the bees floating over to greet him, bumping into his face,

“Hey, we aren’t adopting them too,” Ranboo says teasingly, swiping at Tubbo’s legs with their tail as they pass, walking over to the small area here they made flower crowns with Tubbo and Tommy before and sitting down there,

Tubbo joins them after a bit, plopping down across from them in the grass, laying across it instead of sitting up, staring at the clouds,

“Hey Ranboo,” Tubbo says, his voice a bit more serious, “Can I ask you something?”

“Uh, sure,” Ranboo responds, shifting nervously in their spot, not really knowing what Tubbo is going to say,

“Do you believe in soulmates?”

Ranboo blinks, looking at the pink star-like mark branded very obviously across Tubbo’s face and back to his eyes a few times, hoping he gets the message,

Tubbo glares at them with no malice, smacking their leg softly, “Not like that, like, do you think it’s really a fate thing? That there are just some random people you are magically supposed to be together with?”

“Well,” Ranboo starts, running a hand along the grass, the texture soothing them, “I think that there are people meant for you, and I have outlines to show it, maybe it’s not always good, but there is still always someone,”

Tubbo drops his seriousness, actually more of hides it, putting a grin on his face “Awwwww,”

“Do you?” Ranboo asks, tilting their head curiously,

“Do I what?” Tubbo responds, though Ranboo doubts he actually misheard them,

“Do you believe in soulmates,” Ranboo specifies anyways, tail lashing behind them,

Tubbo looks over at them, and for a second they think he’s actually gonna respond seriously, “You better not be hitting on me,”

Ranboo flushes, groaning and throwing their head back, shoving themselves onto their feet, “That’s it i’m leaving, i’m leaving!” They say, walking away in quick steps as they hear Tubbo laugh behind them,

Tubbo gets up to chase after them, laughing as they stomp with their arms crossed, “Nooooooo my beloved, don’t leave me!” Tubbo jokes, finally catching up and throwing his arms around Ranboo’s middle, stopping them with his strength that Ranboo still deems unnatural,

It feels a little like they’re shocked with electricity, to be honest, the sensation going up their spine and making them wince, but they don’t try to pull away, if anything their body leans slightly into Tubbo’s,

They process the situation slowly, pulling away after a moment and turning to look at the shorter man,

Gladly, the mark doesn’t go across his entire face, a bit on the top of his hair and the tips of his horns were they dug into Ranboo’s back, mostly on his arms and front where he had thrown himself into Ranboo’s back,

“How do you feel about dyed hair?” Ranboo asks nervously, staring at the boy marked red and green,

Tubbo stares down at the marks where they are visible on his arms, awe on his face, before looking up at them, absolutely *giddy*

“I KNEW I WAS ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES!” He shouts, throwing himself into Ranboo’s arms again, this time succeeding in knocking them over, sending them both tumbling to the ground laughing.

“Tommy is gonna be so jealous,” Tubbo says, and even though Tubbo’s face is hidden in their shoulder they can hear the smile in his voice,

“Maybe of me,” Ranboo states, they can feel the unbridled joy off of Tubbo, even though it would probably be noticeable even if they didn’t now have a soulbond,

“Nah, he bragged for fucking hours about getting your first soulmark, being your favorite or whatever, I almost punched him,” Tubbo says, Ranboo raises a brow at it, amusement on their face even though Tubbo can’t see it,

“Tubbo, were you jealous?” Ranboo crows, laughing when he feels Tubbo flush, punching him in the shoulder, from their position it really doesn’t do much,

“Shut up.”

“Tommy!!” Tubbo yells, dragging Ranboo into the house behind him,

Tommy rounds the corner with Michael in his arms, stopping and staring when he sees the new red and green marks clear on Tubbo’s head and arms,

“What the fuck!” He yells, pointing at the both of them,

“We got soulmarked,” Tubbo sings, throwing open his arms to show more of his mark,

Tommy stares at them before looking at Michael, picking him up and holding him out, leaning in close like he’s talking to the toddler, “Michael I think they’re replacing me,”

Both of them laugh, “No Tommy, we’re not replacing you,” Tubbo says, voice slightly teasing,

“Oh my god they’re replacing me,” Tommy whispers again in horror, the toddler he’s talking to laughing at his performance,

“Tommy, what are you doing?” Dream asks, Ranboo turning quickly to find him leaned up against the railing of the stairway, they wonder how he walked down it so quietly,

“Dream, look!” Tubbo shouts happily, gesturing to the new soulmark,

“Oh, cool,” Dream says, sounding a tiny bit surprised as he moves closer to study the mark, he turns to Ranboo and they do their best to not freeze in place, “You’re really speedrunning the soulmarks dude,”

Ranboo sputters and Dream laughs at them, a kettle-wheeze that XD doesn’t have, one of the few separations between them, Dream pats them on the shoulder before walking past to the living room

“Well, I’ll leave the clingy trio to it,” Dream says and Tommy turns to yell at him,

“We’re a clingy duo!” He yells after Dream’s retreating form,

“I don’t know who is being excluded,” Ranboo whispers to Tubbo, leaning slightly to the shorter man,

“Yeah me neither,” Tubbo whispers back, both snickering,

“What the fuck are you two laughing about,” Tommy hisses, though both can feel he’s not actually angry, Tommy glares at them for a second before sighing, “Fine, we’re a trio, we’re gonna be the



best goddamn trio here!”

“I don’t think either of us even asked-” Ranboo starts before being stopped by Tommy one-handedly dragging Tubbo and Them,

“Come on, bitches, we have crimes to commit!” Tommy yells, probably selling all of them out instantly,

Ranboo huffs, curse their lack of backbone.

That night after a few pranks and all but Tommy getting away with it they move to split from Tubbo to go to their rooms, Michael already half-asleep balanced on their hip, but wince at the idea of pulling their hand away from Tubbo’s, it makes their skin crawl uncomfortably even though he’d just be a room away,

“Hey Tubbo, can we have a sleepover in one of our rooms tonight?” Ranboo asks, shifting their weight from side to side uncomfortably, “It’s fine if you don’t want to! It’s just the new mark and-”

“Oh yeah, this is your third so the clinginess is stronger huh?” Tubbo asks, cutting them off from their rambling, and they nod, “Okay, can we do it in yours though? My room is a bit of a mess,”

Ranboo nods, sighing in relief that Tubbo agreed,

“I’m gonna go get changed, I’ll meet you in your room in a second,” Tubbo says, smiling reassuringly at them as they release Tubbo’s hand, him going quickly to his own room while they go to theirs, quickly changing into their own night clothes and then working on changing Michael,

Tubbo knocks on the door a few moments later, opening it and peaking in to make sure they’re not still changing before walking in, he’s wearing a pair of bee-themed pajamas (one pair of many) and it is honestly quite cute,

“Hey bee,” Ranboo greets softly, picking up the toddler now in pajamas,

“Hey boo,” Tubbo greets back, walking up and bumping his head against Ranboo’s arm, apparently it’s a friendly goat thing so they smile, giving him a soft enderman chirp back as they walk to their bed,

They put Michael in the middle of them instead of in his crib, deciding that since there is no chance of him rolling off that he should be allowed to join them, an arm each crossing over the toddler so they can touch each other, Ranboo’s tail curled around Tubbo’s calf,

Tubbo looks up at the taller hybrid to say goodnight, blinking in surprise when he sees glowing eyes,

“Ranboo did you know your eyes glow?” Tubbo asks, staring in amazement at the heterochromic eyes,

“Oh, do they?” Ranboo asks, bringing a hand up to their face so they can see the light shining onto it, “Pog,”

“That’s so cool,” Tubbo hisses, giggling softly, “You’re very cool Ranboo,”

“Oh- Well, thank you,” Ranboo stutters, flushing when Tubbo laughs softly at them,

“You’re welcome,” Tubbo hums, closing his eyes and focusing on the sound of Michael’s quiet oink-like snores,

“Hey Tubbo, were you joking about the marriage thing?” Ranboo asks after a few moments,

Tubbo blinks his eyes open again, “Yeah I guess, were you?”

“I don’t know,” Ranboo admits, “I don’t like, like you like that, but it’s just, ugh,” Ranboo scoffs, “Confusing,”

“It’s fine big man, I get it,” Tubbo assures, “We could do it for tax benefits, and we’d beat the fiances in getting married, I bet they’ll be pissed,”

“More of mildly annoyed, but sure,” Ranboo says, chuckling, “But I don’t want everyone to think we’re like, together,”

“We could do it like plankton,” Tubbo says,

“Like,,,,, plankton?” Ranboo repeats, confusion clear in their voice,

“Yeah, like as friends,” Tubbo explains, voice a little hazy from tiredness,

“Tubbo, Tubbo,” Ranboo says, voice still quiet to not awaken the sleeping toddler but absolutely giddy, “Do you mean platonically?”

Tubbo blinks, eyes opening up, actually awake again, “Oh shit,” He says, “Forget that happened memory boy, forget the plankton,”

Ranboo laughs softly, “No, I’m gonna remember and I’m gonna tell everyone tomorrow you wanted us to get married like *plankton*,” Ranboo says, smiling brightly,

“You’re evil Ranboo, why do I like you so much,” Tubbo says, voice trailing off as his eyes close,

“Uh, Tubbo?” Ranboo says and the boy doesn’t stir, staying asleep, they sigh fondly, “Goodnight Tubbo,”

They close their eyes and doze off themselves, surprisingly, they have no dreams of XD.

It is a few days after and they are home alone taking care of Michael, the clinginess from the mark cleared up into just the usual clinginess that they had for Tubbo, which is good since they can only handle so much of Tubbo’s shenanigans,

“Come on Michael, walk to Boo,” Ranboo instructs, the toddler struggling to stand up from the floor, toddling towards them before tripping, the floor is soft with carpet so he doesn’t get hurt, more frustrated than anything,

“Come on, you can do it!” Ranboo encourages, the toddler huffing and trying again, standing up and walking towards them with unsure steps, falling into their arms,

They cheer, hugging the toddler to their chest, “You did it Michael! You walked! Soon you’ll be running!” They say, smiling brightly,

“He learns fast,” Ranboo hears Dream’s voice say and whips around, looking for the masked man and finding no one there,

“You’re not going to find me,” The voice says again and they continue looking, it sounds strange, not exactly like Dream’s, a bit like if someone else talked using Dream’s voice if that made sense,

There is only one person who sounds like that,

“XD?” Ranboo whispers, not wanting to believe it, refusing to believe it, no it was just Dream playing a prank, he’s gonna appear after using an invisibility potion any second now and laugh at how dumb they’re being,

“Yep, I didn’t expect you to guess so fast,” XD says and they continue looking in a circle, XD doesn’t even appear, just an empty room with them and a toddler who seems increasingly confused,

“B-but you’re fake, you’re just in my dreams why can I hear you?” Ranboo says, bringing up a hand to pinch their arm and feeling it, so this is real, this is all real,

“I told you before I’m not just in your dreams Ranboo,” XD says, it doesn’t sound malicious but if anything that makes them more scared,

“But you’re fake, you’re fake I made you up because my memory is shit and I couldn’t handle just remembering,” Ranboo says, was breathing always this hard? They don’t think it was,

“I told you before I’m not fake, I thought you didn’t believe that anymore,” XD states, and they can almost imagine him crossing his arms and flinch away from an invisible, not-physical person, bringing up a hand to clutch a handful of their shirt over their chest, they can feel their heartbeat against their knuckles,

“You’re fake, you’re fake, you’re fake you’re fakeyou’refakeyou’refakeyou’refakeyou’refakeyou’refakeyou’refakeyou’refake,” Ranboo repeats, lowering down to the ground and curling around themselves, they’ve actually gone insane, was any of this even real? Was their son and their soulmarks and their friends and a family they’ve been accepted into even real? Did they imagine all of this? Were they gonna wake up on Hypixel to spilling more blood and more games that ended in being stabbed and dragging themselves back to their dorm to patch themselves up?

“Woah Ranboo calm down, you need to breathe, I am not going to do anything,” XD says and he sounds a bit worried but none of it processes, nothing processes.

“Stop it stop talking get out of my head stop it you’re fake,” They next to beg, hands reaching up to grab clumps of their hair and yanking, claws digging into their skull,

“Okay, okay! You need to calm down though okay Ranboo? You are panicking, you need to breathe,” XD says, voice soothing and they almost scream, sobbing into their knees, tears scorching their face,

“Ranboo, Ranboo, shit, Ranboo you need to breathe, someone is coming,” XD says and they cry harder, breath falling faster and they are unable to stop it,

They vaguely hear Michael crying, the feeling of a little hand trying to shake them out of it and a

sob of 'Boo, Boo, Boo' but they can't move to try to help him, they can't even try, everything is far and distant and they see black filling the edges of their vision.

They pass out.

Tubbo is out with Tommy and Dream hunting when they feel that something is wrong, deep into their bones and the pit of their soul,

He looks at the two, who are arguing over something petty like always and almost screams, frustration bubbling up that he doesn't know where it's from, followed by sadness and then anxiety and then nothing at all,

"Guys, Guys," He whispers, panicked, he knows what random emotion flashes mean, he's not stupid,

Neither respond, apparently not hearing him,

"Guys!" He says, louder now, and both heads snap to him, he guesses he doesn't get panicked often,

"I think Ranboo's in trouble," They say, keeping his voice from whimpering too much even though he kinda feels like breaking down right now, a lot of emotions that aren't even his thrown onto him all at once,

Tommy pauses, apparently trying to feel his own bond before hissing angrily through his teeth, grabbing the few things he threw on the ground looking through his inventory and stuffing them into his bag, "We need to go now, I think he passed out,"

"What." Dream asks, voice stock serious with worry and both rush off back towards the house, Dream following close behind.

Tubbo next to slams the door open, hearing Michael's cries from the living room and complete silence, not the sound of Ranboo comforting him, hell, Michael barely cries in the first place, something is *wrong*

*He runs into the living room, eyes widening at the sight of his soulmate (his husband) passed out on the floor, curled up like they were protecting themselves when they passed out but limp from being unconscious, he winces at the sight of new burn marks on their cheeks,*

*He goes and picks up Michael first, he is definitely not the one to be able to help Ranboo and Dream is a few steps behind, so Michael is his business,*

*"Hey, it's okay, Boo will be okay," He soothes, more to himself than to the toddler but it certainly helps, Michael sniffling into his neck as he watches Dream and Tommy carry Ranboo to the medical room.*

*He hopes Ranboo is okay, end and aether he hopes.*

# Coddling

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo is sick of being coddled like a child.

Also, he learns to teleport.

## Chapter Notes

General TW for this chapter as I am too tired to specify in any understandable way, so be careful! :>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo whines softly when they wake up, they feel pretty much like they've been hit over the head with a hammer a few times, and then hit everywhere else, their skin and bones ache uncomfortably,

They blink their eyes open and instantly regret it, wincing when the lights just add to their headache, curling in on themselves so that less of it hits their face,

"Oh, you're awake," They hear a voice like Dream's say and almost scream, curling up further if they can,

"No no go away you're fake," Ranboo hisses, hands coming up to pull at their hair again,

"I'm not fake?" The voice says and they look up, even though it intensifies the pain about one-hundred-fold and see Dream actually there, his mask the normal smiley instead of XD's mask.

They probably should be more panicked about just having called Dream not real but they aren't, everything feels dull and distant, they're still not sure any of this is even real. They tuck their face back into their knees to escape the pain that the lights bring,

"Uh, okay,,," Dream says, they can hear him sit down again, this feels familiar but they don't know how, they hear the clicking of Dream writing something onto a communicator but don't care to find out what, "Are you feeling alright?"

"Everything hurts," Ranboo says, sounding more whiny than they wanted to,

Dream winces, "Okay, I'll grab you a regen potion, it will also help with the burns,"

They nod, wondering what 'the burns' are until their cheeks rub against the fabric of their pants and they wince, it irritating them,

Ah, those burns.

Dream leaves the room to get a potion and they wait, ear twitching when they hear footsteps

approaching,

“Ranboo Nihachu! You scared the shit out of me!” Tommy yells, slamming the door open and irritating their headache further, making them whimper into their legs as they curl up more, “Oh,”

“Ranboo Nihachu?” They ask weakly,

“Yeah, you’re Niki’s sibling and her last name is Nihachu,” Tommy says, voice noticeably quieter as he steps towards the bed,

“No, my last name is Beloved,” Ranboo says, shaking their head,

“But you two are family, you should have the same last name!” Tommy argues, sitting in the seat that Dream occupied originally,

“Okay Tommy ‘Danger’ Innit, Son of Philza Minecraft-Watson, brother of Wilbur Soot and Techno Blade,” Ranboo quips, looking up at Tommy from their knees, wincing when the light hits their eyes,

Tommy sputters, “That’s different,”

“It literally is not,”

“Shut up, bitch,” Tommy says, crossing his arms and they smirk, they can tell he isn’t actually angry, “So what, your name is Ranboo Beloved?”

They nod and Dream walks back in, blinking at Tommy,

“They just woke up, why are you already annoying them?” Dream sighs, handing them the regeneration potion, half watered-down, something about it annoys them, they’re not a baby, they can handle a regeneration potion without getting sick,

They don’t say anything about it, sipping through the potion, but they see Tommy look at them in confusion when he feels anger through the soulmark, it almost makes them a bit angrier, they can’t even keep their emotions to themselves,

“Do you remember what happened big man?” Tommy asks after a few moments, shockingly worried,

“What do you mean?” They ask, finishing the potion and handing the empty bottle back to Dream, who takes it,

“We found you passed out on the living room floor, we were wondering if you knew how that happened since no one else was home besides Michael, who can’t tell us much,” Dream says, leaning against the wall next to the door and crossing his arms, they stop themselves from tensing up at the action, feeling shockingly trapped in the small room,

They frown, looking away from the two, “I just had a panic attack and passed out,” They explain, omitting the voice, it’s easier to ignore it than it is to admit its existence,

“That’s worrying, since you’ve been passed out for about 15ish hours now,” Dream states,

“What?” They ask, it seems about the same time as yesterday, though there is no clock, so they can’t really tell,

“You passed out and slept through dinner to the next day, it is currently just a bit after breakfast,”

Dream explains,

“Oh,” They answer softly, staring down at the sheets, it doesn’t feel like that long should’ve passed but maybe it did, tracking time has never been something they’re good at,

“You should take it easy for a few days, stay inside just incase anything happens so you don’t pass out while mining or something, we’ll have someone here to make sure nothing happens,” Dream says, “Do you want some food?”

“I’m not hungry,” They state, pushing the blankets off of them and standing up, they feel sluggish and tired but also much too awake for comfort, they feel a bit like they’re on the edge of a cliff and they’re gonna fall off into realizing what just actually happened to them any second now,

Any second,

“Where’s Michael?” They ask, they feel guilty for passing out in front of the toddler, they hope he isn’t too worried by it,

“Oh, he’s with Techno right now, I can bring you to them,” Tommy says, relieved to be able to escape the conversation, he doesn’t like thinking a recent soulmate of his could be sick or something, he prefers not to think of that possibility,

Tommy leads Ranboo quickly past Dream before the masked man can complain, dragging him to the living room where Michael is sitting with Techno on the floor, playing with the man’s long pink hair,

Michael looks up at them and shrieks happily, toddling up from near Techno and towards them, much faster than they expected,

“Boo! Boo! Boo!” Michael shrieks, almost falling on his face before being scooped up by Ranboo, hugging the toddler gently but tightly,

“Hey Michael,” They coo happily, rubbing their cheek against Michael’s. He snorts happily back,

Ranboo hears Techno’s little ‘heh?’ of surprise and looks over confused,

“Since when could he walk?” Techno asks, sounding genuinely surprised, which translates to a normal person shrieking in shock,

“I was teaching him actually before I,” They trail off, doing a circular motion with their wrist, “He is doing pretty good!”

“Yeah, actually we had questions about the,” Techno sarcastically copies the wrist movement they did and they wince, “What happened?”

“I had a panic attack and passed out,” They answer, a bit too quickly,

Techno raises a brow “Sure kid,” He says sarcastically, “You should go tell Niki and Tubbo, they both were worried,”

Their eyes widen, holding over the toddler to Techno, “Can you-?”

“Sure, go tell them you’re okay kid,” Techno says, taking Michael back even though the toddler whines a bit, snorting angrily,

They nod, thanking him and running off to let their other two soulmates know they’re alive.

They get it honestly, they *get* the worry and they *understand* the concern and they *know* why everyone is acting how they are, but if anything knowledge of why is what makes them all the more frustrated over it.

The first day they got it more, the questions of if they were okay during meal times and someone being in the room most of the time, but half a week later it was a bit much.

They're not even allowed to watch Michael at bedtime anymore! Everyone says it's just for a bit, in case they pass out again, but it's still their son! They are probably in a much better position to watch him than Tubbo who sleeps almost as deeply as George, the few times Michael wakes up Ranboo wakes up to him before Tubbo does anyways and hears the toddler through the walls, at this point it just adds an extra step to comforting him.

Maybe they snap at Tubbo when he comes in one night to take the toddler to bed after Michael is already asleep, they still feel bad for waking the toddler when they slammed the door after Tubbo, but they don't apologize, they don't come down for breakfast the next day after, and almost shriek in rage when they hear a knock at the door to check if they're alright.

Can they not possible *sleep in* without someone needing to know if they're okay?

They're pretty sure in total since they passed out from the stupid voice they remember all of ten hours over three to four days, almost none of it is good, just irritating things and petty comments that they can't seem to hold back anymore and being *watched* so often.

It all comes to it's head when they're watching Michael the next day, Sam apparently put on babysitting duty (even though everyone says that's not what it is), watching them while leaning against a wall,

The feeling of eyes on them is just too much, keeps distracting them from the words they're trying to teach Michael, making them have to dig their nails into their knees through their pants to stop themselves from turning around and yelling at him to get out.

Because that would be rude, and they have to be and because if they're not they don't know what will happen. Sure, they've seen others argue, but they've never been part of them, they aren't as close to everyone here, sure, they have a few soulmarks, but not enough to be one of them,

Never enough to be one of them.

The eyes are still there, digging into them, judging their every move, the words they say to Michael and how they're saying them, the way they fidget uncomfortably and the way their breath picks up and when they stop trying to teach the child, just staring vacantly at the confused little piglin,

“Ranboo?” Sam says, clearly worried, “Ranboo whats wrong?”

“Stop looking,” They demand, claws digging painfully into the skin of their thighs as they grit it out, teeth clenched tight,

"I wasn't looking," Sam says, a lie, a lie a lie a liar a liar a  
liarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliarliar

“Liar,” They hiss unthinkingly, ears flattening to their head, they hear Michael make a confused



snort but don't process it over the staticy rage going over them, "I can feel you looking,"

"What?" Sam says, having the audacity to sound hurt by the insult, "Ranboo, I understand if you're angry, but we're just worried for you, you've been really spacey recently and you passed out a few days ago-"

"Oh my GOD!" They yell, raising to their feet quickly and whipping around, looking the creeper hybrid in the eyes, "Could you all STOP treating me like a child for FIVE FUCKING SECONDS!"

They hear Michael make a noise of distress but remain firm, not pulling back their words even though they feel bad for distressing the toddler,

"Ranboo," Sam says, voice soft and it hurts, an ache deep in their chest, "You need to calm down,"

They don't want to be here at this second, they can't handle the barely hidden coddling and being treated like they're stupid, they can't take it,

They feel like they are tugged from their place on the world and dragged somewhere else, it is not at all similar to an enderpearl, which feels a bit like flying and then hitting a wall, no, this is just a quick gentle tug that leaves them a bit dizzy and looking around to new surroundings,

They aren't in the house anymore, with a quick check around they are a bit away from it, they place a hand on a tree to steady themselves,

Holy shit they just teleported,

*Holy shit they just teleported,*

They push down the panic from doing that for a later date, figuring they're gonna need to be farther from the house to get away for any large amount of time,

They close their eyes and take a deep breath in, focusing on how they teleported before,

It is not the want to be in a different location that works, no, they've tried that. It is the want to not be in the location they are currently in, the want to leave.

They feel the tug again and blink, looking around, they are farther in the forest, where it is thicker and they are less likely to be seen,

"Holy cow," They whisper, excitement bubbling along with their anger, they can actually teleport, they weren't blanking out, they can actually teleport,

They do it a few more times, actually trying to aim it is difficult, but they manage to not teleport directly next to someone, which is an achievement in their book,

They stop when they teleport directly next to a stream, they feel a bit like they've ran a marathon, breath coming hard from exertion and they sit down next to the creek,

A lot of things hit them all at once, they guess this is what they get for repressing everything, random breakdowns were everything comes to them all at once and then nothing again,

They have soulmates in the first place that love them and have fulfilled soulmarks now, they have a voice in their head that sounds like their roommate who is also their soulmate's soulmate (and possibly also their soulmate), they passed out when they heard this voice for the first time, they

have been mean to almost everyone they live with because they were worried because they passed out, and, oh yeah, THEY CAN TELEPORT.

Most worrying on this list, they have possibly pissed off everyone they live with who have been nice to them and given them a home for no reason other than being worried,

They are at the same time, still pissed over being coddled more than the actual toddler in the household, they do not need to be watched over like a child, they lived for MULTIPLE YEARS on a battle server that was every person for themselves just fine. They are mature and intelligent and most people don't even assume they're a minor when they first meet them.

That also hurts though, not being cared for, being left to fend for themselves and treated like they don't need help just because they could theoretically survive on their own.

They are stuck in the middle of hating being cared for and craving it, they hope no one asks about their issues and yet beg the stars that someone will, they want to be touched but sometimes hands feel like needles instead of flesh and everything is always just too much.

They are only aware of their own hiccuping sobs when the scorching burn of tears start, desperately trying to wipe them away,

"No, no, you can't cry, crying just makes it worse, it just makes it worse, it doesn't help," They whisper to themselves, furiously wiping away tears that form, blood also smearing along their hands now from the fresh burns reopening,

They wonder why they cry so much more now that they're here, maybe it's the whole processing thing, when out of the traumatic situation it hurts worse?

They don't know.

They look up when a cold, a bit too sharp feeling hand rests on their head softly, whimpering under their breath,

An enderman stands there, they are not holding anything at the moment, just looking at them worriedly, both politely ignore eye contact with each other, neither wishing the other the pain of it,

"A::L||J==J+J||f:|τ.τ.f:LJ|L? (Are you okay little one?)" The enderman asks, hand brushing through their hair softly,

They swallow, struggling a bit to go back into the language so much different than English, "||L'Y, YJ:::||L:f'κL:: (Yes, sorry elder)" They whisper, wiping their eyes with their hand again,

"κJ|J|Jτ.f:L, |τ.|Y|Jτ.J\_||::τ.\_L (Do not lie, it is not a virtue)" They scold with no malice, touch remaining gentle,

"YJ:::||, |τ.'Y::Yτ., |τ.'Y::Yτ.κ|==|Y::τ. (Sorry, it's just- it's just difficult)" They say, choking a bit on the words,

"|τ.|YJf::|→τ.f:|τ.τ.f:LJ|L, τ.L:f:JL.:τJτ.f:J→L'Y||J== (it is alright little one, tell me what plagues you.)" The enderman says, sitting down next to them, though noticeably farther from the water,

"J||=J-J|f:|-J||!;JY+τ.τ|J|+YiJ-Y|Y+.:τL|JiJ-J|Jτ., τ.τL||.:J|'τ.f:LJ\_LLJLJ|J|L. (my family- my pack thinks I am sick when I am not, they won't leave me alone.)" They explain, rocking softly to soothe themselves,

“|ʏ ɾ . Ȫɹɿ . ɹɿ |ʏɹɹɹɹɹ? (Is that an issue?)” The enderman asks truthfully, hand still carding through their hair softly,

"ᐃᓄᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ ᐅᓄᓂᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ ᑲᓄᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ, ᑳᓄᓂᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ ᑲᓄᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ ᑲᓄᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ ᑲᓄᑦᑭᑦᑐᑦ." (I enjoy their care, but I can care for myself.)" They state, it is the best way they can explain it,

The enderman makes an understanding vwoop, “I ᵛᶫᶫ (I see)” They say, “||J== =L:L: τ . T̄ Jτ .  
τ . T̄ L:|| ⚡ J | Jτ . ʒL:| :L\_ \_L: | | J == :: Sɹ | :| τ . |L- Ȧ , J τ . S·L · ĤS::L J= ||  
== :: ᵛL:= S | J ⚡ =L:L: Կ== =JĤ Jτ . L⋈. (you feel that they do not believe in your abilities  
to take care of yourself and feel suffocated.)”

[illegible]

The enderman makes an annoyed vwoop, though not directed at them, “𐀓𐀔. 𐀕𐀖𐀗::𐀘 (how absurd)”

They laugh humorlessly, nodding “I ♯ ∪ J ∴ ∴ | → T̄ T . ? (I know right?)”

[illegible]

"ᐅᑦ ᓂᕈᖃᓪᓴᒋᔭᓯᐊᑦ ᓄᑦᓇᓲᓱᓚᑦ ᓂᕈᖃᓪᓴᒋᔭᓯᐊᑦ :: ᓇᑲᑦ ᑎᑦ ᓂᕈᖃᓪᓴᒋᔭᓯᐊᑦ ᓂᕈᖃᓪᓴᒋᔭᓯᐊᑦ ᓇᑲᑦ ᓁᑦ ᓇᑲᑦ :: ᓇᑲᑦ ᓇᑲᑦ ᓇᑲᑦ ᓇᑲᑦ. (no, I feel I may have been rude to them because it frustrated me.)” They admit, flushing a bit in shame,

The enderman nods, a distinctly human gesture that confuses them a bit, “I understand, you have done things out of hurt without knowing how to explain your emotions.”

“A::L:J==::|L:J 𐄂𐄃 :|T. T̄T̄::JſJ 𐄂? (Are you friends with humans?)” They ask, a tiny bit rudely but they are interested, alright?

“I ʃ·J ʃ:: |·L·| ʃʌ ʃ: |·T·T̄ |Jʃ:: ʃJ | ʃʌ·ʃ, t̄T̄L· b|ʃJʃʃ gJʃʃ, ·J|| |ʃ·JL· |ʃ Edward (I am friends with your bonded, The Blood God, my name is Edward,)” Edward states, “I |·L·ʃ T̄ |·J T̄·J |Jʃ:: ʃ·T̄L·| |Jʃ:: ʃ:: |ʃʃ·Jʃʃ (I led him to you when you first arrived.)”

“𐌆𐌇𐌋, 𐌈. 𐌊𐌆𐌍𐌃𐌏𐌒 𐌖. 𐌎𐌅= (oh, thank you),” They say, a bit surprised, “𐌆=𐌈. .:𐌚. 𐌆::𐌚. 𐌏𐌒 𐌉𐌈. 𐌉𐌉𐌏𐌒  
𐌑𐌚.𐌑 𐌎𐌚.𐌈 (but we are not bonded yet.)”

“||J== ∴ | | | : 3L (you will be)” Edward says none to cryptically, “I ∙ J== 4T, ∙ J, 4T ∙ 5|| 4S==L ∙ | | ∙ T ∙ T ∙ | : L J | L, | | = J ∴ ∙ T ∙ T L ∙ J J = ||J== ∴ ! | : | ∙ T T, T ∙ T L ∴ ∴ | | : = | ∙ 4L ∴ ∙ 4T ∙ 5 | ∙ 4. (I must go, stay safe little one, inform them of your plight, they will understand.)”

They nod, waving weakly as the enderman teleports away, a bit of the weight on their chest has been lifted, even if they are still annoyed, at least they better understand why that is.

They jump at the sound of crunching leaves approaching,

“There you are,” A familiar voice says and they turn to see Purpled standing there, his eyes glow a very faint green in the darkness of the forest and they choose to ignore it,

“Oh, uh, hi Purpled,” They say sheepishly, tail curling around their ankle anxiously, suddenly hyper aware of how wrecked they most likely look, “What are you doing here?”

“Looking for you,” Purpled explains but shockingly doesn’t pull out his communicator or run off to tell everyone, instead plopping down next to him, “Expected you to be farther, to be honest,”

“Am I really that close?” They ask, a bit fearful more people are going to appear,

“Eh, about a thousand out,” Purpled says with a shrug, “But you were teleporting, so I thought you’d go farther,”

“How did you even follow me?” They ask, some part of them paranoid their com is being tracked or something,

“Well, Enderman can only teleport 40 blocks, so I just searched in a circle around where you teleported from and found where you stopped, and then repeated until I got here,”

“Uh, wow, I thought you just guessed,” They state honestly, surprised he thought it through that much,

He shrugs, “I just wanted to find you first to say I did, I’m not gonna bring you back,”

They snort, a bit of the anxiety fading, “‘The prize is winning’ and all that?”

“Exactly, anyways, I understand why you did, not completely but like, I get it,”

They raise an eyebrow, “Did Sam explain what happened?”

“Nah, I was home and heard you yell,” Purpled explains,

They flush, ears pressing flat to their skull, “Oh,”

“I get it, I guess, well I don’t get all of it because I’m not a goddamn mind reader, but like, the coddling is a lot sometimes,” Purpled says,

“I’m surprised you’re talking about this, you always seem so closed off,” They say, voice slightly whispering,

“Well so do you,” Purpled retorts and they hum in agreement, shifting their gaze to the flowing stream,

Purpled sighs, “You’re not allowed to tell anyone we did this, I will fight you,” He threatens with no malice and they nod seriously, mimicking zipping their mouth shut, “When I first got here from Hypixel it was from Punz, he’s my older brother, I think you could probably tell, we look a lot alike,” They nod in agreement, “We were separated from some things, our parents were shitty so we left and he went into mercenary business while I did Hypixel, and other less regulated battle servers,”

“He wasn’t aware of the Hypixel thing, we didn’t speak much, neither of us are really the talkative type, he found here while I was still on Hypixel, they only actually found out I was there from videos,”

They hum sympathetically, not cutting him off from his tangent,

“I didn’t really get the trauma from the violence and stuff, or maybe it just hasn’t hit yet, I just got good at turning off the guilt, but I didn’t, and don’t, really trust people that much, emotional stuff

just doesn't work correctly and sometimes I'm just so fucking angry with no reason,"

They frown, they understand that feeling, they don't know why particularly they were so angry about being coddled, usually it'd be annoying at best, but for some reason it made them fume in rage that now is all dissipated,

"I am still working on that I guess, Puffy got me a therapy with a friend of hers and that helps a bit, mostly because I can complain about the others," He laughs softly, "I don't know where I was going with this, but I get it, I also get where they're coming from, they're worried about you, I think you're fine personally, well, not gonna keel over and die fine, definately not great, but you're gonna have to explain this to them if you want them to back off, or they're gonna double down,"

They sigh, resting their chin on their knees, "I know, it's just hard to explain and it feels like they won't understand anyways,"

"They might not," Purpled states honestly, "But they'll listen, and that's the important part," He pushes himself off the ground, stretching, "Anyways, I'm not your therapist so I'm leaving, but I'll tell them to back off for a bit and stop looking for you okay?"

They nod, "Thank you, Purpled,"

He grins, giving them a short wave goodbye, "Anytime."

## Chapter End Notes

Purpled actually talking about emotions???? who is he.

I am very interested to see the poll results change after this chapter, I think it would be very funny.

ALSO EDWARD MY BELOVED IS BACK!!! I miss him every day, he lives in my heart and soul.

# Pillow Forts

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and the other children make a 'no old people' pillow fort in the living room. Ranboo doesn't know why their head hurts so much.

## Chapter Notes

Since I have gotten some questions on the polls, I am going to answer them here!

"Are any of the new-ish people like Hannah or Foolish going to show up?" Answer, maybe? I don't really particularly have any idea how they'd show up currently? But if I find a way to slip characters in I absolutely will!

"Whats your favorite cake flavor?" Tirimasu!

This is a longer message so im not copying it in but I got asked for my hand in marriage again, yes definately.

"Add XD to the list you coward /j" He's already there! :)

Gladly, a bit of the overbearing coddling dies down after their little freak out over it, they think that a lot of it has to do with Purpled but can't get proof of it, he just shrugs off any questions, so they just wordlessly thank him and move on, maybe they should give him a present or something,

They still feel bad for yelling at Sam, they can tell he felt guilty for being the one that made them finally snap and run off, but don't particularly feel ready to tell him they forgive him yet,

The thing more at the front of their mind in the following days isn't even the others and if they're coddling or not, they barely process that actually,

What they're focused on is pain,

Their head hurts at two points, a bit back in their hair from their forehead on opposite sides, like a nail going through their skull into their brain,

They've had migraines before but never like this and never this long, almost a week of terrible stabbing pain. They refuse to tell the others and when asked just say it's a small headache, they're good at hiding the pain, avoiding the lights and wearing their glasses more often, it's fine.

They sigh when they hear a knock at their door one night, the sound isn't really that loud but irritates their migraine intensely,

They are pleasantly surprised that instead of one of the others checking if they're not dead instead they see Tommy standing there, the sort of determined look on his face with a puffed chest, they get ready for him trying to pull them into some sort of mischief,

“Bring all your pillows and blankets to the living room, bitch,” Tommy commands,

They raise an eyebrow, “For what???” They ask slowly,

“We’re making a pillow fort,” Tommy states, crossing his arms, “You’re joining us,”

“Us?” They ask softly but Tommy doesn’t respond, turning on his heel and stomping off,

“Hurry up with it!” He yells back and they sigh, briefly bringing a hand up to cradle their aching head as they go and grab some blankets and pillows, leaving one or two for their cats,

“Sorry guys,” They apologize softly to the cats, Enderpearl circling around one of their ankles confusedly and making them chuckle,

They take a step to leave their room before pausing, they could probably just teleport, it’s not that far so it won’t be as difficult to aim, right? And worse comes to worse they teleport outside, but it’s not raining or anything,

They focus, feeling the tugging, shifting feeling of teleportation and blinking as they look around the living room,

“Holy FUCK!” Tubbo yells, making them wince and resist the urge to hold their head again, “You scared me big man!”

“Sorry, sorry,” They apologize, setting down the pillows and blankets onto a nearby couch,

“It’s fine but holy shit big man, warn me next time,” Tubbo says, putting a hand on his heart like he’s checking if it’s still beating,

They hear footsteps and turn to see Purpled and Tommy walk in, struggling varying amounts to carry a comical amount of pillows and blankets,

“Where’s Michael?” They ask Tubbo, looking at the shorter man,

“Oh, Wilbur has him right now!” Tubbo says, smiling “He is playing guitar for him,”

“Aw,” They say softly, imagining the sight, “That’s cute,”

Tubbo nods before yelping as Tommy throws a pillow at him, hitting him directly in the face,

“We are going to make the best pillow fort this server has ever seen, and I’m gonna be the fuckin’ leader of it,” Tommy states seriously,

They stop themselves from laughing because they are a kind and thoughtful soulmate, Purpled and Tubbo do not,

“Shut up you bitches and help me!” He yells at the two laughing children, tossing more pillows at them,

Ranboo instead of focusing on the pillow fight looks around the room, humming thoughtfully,

“We could move the couches to make a steadier foundation,” They think out loud, staring at some of the smaller couches that aren’t meant for 7+ people each,

“Ranboo, you are a fucking genius,” Tommy says, stepping away from the pillow fight to clap a hand on their shoulder, they resist the urge to flinch away from it, Tommy is safe, “You are now in

charge of building,”

They flush a bit, ears flattening happily to their head, “No, that’s a bad idea, I’m bad at building,”  
They state, tail lashing slightly,

“I can help with building!” Tubbo chirps, knocking Purpled over the head hard enough that he staggers for a few steps and running over, rolling up his sleeves,

“Than it’s settled, Tubbo and Ranboo build, I oversee the project, and Purpled-”

“Does nothing unless I’m getting paid,” Purpled states, sitting down on one of the couches that most likely won’t be used and pulling out his communicator,

Ranboo rolls their eyes fondly and gets to work with Tubbo as Tommy yells at Purpled to no avail, sliding over smaller couches to make a base for the pillow fort, most of the work is admittedly done by Tubbo, who is frighteningly strong for being so small,

“There, now we can start with the blankets!” Tubbo says, proudly staring at the half circle of couches, “Help me put these up,”

They nod, following Tubbo’s command, mostly just an extra set of hands then actually doing anything, though they make sure to not use their weighted blanket, it would probably bring everything tumbling down and also they want to use it,

Tubbo makes sure the inside is big enough to fit the four of them and probably a few more if they squished (which is a challenge with how tall Ranboo is, but it is touching nonetheless), stuffing pillows in a circle for them to all lay on and then staring proudly at the finished product,

It looks quite comfortable actually, not particularly aesthetically pleasing, but like it could stand having four teenagers in it,

“Is it done?” Purpled asks from the couch, peaking over,

“Yep! I think so at least,” Tubbo says, circling it, looking for pieces that were out of place or were it’d collapse

“Pog!” Tommy says, sounding somehow prouder than Tubbo is even though he did virtually nothing, “We need to name it,”

“It’s a pillow fort, why do we need to name it?” Ranboo asks, their head throbbing painfully from his loud voice,

“Because we need to, bitch!” Tommy next to yells and they wince, they think he probably takes it as offence because he softens slightly, not sounding as mean, though they wish he’d just quiet down, “How about, uhhh, Tnret?”

“Tnret?” They ask, blinking,

“It’s like tent, I don’t know!” Tommy defends, laughing slightly and they smile back,

“Fine, Tnret it is,” They say, going in first,

They are glad there are no fairy lights or anything, the darkness is calming (especially for their headache) and they sigh in relief from being out of the normally not that bright lights of the living room that currently feel stabbing, situating themselves in a corner of the pillow fort with their



weighted blanket laid over their legs,

Purpled joins after, sliding past Tommy and Tubbo to sit next to them, still playing some game on his communicator,

They look over, watching him play, the screen is gladly on low light so it doesn't burn their eyes as much, they can't process the game but don't really care to,

They blink, looking around again to find Tommy and Tubbo now in the pillow fort, Tommy is laid on one of Tubbo's legs, talking animatedly about something, gesturing a lot with his hands while Tubbo nods to show he's paying attention,

Everything feels slow, like they are sitting in tar, they twitch their finger and it reacts a few seconds later than they wanted it to, they stare at it confused,

Their head hurts quite bad, enough that they feel nauseous, not enough to actually puke but enough that they swallow down a burn in the back of their throat, staring down at the darkness of their blanket instead of the light coming from the entrance of the fort or the shine coming from Purpled's communicator,

"Hey, no old people allowed, bitch!" Tommy yells at someone outside the fort, sitting up quickly to point at them, they wince at the yell, ears flattening against their head even though it barely muffles the noise,

"Who are you calling old, you fucking gremlin child?" Wilbur's distinctive voice answers back, walking closer to the fort and kneeling to peak in, Ranboo smiles when he sees Michael in his arms, "Who do you even have in there?"

"No one, bitch!" Tommy says, kicking a leg out childishly, though clearly avoiding Michael, a wise decision, "Get out!"

"Oh fine," Wilbur grumbles, standing to walk away, "Have fun in your child fort, you fucking gremlin child,"

"Oh piss off!" Tommy yells back and they let out an involuntary whine as the pain in their skull increases, bringing their hands up to cradle their skull,

It hurts so badly, spreading from two points out, a sort of pounding pain like someone hitting them repeatedly on the head with a hammer, they have to blink away tears from going down their cheeks and only adding to the pain,

"-nboo? Are you there Ranboo?" Someone says and they whine again, leaning away as fingers snap in front of their face, "Sorry, you were spacing out,"

They look over, squinting slightly to block out the little light that is still in the fort.

Tubbo is the one who snapped them out of it, looking worriedly at them, Tommy and Purpled are also staring and the amount of eyes on them makes their skin crawl,

"Are you okay?" Purpled asks, sounding shockingly sincere,

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine," They assure, convincing absolutely no one,

"Ranboo you didn't respond to any of us for like a minute, you can tell us if something's wrong," Tommy says, scooting closer but careful not to crowd them,

They go to answer but are cut off by another wave of pain, making them whine and curl up again, rocking slightly as they wait for it to stop,

“My head really hurts,” They mumble, cursing themselves internally for how whiny and pathetic it sounds,

“Oh, do you have a migraine big man?” Tubbo asks sympathetically, one of his hands going over Ranboo’s and rubbing over it soothingly, their bond momentarily sings of comfort and helps lessen the pain slightly,

They nod, the movement jostles their head more and makes them whimper,

“You should lay down, we’ll turn out the lights in the living room too,” Tommy says, standing to do said task while Tubbo helps them lay down on the pillows,

“Can you tell me where it hurts on your head?” Tubbo asks, “Sometimes where it is means things, or whatever, that’s what Schlatt says whenever I get one,”

“Two spots, on my head, here,” They say, bringing their hands up to hover over the spots but not touching, they tried touching them before but it was painful enough they almost screamed, so they’re not gonna try again, “Have for a few days,”

“Oh, *oh*,” Tubbo says, seemingly coming to some conclusion, probably one they won’t like by how his voice sounds, “Purpled, can you watch him while I get Schlatt?”

“Uh, sure, why?” Purpled asks, scooting closer to the curled up teen, game long since forgotten about,

“Just, just checking something, I might be wrong,” Tubbo says, not explaining absolutely anything as he runs off to get his father, leaving Purpled and Tommy to watch the hybrid.

Tubbo walks in quick steps to the kitchen, it is usually where Schlatt was after dinner, talking with other adults, sometimes over alcohol though he knows that he was cutting back currently and the others were kind enough not to do it in front of him,

As expected Schlatt is sitting at the table, talking with Phil and Wilbur, Michael sitting in Wilbur’s lap and waving a butter knife around happily, his sword was confiscated after he almost stabbed himself running around until he was ready to be ‘properly trained’ as Techno called it,

“Daaaaadddd,” He whines, catching Schlatt’s attention quickly, he never called Phil ‘dad’, the man certainly cared for him but was never particularly a father, just a father figure, so the title stayed solely on Schlatt,

“What happened?” Schlatt asks, he sounds worried but in the Schlatt-way where he sounds willing to murder their problems,

“We made a pillow fort but then Tommy yelled and it made Ranboo start making this noise like they were in pain so we asked them what was wrong and they said they had a migraine and I asked where it hurt and they said on these two spots on their head and I think they’re growing horns,” Tubbo says all in one breath, panting slightly after, “and I don’t know what to do,”

“Oh,” Schlatt answers, blinking slightly, apparently not guessing that was what he was going to say, “Do you want me to come check?”

He nods, apparently he looks worried enough that Schlatt stands immediately, turning to tell the other’s he’ll be back and being waved off quickly,

“Go check on the kid,” Phil says, smiling softly, “We’ll be here,”

Schlatt nods, following Tubbo back to the living room, raising a brow when Tubbo crawls into the blanket fort but sighing, crouching down and entering,

“Hey, no old people allowed!” Tommy starts before being cut off by Tubbo glaring, apparently noticing the situation is serious enough to let go of it and backing off,

Purpled is sitting near Ranboo, clearly not knowing how to deal with the hybrid in pain but doing his best,

“Hey kid,” Schlatt greets softly, “Can you show me where it hurts?”

Ranboo nods, gesturing again to the spots on their head but not touching,

“Okay, I am going to touch you and it might hurt really badly but it’ll be over quick, okay?” Schlatt says, reaching out a hand to touch on one of the spots,

Ranboo nods in agreement, staying still as Schlatt presses his head down on the spot,

The reaction is instant, the teen letting out a distinctively enderman-like yelp of pain and flinching away from the contact harshly,

More importantly, Schlatt in the few moments he has contact with the head feels a very distinctive bump forming under the skin,

“Sorry, sorry, it’s over,” Schlatt says, probably not helping much with comforting the teen who is curled up further and whimpering, trembling all over, “You’re growing horns,”

“They’re fucking what?” Tommy asks, sounding a mix of worried and excited, looking between Schlatt and Ranboo, “There is no way!”

“I’d tell you to feel for yourself but that’d hurt, so just wait for them to start bleeding, they will soon,”

Ranboo whimpers more at that, probably not the best words to say,

“Hey, it’s okay Ranboo, it’s okay, growing horns sucks, we’re right here alright?” Tubbo soothes, placing a hand over Ranboo’s again, sending as much comfort through the mark as he can, “The pain will lessen after it breaks the skin, okay?”

They nod again, their whimpering dying down a bit as the pain from the horns being touched dies down slowly,

“I’m gonna go tell the others, stay here with them,” Schlatt says, leaving the fort and the four teens behind,

“You’re gonna get horns big man, that’s so fucking poggers,” Tommy says, deliberately keeping his voice down as he sits next to Ranboo,

“Yeah, I remember getting my horns, really sucked, I was in bed for like three days before we even knew I was growing them, don’t know how you were walking around while doing it,” Tubbo states, rubbing a thumb across Ranboo’s knuckles, feeling the little bumps,

“I didn’t want to burden you,” They admit, voice muffled by them being curled up, “I could deal with it,”

Purpled frowns, finally moving from his position so he’s a bit closer, “Hey, don’t hide these things okay? If you told us sooner we could’ve helped before it was this bad,”

“Sorry, sorry,” They apologize softly,

“We’re not angry,” Purpled states, “We just don’t want you to be hurt,”

They nod, uncurling slightly from their position,

They hear footsteps and Wilbur kneels at the front of the fort again, “I know there are no ‘old people’ allowed but I brought ice packs for Ranboo,”

Tommy thanks him instead of yelling, handing the packs over to Tubbo who very gently places them against where the horns are growing in,

Ranboo relaxes slightly, it doesn’t help immediately but it definitely isn’t as world-shatteringly painful as them being touched were, so probably an improvement.

Ranboo doesn’t really know what happens in between them laying on the floor and now, but don’t take the time to think about it, they know Tommy and Tubbo stepped out for something, but that is mostly because they aren’t in the fort anymore,

They are watching Purpled play a game on his communicator again, he is providing a little commentary, mostly curses when he dies,

They yawn, leaning to the side slowly, they’re very tired from the pain and laying down for so long, it wouldn’t hurt if they just-

They blink and flinch up as their arm touching Purpled’s makes pinpricks go along their skin, Purpled flinches back at the same time, dropping his communicator and grabbing his arm,

“Ah, fuck, never get used to that,” Purpled hisses, pulling up his sleeve to reveal a bright red and green mark from where they leaned on him,

“Oh,” They say softly, blinking in realization that they just marked him, a shaky hand moving to where they were marked on their own skin, slightly tender feeling even under the clothing,

Purpled looks at them, they can feel a bit of his anxiety through the mark even though his face betrays his emotions, keeping the slightly-irritated-mostly-calm look he usually keeps,

“Is this good?” He asks, gesturing at the mark,

They nod tentatively, “Yeah, it’s good,”

He nods back, apparently taking that as good enough as he picks up his communicator again,

checking for damage,

They go back to their own spot, “Can I lean on you? I am very tired,”

He laughs softly, “Yeah, fine, don’t mess up my ability to play,”

They smile, leaning on him again, “Wouldn’t dream of it,”

They slip off into sleep to the sound of Purpled playing games and his hiss at the others to be quiet as they step back into the fort.

Their sleep is tragically, not dreamless.

They blink to obsidian walls they have grown used to, shockingly XD or any of his dream ‘creations’ to ‘help with stress’ aren’t there, just an empty room,

“Are you going to freak out if I talk again?” XD asks slowly, though he doesn’t appear in the room,

They sigh, wishing they had a grass block right about now, “No,”

“Okay, good,” The voice says but XD doesn’t appear, remaining just a voice,

“What do you want?” They ask, not caring how rude it sounds, they honestly thought the dream had finally stopped, they haven’t had it since they passed out,

“To help you, Ranboo,” XD says and they scoff,

“Of course, that is why you made me pass out and have everyone freak out over me,”

“Well, arguably that has helped because I doubt you would’ve let them know about your horns growing otherwise,” XD says and they glare at the wall, unable to glare at him as he isn’t particularly *there*, “But I also didn’t do that,”

“Yeah, sure,” They grumble, crossing their arms,

“I didn’t! I didn’t expect talking to you would give you a panic attack and then you wouldn’t calm down!” XD argues, and they can almost see him throwing his hands up in defense, “I haven’t talked since then!”

“So what, you just had nothing to do with me passing out for what, 15 hours?” They ask, anger slowly building,

“Well, maybe, but I didn’t cause it! I just probably extended how long you stayed unconscious!”

“How would you have done that!” They hiss, claws digging into their palms as they clench their hands into fists,

“I can’t say!”

“Why not!”

“Because I can’t!”

They groans, hitting their head back against the wall, “This is useless,”

“You’re going to wake up soon, I will talk again when you’re awake,”

“Please don’t,”

“Neither of us have a choice in the matter,”

The voice fades, it feels a bit strange, they feel a little more weighed down when the voice is talking, not physically but more like it is actually there, at least they can tell when XD is watching or not, at least in the dream space.

They lean back against the wall, sighing as their vision becomes more staticky, waking up to light shining slightly into the pillow fort, and then processing that the headache hasn’t gone away yet,

They groan, bringing a pillow up to cover their face, hearing others in the fort snicker at them, traitors.

# Sign

## Chapter Summary

The minors accidentally start a pillow fight war, Ranboo learns some sign, and their horns finally break through.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter brought to you by 'the best fight scene I have ever written being a pillow fight'.

I just thought it was cute, I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it because I struggled lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo holds back a groan when they wake up, their head still hurts intensely even though a tiny bit of it has faded from using ice the night before,

They blindly reach out and grab a pillow, shoving it over their face to block out the light, ear twitching when the sound of quiet snickers meets them and giving the other teens in the fort a growl with no bite, kicking out and managing to hit someone in the arm, but it only makes the snickers turn into actual laughs, traitors.

“You look like an angry cat!” Tommy cackles and they smack him with one of their tails, pulling the pillow off their face to glare at him,

“And you look like a chicken,” They say, smirking when he gasps in offence and taking his moment of surprise to smack him in the face with their tail again,

“You’re terrible! Not pog!” Tommy yells from where he was knocked to the floor of the fort, muffled from somehow managing to fall face-first into the piles of pillows and blankets,

Ranboo laughs at him, a high, giddy noise that even surprises themselves a bit, but they don’t care enough to try to muffle it, instead just laying back down onto the padded ground of the pillow fort,

Tubbo is laughing too, keeled over with his hands around his stomach and wheezing, next to crying from laughter, and they can feel Purpled’s amusement through the bond (they almost forgot about that.)

Their laughter eventually subsides into just wheezing, Ranboo manages to say “Never change, Tommy,” and earns a smack on the leg,

Quackity kneels quickly in front of the entrance to the pillow fortress, “If you are all done goofing off, breakfast is ready,” He says teasingly, looking at the four teens,

“Holy FUCK!” Tommy yells, not realizing Quackity had arrived and getting jumpscared, “You

scared the shit out of me! And no old people, get out!”

“I’m not old!” Quackity yells back before getting smacked in the face with a pillow by Tommy, falling straight onto the floor,

He blinks before grabbing a pillow from next to him, threatening the structural integrity of the fort as he smacks Tommy several times over, “This means war,”

Tubbo, like the good, kind soulmate he is, rushes to Tommy’s defense, grabbing two pillows off the floor and starting to hit Quackity with him, which works well until Sapnap comes in to see what is going on, joining in on his fiancée’s side.

Ranboo instead grabs Purpled’s arm and drags him out of the now pretty much collapsing fort before it falls onto them, managing to avoid being hit by stray pillows being thrown,

“Here’s my idea, we wait for everyone to join in and be all tired out, and then we beat up them and become the victors,” Purpled says to him quietly, not hearable to anyone else over the yelling as more people join in on the pillow fight,

Ranboo nods, pulling them against the far wall of the room, watching the carnage as it unfolds, everything gets 10x more chaotic when Dream and Techno join in, both hit by stray pillows and taking no prisoners,

Ranboo is almost worried for a few seconds when Dream hits Tommy’s legs out from under him hard enough that he smacks onto the floor, but that quickly recedes with the rush of pure elation they get through Tommy’s soulmark immediately after,

Wilbur has managed to make a little faction in the pillow fight, fighting to take over the rest of the room together, who is on his side is a bit messy though, switching out far too often to be trackable in any sense,

Tubbo at some point is lifted up onto Schlatt’s shoulders to deal more damage, laughing next to hysterically as he wipes people out before inevitably falling off and being taken out of the battle,

Unsurprisingly the last remaining are Phil and Techno, who teamed up after Wilbur’s ‘death’ (Wanting to go eat breakfast and getting dramatically ‘killed’ by Phil after asking to be) and Tommy’s ‘betrayal’ (putting Tubbo as the ‘next leader’ after Wilbur’s death when the faction was supposed to be leaderless.), actual battle prowess and Dream getting bored and leaving making them the winners,

Or so they thought,

Ranboo gives it a good 5 seconds for the adrenaline to wear off a bit and tiredness to set in from fighting so many people before they charge, grabbing Purpled and shoving a pillow into his arms, teleporting behind the two,

“SNEAK ATTACK!” They yell, smacking Techno over the head as Purpled takes Phil, cackling happily, the piglin hybrid not expecting the attack and being prone to it,

“We thought you were staying out of it because you had a migraine, you traitor!” Phil yells at them through his grin, trying to defend himself from Purpled’s assault

“I do!” They yell back, smacking Techno over the head again before Techno finally is shocked out of his daze and hits them in the side, them teleporting somewhere else in the room before he can hit them again,



“That’s got to be cheating,” Techno says, protecting himself with his own pillow as they try to hit him again,

“There are no rules in war Techno! You live or you die!” They state, smacking him over the head again, playing up some of that Wilbur Drama.

“Than what the fuck is the geneva convention for?” Purpled asks, standing over Phil who had resigned from the battle, raining victorious,

“What’s the Jenaveve contention?” They ask, playing up the seriousness in their voice and a bit too focused on the conversation to block the hit from Techno, being sent to the floor from a particularly hard hit to their head that makes their vision white out from pain for a few seconds, maybe a pillow fight with a migraine was a bad idea,

Purpled comes to his defence before Techno can hit them again, using the incredibly useful strategy of ‘hit it until it dies’, Ranboo manages to shake off the increasing ache in their skull, grabbing their own pillow again and jumping up, joining in on the attack,

“I surrender I surrender!” Techno finally says, putting his hands up and both teens back off, the piglin hybrid huffing angrily and trying to fix his destroyed hairstyle, the braid all messy and fluffed out from being hit repeatedly with a pillow,

“Haha, victory!” Ranboo says, pumping their fist in the air and high fiving Purpled, grinning happily, the excitement and adrenaline overpowering the fact that their head hurts,

They blink when they feel a soft hit against their leg, looking down to find Michael looking up at them, hitting a pillow against their leg,

They’re pretty sure their heart melts,

“Hi Michael,” They coo, kneeling down to be semi-level with the toddler, “Are you fighting me?”

“Vitory! Vitory!” Michael says, copying them as he hits them again with the pillow, making them laugh,

“Yeah, yeah, you win,” They say, picking up the toddler carefully, checking him over to make sure he didn’t get hit during the battle,

“You two are menaces,” Phil says, sounding more proud and amused than angry,

“You’re just mad because you lost old man,” Purpled bites back, smiling proudly at his achievement,

“I don’t know what you’re happy about, Michael won,” Ranboo states, cradling the toddler happily who is still yelling ‘Vitory Vitory!’

“Of course,” Purpled answers and they nod, smiling proudly at their son, Purpled pauses, looking a bit confused, “I was being sarcastic,” Purpled clarifies and they frown just a little bit, oh, yeah, they were never good at telling that.

“Let’s go to breakfast,” He says, distracting them from their thoughts, bringing them to the dining room where others are filtering in, nursing the shame of loss and a few bruises, Ranboo doesn’t even know how they managed that,

They go to their usual seat, putting Michael in the highchair he was given so that he is free to make

as much of a mess as he wants after the dads finally found it again, Michael immediately starts ravaging his food, little goblin.

They sit at their seat, sighing softly, the quick adrenaline wearing off and becoming tired yet again, along with intensifying the pain in their head, making them kinda wish they stayed in the (now collapsed) blanket fort.

They lay their head in their arms while waiting for food to be brought to them, blocking the light from hitting their eyes and making their head hurt more,

They look up when they hear the sound of plates clinking, taking their own with a soft 'thank you', taking a few half-hearted bites, it makes their stomach curl uncomfortably with nausea and they don't eat much before pushing it away, laying back down in their arms,

"Are you okay?" They hear someone ask and look up again, blinking uneasily, seeing Purpled staring at them, only looking slightly worried though the bond tells otherwise,

"Yeah, just a headache," They say softly, giving him a shaky smile that convinces absolutely no one,

"Oh yeah, you're growing horns right?" Puffy asks and they nod, she winces sympathetically, "I remember when I grew horns, didn't feel too good,"

"Do you know what they're from? I don't think enderman have horns," Tommy asks curiously,

"I don't know, we don't know what the other half is, only my enderman side," Ranboo states, gesturing at the white side, "or maybe I'm just a weird enderman,"

"Maybe you're a ram or a goat!" Tubbo says happily, bouncing in his seat slightly,

"Or a cow maybe, because the black and white," Tommy suggests, Ranboo would probably be a bit offended if they didn't know Tommy's 'slight' fondness for the creatures,

"What I am right now is having a severe migraine," Ranboo mutters, putting their face back in their arms,

"Sorry kid, we'd give you a healing pot or something but it'd probably only make it worse," Schlatt says, "They need to break through the skin on your head, and it will just go slower if we give you one,"

"It's fine, I get it, just annoying," Ranboo answers, they kinda wish their pain tolerance was better for these things, it probably should've gotten better in Hypixel but they guess they were too good at avoiding non-fatal blows.

Breakfast wraps up quickly after that, they leave soon, the noise a bit too much, and escape to the living room, grabbing their weighted blanket from under the pile of them were the collapsed pillow fort is and sitting in their seat, relaxing under it, the pressure grounding,

Purpled joins them a few moments later, silently asking them if he could join, it is both difficult and easy to tell what Purpled wants from them, they struggle with his tone of voice, telling when he is angry or just joking, or when he is sarcastic, but his body language is easy to read, probably from Hypixel, silent communication is important there,

They need to stop thinking about Hypixel before they panic again,

Purpled leans against them on the chair, weighted blanket covering his legs and most of them,

“Are you doing okay?” Purpled asks after a bit, surprising them out of their thoughts, “I know I asked at breakfast, but that was in front of people,”

They shrug slightly, the action difficult with someone’s weight on their shoulder, “I’ve been worse I guess,”

“That isn’t too comforting,” Purpled states, “What does it feel like?”

“Have you ever been hit with an axe in the head?” A nod, “Like that.”

“Oof,” Purpled says softly, “Glad I didn’t have to go through that,”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t want you to,” Ranboo states honestly, “Though you would look pretty cool with horns,”

“Oh I would look the coolest,” Purpled says, grinning slightly as he taps away on his communicator, “Do you want to tell them?”

“About my headache?” Ranboo asks, they already told everyone about that, why would they tell them again?

“No, the,” Purpled gestures at his shoulder and neck area where he’s leaning on them and they take a second to realize that’s where their soulmark is, “No one knows yet, do you want to tell them?”

They think for a moment about it, “I don’t want to keep it from them, but we don’t have to like, have a big reveal, you know?”

Purpled nods, “Good, because I hate those too,”

They laugh softly, “Yeah, it’s fun but it gets loud quickly, and chaotic,”

“At one of Punz’ I shoved his face into a cake,” Purpled admits, “It was hilarious,”

“Oh my god,” Ranboo says, laughing into their hand, “Was he mad?”

“Yeah, he got back at me a few days later though, so it’s equal,”

Ranboo nods, leaning against Purpled further, yawning softly,

“You can sleep more if you want, I bet it’ll help with the headache,” Purpled offers them,

“Yeah, thank you Purpled,” They say, closing their eyes as they lean against him, dozing off slowly.

They are honestly quite bored sitting around all day with a headache, they’re glad that today’s isn’t the most painful it’s been, the few times it’s been bad enough that they couldn’t get up were terrible and they do not wish to relive them,

They are a bit surprised when Callahan walks into the living room, while he is at most mealtimes they have never really seen him out of them besides when he is leaving his room in the morning, or

when they first met,

He waves at them, walking over and sitting in a chair across from them,

“Oh, hey Callahan,” They say back, even though they know the sign for hello (they don’t know anyone who doesn’t) Callahan can hear and they think it’s polite to verbally acknowledge them,

He makes a movement with his hands, spaced out a little between them, first he puts his hands up and taps his pointer and thumb together while the rest of his fingers are down, then he points at them, then he puts his hands out and pulls them in in a claw-like shape, then he taps the middle of his forehead with his hand and making a motion like setting something down on his palm, and then he signs two letters, S-L

“What?” They ask, they feel bad for not knowing what he is saying but really do not get what any of it means,

Callahan makes an exaggerated sighing motion with no actual annoyance behind it, taking out a piece of paper and writing something quickly on it before handing it over,

‘Do you want to learn sign language?’

“Oh, uh, sure,” They say, “But I really don’t know much,”

Callahan signs ‘Ok’ at them, something simple enough that they get it, mostly because it just looks like the letters,

Callahan slowly signs out some letters to them, K-N-O-W L-E-T-T-E-R-S, and they nod.

“Yeah, I know letters pretty well,” They affirm and Callahan nods happily,

E-A-S-I-E-R

“Really?” They ask, a bit surprised that just remembering 20-something hand gestures helps that much,

Callahan nods again, smiling,

He signs something to them, they’re pretty sure the first thing is ‘my’ as Callahan puts a hand to his chest, before tapping two fingers on each hand together in a cross and signing out C-A-L-L-A-H-A-N

“Oh, is that ‘my name is’?” They ask, “So you’re saying your name is Callahan?”

He nods happily again, clearly liking that they got it so fast, signing again but instead pointing to them and putting R-A-N-B-O-O at the end,

“My name is Ranboo?” They ask and Callahan nods to affirm,

“So I’d say it like,,,, my” They put a hand to their chest, “Name is,” They tap their fingers together like Callahan did, “Ranboo,” They sign the letters slowly, careful to get them right, looking up for confirmation,

Callahan claps, grinning at them widely, he signs something quickly that they don’t get any of, chuckling silently to himself at their confused look,

Y-O-U D-O G-O-O-D Callahan signs slowly for them, they doubt that is what he said the first

time but don't call him out on that,

"Thanks, can we try more?"

Callahan nods, pulling out a book and sliding it over to them,

"Well this would've been easier than you having to spell every individual letter," They state, staring at the sign language book in front of them,

Callahan shrugs, F-U-N,

They chuckle, "Sure, okay, so how do I do this..." They say, carefully signing things back and forth with Callahan, who either responds happily whenever they get it right or showing them the right one when they get it wrong,

They are surprised when they finally stop a few hours later, only noticing how dark it has gotten outside,

'Quick you get it' Callahan signs that them, they don't know the sign for 'quick' but by the action they guess that is what he is saying, 'Good job'

'Thank you' they sign back, the action looks kinda like blowing a kiss and missing, that's how they remember it anyways.

'No problem' Callahan signs back, 'Later I help more?'

'Please' They sign, smiling a bit wider than they should, 'Fun'

Callahan nods in agreement, 'Dinner, come,' He signs, getting up to go to the dinner table, now thinking of it Ranboo can smell it and is shockingly hungry, even though they didn't particularly do anything but make gestures with their hands.

They are very confused when instead of walking to the dining room they blink and are in their bedroom, laying down, their head feels strangely wet even though it doesn't burn,

They reach a hand up, wincing when they touch a wet sticky substance and pulling it down in front of their eyes,

They blink, surprised to see the dark red of blood, guess their horns finally broke through skin.

"Ow," They mutter, sitting up and hoping the pillows aren't too stained, carefully dragging themselves to the bathroom to look at themselves,

There is more blood than it looks like, they probably were laying for a while without noticing, a good portion of the white side of their head is dyed red, that is gonna be a pain to get out.

They sigh, very carefully grabbing a towel and dampening it, wincing when it drags over the newly opened skin where their horns broke through, they are smooth but not particularly tough, meant for headbutting into things like Tubbo or Schlatt or Puffy's are.

They don't particularly care to look into it right now, tired and in pain, carefully trying to get as much of the blood out as possible without burning themselves too terribly.

Once they deem themselves clean enough from blood they decide that they are much too awake now to go back to bed and resign themselves to joining tonight's insomnia club, making themselves only slightly more presentable and walking downstairs, relaxing from the sound of quiet chatting.

## Chapter End Notes

Callahan's sign is based on ASL because I know some ASL so I am less likely to get some wrong, even though I will anyways because god is it hard to translate ASL over text.

# Michael's Curing

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo joins insomnia club, they wish that XD would just shut up.

Michael gets cured from being a zombie.

Ranboo is Fine.

## Chapter Notes

Minor TW throughout the general chapter (mostly the first and last parts) of thoughts of possibly being insane and accidental self-injury.

MAJOR TW for the end with actual self harm (pressing on a wound, not actually inflicting it), and mentions of scars/past self harm. If you are triggered by said things I would recommend skipping the last portion!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They walk into the dining room, looking over those in the room, Techno, Wilbur, Tommy, Phil, the usuals, along with Dream.

They resist the urge to turn around and just go back to their room when they see Dream, it's not that they particularly dislike him, he isn't mean or anything, it's just a bit weird to speak to someone with the same voice as that appears in his strange reoccurring dream that may ALSO now be a hallucination,

Before they can decide between staying and running Tommy spots them, waving at them tiredly,

"Come to join us big man?" Tommy asks, "There is hot chocolate on the furnace,"

They nod, walking into the kitchen and getting themselves a glass before returning, sitting in one of the empty seats where they're all clustered,

"I wonder how much hot chocolate we go through," They say, taking a sip from their glass and wincing when they burn their tongue,

"Oh, way too much mate," Phil says, chuckling, "If we sold all our cocoa beans instead of using them we could single handedly topple the entire stock market,"

"I don't think that is how stocks work," Wilbur says,

"Yeah, that's just how powerful our bean stock is," Tommy states, crossing his arms,

"There is not a single person in this room who knows what stocks are, is there?" Techno says, placing his head in one of his hands, probably already having to go through multiple hours of

similar arguments,

“I do, I just like seeing you all be wrong,” Dream states, getting kicked under the table by Tommy, immediately kicking him back and starting a small game of footsie, Ranboo picks their cup up off the table to save it,

“So, why are you awake?” Tommy asks, very obviously kicking Dream again under the table,

“Horns broke through, I bled all over,” Ranboo explains simply, pushing down their hair slightly so the horns are visible, even though they don’t peak through the skin much yet,

Wilbur winces sympathetically, “That must’ve not been too fun to awaken to,”

“No, I had to get up to clean blood off and then I was too awake to go back to bed, so I decided to just join you all,” Ranboo says, shrugging, “I don’t really know if I slept anyways, my memory is all fuzzy before I woke up,”

“Oh, you havin’ another memory boy moment?” Tommy asks, getting a hissed ‘Tommy!’ and a punch to the shoulder from Wilbur, “What?! I’m just asking!”

They chuckle, “Yeah, yeah, maybe,” They say, “I remember learning some sign with Callahan and then going to walk into here for dinner but then it’s all blank from there,”

“Oh yeah, I remember you telling us about doing that!” Wilbur confirms, smiling, “Callahan thinks you’re doing really good,”

They flush only a bit, ears drooping happily, “I’m not that good, I mess up the word order a lot,”

They resist the urge to freeze in place when instead of from the mouths of the people around them they hear a voice like it’s right next to their ear, “They’re right, you did really good,” XD says, voice comforting but still incredibly disconcerting to hear,

They dig the nails of one of their hands that was resting on their leg instead of on their mug into it, something to focus on instead of the voice so they don’t react to it, they hope no one noticed,

“Uh, Ranboo?” Someone says and they look up when they hear a snap, “Are you with us?”

“Yeah, yeah, sorry,” They apologize, “Brain still all fuzzy, I zoned out,”

“It’s fine,” Phil hums, taking a sip from his mug, “Do you want to go back to bed?”

“No, no, I’m alright,” Ranboo assures, smiling shakily at him, “I probably wouldn’t be able to sleep anyways,”

“If you say so,” Phil answers, though he doesn’t seem particularly convinced,

Ranboo pulls up their legs to their chest, listening to the conversations around them, hoping no one notices how their breath gets slightly shakier whenever XD talks, just little comments about the surroundings, the conversations, the people, nothing malicious, but they still don’t like it.

They don’t like it at all.

People slowly leave to go to bed and try to get at least a few hours, Tommy first, wishing them all good night and escaping to his room, Wilbur follows a bit after, more to work on his latest songs than to actually try and sleep.



Next goes Dream and Phil, both leave a few minutes apart from each other, trying to get at least a few hours in,

Leaving just Ranboo and Techno, and the voices in their heads.

“Uh, Ranboo,” Techno starts, causing them to look up at him, “I know I’m not good at the whole, emotions, thing, but are you okay?”

“Yeah! Yeah I’m fine!” They say, much too quickly to be telling the truth, “I’m great!”

“Ranboo, you don’t need to lie to me,” Techno says and they physically deflate, curling up further in their chair, “We can tell that something is wrong,”

“It’s fine, it’s nothing,” Ranboo says again, rocking softly back and forth, more difficult while in a chair without risking tipping it over,

Techno sighs, accepting defeat, “You don’t have to tell me anything, but if something is wrong you can always talk to someone, okay? It doesn’t even have to be any of us,”

‘Who else?’ Ranboo thinks bitterly, looking away, but nodding, “I- I will, if there is anything I need to speak about, because there isn’t,”

“Great lying,” XD laughs in their head, “But you really don’t need to be scared of me,”

‘Shut up,’ They hiss back mentally, digging their nails deeper into their thigh,

Techno nods, “Goodnight, Ranboo,” He says, standing and reaching out like he is going to touch their shoulder or head before pulling back, leaving,

XD laughs harder in their head and they hold back the urge to growl at him, “Did he seriously just do that! That’s so awkward!”

“Yeah, and talking in my head isn’t,” They hiss back quietly, standing and walking to the kitchen, putting their mug away,

“Hey, I have no control over that!” XD says back, “I’m just happy to be able to talk to you more than just when you sleep,”

“And I am not,” They quip back, dropping their mug into the sink and accidentally splashing some (thankfully clean) water onto their hand, hissing as it burns their skin,

They check the damage, it’s not the worst (it’s pretty bad, actually, but they’ve had worse, so it’s *fine*), the area between their thumb and pointer on the back of their left hand, stretching out to almost the middle,

They cradle the hand in their other one as they escape the kitchen, it still hurts, there is still water burning it but they don’t want to go through drying it off, they don’t want to destroy another towel with their blood, and they’ll be fine.

Right?

Yeah, yeah, they’ll be fine.

They think the worst part of parenthood has to be seeing Michael suffering, it beats the time that Michael puked all over one of their favorite white blouses, when he accidentally hit them on the head directly where their horn was growing in and almost made them pass out in pain, whenever he cries and throws a tantrum (rarely),

No, Ranboo is convinced that seeing him whining pitifully under a small mound of blankets, a damp cloth on his head to fight off the fever even though he is trembling like he is freezing to death, is much worse than that,

“Shhhh, shhh, it’s okay,” They coo softly, running a hand along the thin hair on Michael’s head, which they’re still convinced is growing longer compared to the rest of his body, “It’s going to be okay,”

Michael whines again, reaching for them and they think they’re gonna start crying, swallowing down guilt that they caused this, it’s for the best for Michael, stopping the rot before it kills him, but seeing him like this still hurts deep in their chest,

“I know baby, I know, this is going to help, okay?” They say, more convincing themselves than Michael,

“Boo, Boo,” Michael whines, making grabby hands at them and they sigh, picking up the child and cradling him gently, careful to keep the rag on his forehead,

“I know honey,” They say soothingly, “It will be over soon,”

“Tubbo’s almost here,” XD tells them and they nod to no one, thanking him mentally, while they still definitely don’t LIKE his occasional presence in their head, it’s more than a bit helpful in some occasions,

They would’ve cured Michael later but the green rot was starting to spread further and Phil was fearing he might lose his other eye, and while Ranboo was perfectly fine possibly raising a blind child, if they could avoid further damage they definitely would, so they were stuck doing it now,

According to Phil it is ‘going well’, most of the rot has faded from the sickly green to a less sickly white, almost like scar tissue, but Ranboo is still in full parental worry mode over Michael’s fever and how much he’s cried,

Tubbo walks into the room, startling them from their thoughts, “I got another rag and some water if he can stomach it, I’m sorry I took a minute,” He says, walking to sit next to them,

“It’s fine,” Ranboo says, brushing their hair out of their own eyes, stress certainly hasn’t helped their migraine, though they’re glad they got through the worst of it before Michael had to go through this,

They carefully set Michael back down, sliding the blanket over him and changing out the rags, the slight dampness stings their fingers uncomfortably but they don’t care to focus on it, much too worried on their son to care,

“Bee, Boo,” Michael whines, reaching out with his tiny little baby hands, Tubbo slides to the other side of him, letting Michael grab onto one of his fingers,

“I know, it’s okay,” Tubbo says softly, “It will be over soon, and then you can play with uncle Tommy again, you like that don’t you?”

Michael makes a noise that sounds like agreement, Ranboo situates themselves so Tubbo and them

are on opposite sides of Michael, letting Michael grab their finger with his other hand,

Ranboo winces as pain like needles digging into their finger all over starts up when Michael takes it, their first thought being ‘when did he get so strong?’ before they feel something like a tug and then a familiar, slightly off feeling of distressed-content-distressed-content starts up,

They very, very carefully pull their hand away from Michael’s and look at it, staring in amazement at the mark surrounding their finger, still milky white with youth,

They look up to show Tubbo and find him staring in similar amazement at his own mark in the same spot,

They lock eyes for a second when Tubbo looks up before Tubbo politely looks away, knowing Ranboo’s discomfort with it,

“Oh my god,” Ranboo says, slightly choked, staring down in amazement at their, *their* son, who looks quite annoyed that they are no longer holding his hands,

“Ranboo, Ranboo, it’s like wedding rings,” Tubbo whispers in amazement, grabbing one of their hands in his so the soulmarks touch,

“It’s on the wrong finger Tubbo,” Ranboo says but can’t help the grin that breaks across their face, desperately blinking away happy tears from their eyes,

“Oh who cares!” Tubbo says, laughing and leaning over Michael, bumping their foreheads together softly and kissing the toddler on the cheek,

Michael cooes, waving his little baby hands happily, both of his palms colored, one a bright red and lime green and the other a darker, foresty one.

“I wonder how those are gonna look when he’s older,” Tubbo says, chuckling softly, “The ones I gave Schlatt when I was a baby look all weird now,”

“Yeah, maybe it’ll look like our fingers are giant,” Ranboo says, laying down next to the toddler again, Tubbo doing the same, keeping their hands interlaced over him,

“I love you,” Tubbo says, smirking when they sputter, “Planktonically,”

They laugh, muttering a small ‘oh my god’ to themselves before managing to make themselves become semi-serious again, “I love you too Tubbo,”

“Good,” Tubbo says simply and they snort again, chuckling at him,

“I love you Michael,” They chirp happily to the toddler, who answers back with babbling that they take as a response,

“Love you Michael,” Tubbo says, using his free hand to hold the toddlers, smiling when the toddler cooes happily at him,

“He’ll be okay,” Ranboo says, and Tubbo nods in confirmation,

“Yeah, he’ll be okay,” Tubbo says, smiling proudly at their child.

All three are found hours later, passed out curled around each other, no one tries to wake them up,

just bringing a blanket over to drape over them, letting the three rest, they all certainly need it.

Michael's condition gladly improves greatly after that, only taking a day or two longer before his fever breaks, all the rot dissipated into clean, white scar tissue at the edges of his skin, some of it has even started (steadily) rebuilding over the exposed bone of his ribs,

They make sure to keep his chest and stomach bandaged where bone and organs were exposed, not wanting an infection to get in, Ranboo is pretty sure if he manages to get an infection on an organ that they'll faint in worry,

They hum softly, holding him on their hip as they put newly washed (and dried) clothing onto hooks in their closet, Michael babbling happily about nothing,

"You're a good dad," XD compliments, his sudden voice making them jump,

"Yeah, thanks," They say none too bitterly, putting the clothing on the racks just a little bit more roughly, Michael makes a confused noise in his arms,

"I don't know why you're so mad at me," XD says, "I haven't done anything,"

"Oh you've done plenty," Ranboo hisses,

"I didn't expect you to pass out the first time I spoke! You panicked and wouldn't calm down!" XD argues, "And you yelling at everyone after is completely on you!"

"If you just stayed out of my head and didn't confirm that I was fucking insane none of that would've happened!" Ranboo snaps, softening when Michael makes a distressed noise in their arms, rocking him softly, "It's okay, not at you Michael,"

"You're not insane," XD assures softly, "I'm just like any other friend,"

"Yeah, right," They say bitterly, keeping their voice softer to not scare Michael again,

While they can't see him, they can never see his face anyways, they think he frowns,

"I am, I will stick around until you believe me," XD states, though his voice has a tinge of sadness and they have to fight off guilt for making a construct of their mind sad, "I'll leave you alone for now, though,"

"Good, maybe stay that way," Ranboo says, shutting the door to their closet and turning around, the phantom weight of the voice dissipates and they sigh, slowly sliding to the floor, holding their son to their chest gently but closely,

They should probably apologize to the others for yelling, they were going to and then things kept coming up, but they think Sam still feels guilty, not that it was really his fault, it wasn't his idea to keep close watch on them, honestly it was really no ones, it was just a lot of people's individual worries that built up into something excessive,

It's fine, really, they're over it, they can deal with some coddling if they can deal with years on a death server were respawns were glitchy at best, they can apologize like the basically-adult they are,

But they're not basically an adult, they are a child still, even though they have a son and a husband they are still a teenager, the second youngest, and should be able to be treated as such, they should've been cared for by a parental figure earlier,

But they weren't and they grew on their own and they're fine, really, their issues with being cared for are nothing really, it's not a big issue that they feel the need to care for themselves and don't know how to handle others doing so for them, it's fine, they're fine.

They press their thumb down hard on the water burn from a few nights before, pain sparking up from it, they only pull away once it gets bad enough their hand spasms and on instinct separates the two, gasping slightly in the rush of it,

They hear Michael whining softly and it pulls them out of whatever haze they were in, comforting him softly, they hope he didn't see that, it probably wouldn't be obvious to a toddler, but they don't think their son should have to see that,

They haven't resorted to something like that, well, not on purpose, in a while, not since Hypixel, not since they arrived here,

Because they're fine (the claw marks on their leg from a few nights before when XD started talking again sting), they're fine (the scars on their wrists from tearing too deep never stop itching), they're fine (the ones on their thighs do the same), they're fine (they still resort to hitting and scratching themselves when everything gets too much.) they're fine.

Right?

## Chapter End Notes

Answering questions here!!

horns! ow. normal endermen don't have horns tho so is this just pog character design or is boo part dragon or something? (or possibly the other hybrid side): It's mostly just pog character design??? Though I am questioning having Ranboo be half-dragon (or half-dragon half-enderman) to the story!

what's your favorite flower type? (part of above question but I split them):  
Chamomile, mostly because of the tea.

Multiple questions asking if Ranboo has a tail: Yes! I imagine them with two actually!  
(I am planning on making my design for all the characters eventually)

opinion on choccy milk?: Good :>

Will Ranboo also be getting wings: Maybe! I am still questioning if I should make him dragonboo or not!

# Pain

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo relapses, the others are there for them.

## Chapter Notes

MAJOR TW this chapter for graphic depictions of self-harm and some medical things like stitches, please do not read and stay safe if those are triggering for you!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It gets harder to avoid the urge to scratch and pick and hit walls and not properly take care of the little wounds they get from mobs after that,

It's fine, they're fine, they can deal with it, they guess this is a relapse, right? Hurting themselves is an addiction and they're relapsing after, what, a few months?

Maybe they should've counted, that's what someone is supposed to do when quitting something, count the days, something to be proud of, instead when they think of the possible number all they feel is sick,

They know the others must know something of it, when they were originally healed after being found they had different clothes put on them, so they must've saw, looking back they might've been checking also for the first few weeks while looking over the healing burns from the rain, but they didn't really have an excuse for checking after that, they probably just think that Ranboo's clean,

Which they are, definitely,

The burn on the back of their hand stings almost never-endingly, it has gotten worse from repeated times of being pressed on, once or twice they accidentally dug their nails in and caused little crescent-shaped cuts in it, it has blistered and popped multiple times, probably from repeatedly being touched,

They are surprised no one has spotted it yet, it stands out compared to the pale skin there, but they guess besides at meals when they occasionally take their gloves off it is usually covered, which is good, they don't want to worry anyone.

They don't know how but they wake up one day, their cats laid around them, no Michael, he went to sleep with Tubbo- and just know that today is the day they'll break and actually do something again,

It just feels like an inevitability, their skin doesn't fit properly, it feels uncomfortable and too tight all over and just not *right*.

There is a certain tremble to their hands as they get ready for the morning, biting down hard on their lip to stop themselves from yelping as they slide a glove over their burnt hand, it hurts very, very badly, maybe they should use a regen potion or something,,,,,

They won't, they know that.

They put on their other glove and fix their outfit to as presentable as possible, grabbing their crown and setting it on their head, a bit farther back on it so that it doesn't irritate their horns, the familiar weight comforting,

They take a few seconds to make themselves open the door to their room, they can reach out to it but their hand twitches away uncomfortably whenever they almost grab the handle and it takes them a few tries to force themselves to leave,

They walk down the stairs silently, sliding one of their hands along the railing, ears twitching as they hear the conversations going on, noises getting louder as they approach, everything feels distant, like they are watching it through a glass pane, movements slowed like they're underwater,

They walk into the dining room, a small, only slightly tired smile going onto their face when they see Michael,

"Hey Michael," They hum, going and kissing the toddler on the forehead before rounding the table to their own seat, the toddler shrieking happily and then going back to repeatedly stabbing his plate,

They can't remember what they have for breakfast, no flavor or emotion sticks out in their brain so it was probably something normal, maybe pancakes? They used a fork, but whatever they ate or if they even spoke to anyone blanks from their mind, they didn't care enough to try to grab onto it.

All they pay attention to is the fact that everyone leaves after breakfast, busy with things for the day, Tubbo even takes Michael to go and see the flower and bee field after Ranboo makes him promise to watch the toddler and make sure he doesn't get hurt, leaving Ranboo alone,

He would usually go out mining, everyone leaving to do their own things was normal, next to expected, they guess they just fell out of the routine with being watched due to their freakout and then because they had horns growing in,

Some part of them is almost angry that now after they purposefully pushed people away and wanted their own peace and quiet that now when they get it they're not happy they're alone, why can't they just be happy?

Why can't they just be happy?

They walk almost robotically, automatically, to the living room, sitting down in their chair and curling up, resting their chin on their knees, they are trembling even though it isn't cold, they want to get up and do something (they don't want to admit what 'something' is) but they remain firmly in their spot,

What is really the worst that could happen if they hurt themselves again?

Well, the worst is obvious, they get caught and aren't trusted to be alone ever again, maybe they'll never be allowed to hold a sword again (like they need a sword to protect themselves), maybe they'll be kept inside and watched constantly again, maybe everyone will decide they aren't correct to raise Michael anymore,

Okay, easy solution, just don't have them realize, they have hidden other things fine, so it'll probably be okay,

Yeah, yeah, it's fine.

Wait, why were they agreeing that this was a good idea?

This is all so confusing, they don't even realize when they stand and walk upstairs to their room, footsteps stealthy even though no one but pets are home to hear them, it's natural, to go back into being a shadow in their own home,

They walk into their room, ignoring their cats even as one rubs against their leg and meows at them, instead searching through a chest until they find what they're looking for,

A netherite dagger, the blade is much more decorative than for actual use, while they doubt it would break easily, and it was plenty sharp, it was meant to be hung up somewhere in a house or for a knife collection, not to be actually used for anything,

They grab it, hands almost too steady, vision just a bit hazy, they felt like they were in the middle of complete blankness, not thinking at all, and a constant dizzying scream of thoughts in their head that never stops.

They walk over to their bathroom door, shutting it behind them without letting any of their cats in, rolling up the sleeves of the dark blue sweater they are wearing, taking off their gloves, not even reacting to the pain of it rubbing on the burn,

They grab the knife again, putting their back against the wall and sliding down it, staring at their arms, scars already line them, healed completely at this point, is this really a good idea?

'Yes, yes, yes' Their mind answers immediately, chanting, making them slowly lift the knife until it is resting against the back of their arm,

"What are you doing?" XD asks suddenly and they flinch hard enough that they pull the knife away from their arm, breathing hard were they are pressed against the wall,

"Get out of my head," They whisper, unable to stop the tears pooling in their eyes but desperately trying to blink them away,

"No, I don't think I will," XD says, sounding much more serious, "Are you about to fucking cut yourself?!"

They don't answer, dropping the knife and reaching up their hands to cover their ears, trying to block the voice out even though they know it won't work,

"Ranboo, Ranboo, you can't do this, you have been clean for so long, you can keep going, this can be a little almost-relapse and you can be fine!" XD says, trying to convince them almost desperately, they hate that he sounds worried,

"What does it matter," They hiss, "I'll just be like this tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day,"

"You don't know that, Ranboo, you can talk about this, okay? It doesn't have to be to me, but please just talk to someone!" XD says, desperately trying to convince them,

"No, everyone will think I'm crazier than I already am," They state, shaking their head sadly,



“No they won’t! Others have dealt with things like this, they’ll help!” XD says, they can almost imagine him in front of them,

“XD,” They say, voice deadly serious, “Get out of my head,”

“No! If I leave you’ll hurt yourself!” XD argues, “I’m staying until you say you won’t!”

They grab the knife “XD, get out of my head,”

“No! Put the knife down,” XD commands, fear clear in his tone,

They put the knife to their wrist again, not pressing down, just feeling the coolness of the blade against their skin, “XD, get out of my head,”

“No! Put the knife down!” XD commands harder, almost yelling in their head,

They press the knife down and slide it against their skin in a quick motion, gasping softly in the pain that alights from it immediately, it is almost calming, relieving,

“Get out,” They manage, staring down at their arm as red blood bubbles up and starts to drip, not much, it wasn’t deep,

“Okay! Okay! Just stop hurting yourself, please!” XD begs,

“Out,” They command again and feel the weight of XD’s voice leave them, slumping slightly in relief,

They put the knife lower down their arm, sliding it across again, pushing just a bit harder, just a bit deeper, relishing in the feeling of their skin splitting open, the pain that lights up after they pull the blade away,

Maybe they get a bit carried away in the routine of sliding the blade over skin and watching blood bubble up, to the point they flip to their wrist and eventually move onto the other arm, but they’re fine,

It’s fine, this is fine, it’s not too bad, they’re smiling aren’t they? It’s not so bad, oh god why are they doing this? It’s not that bad, oh my god what if someone finds them? It’s not too bad.

They don’t even hear when the front door opens.

Technoblade prides himself in a lot of things, he prides himself in being an amazing fighter, he prides himself for being level-headed in bad situations, he prides himself on being a human GPS.

He, possibly most of all, even though he doesn’t talk about it much, prides himself on knowing when something is wrong.

Someone would think it is mostly the voices, that scream at the slightest sign of danger, or just command him to kill it (which he sometimes humors), but it has existed long since before the voices appeared in his mind, even as a small barely-child who knew how to hold a sword a bit too well and didn’t seem that put off by blood he just had a gut feeling when something was wrong,

And something was wrong.

He is with Phil, they are only a hundred-or-so blocks out from the house, trading with villagers for maps, searching for one with a woodland mansion they didn't explore yet, not that they'd explored many yet, but adventures were always interesting, and usually make the voices stop yelling for violence for at least a little bit,

It starts with a sour taste in the back of his mouth that he can't seem to swallow down, it makes him keep checking his inventory to make sure he isn't missing something, that makes him look around at any stray noise (and almost impale a stray bunny for stepping on a stick.)

Then there is some uneasiness in his stomach that grows, something is wrong, something is wrong but not here, not with him, what's wrong?

And then comes chat, next to screeching at him.

**RANBOO**

**Ranboo's hurt**

**help them!**

**go back to the house**

**PROTECHNOBLADE!**

**help the kid**

**they're hurt!**

**blood for the blood god!**

**oh they're bleeding a lot**

"What?" He whispers, mostly to himself, desperately trying to listen in on the cacophony of voices but being unable to catch anything else besides similar or repeated phrases,

"What is it mate?" Phil asks, looking from where he was trading with a villager worriedly,

He swallows hard, pushing down the voices again, they just make him more stressed, "Chat is freaking out, I think that Ranboo is hurt,"

Phil's eyes widen and he quickly packs up his things into his inventory, "Where are they?"

"I think they're still at the house, the voices aren't helpin' much," Techno states, quickly doing the same,

They both set off back to the house, not engaging in much conversation, they aren't particularly running, the voices have lied about this kind of thing before, but they definitely aren't going slowly,

When the house comes into view nothing particularly seems amiss but Techno isn't convinced, just because it isn't actively on fire or destroyed doesn't mean something couldn't be going on inside, so instead he stomps in, the voices next to begging him to go upstairs,

He doesn't care to wait for Phil before he does, finding the door to Ranboo's room just slightly opened, walking in without asking permission,

It is empty, the cats are all clustered around the bathroom door, scratching at it and mewling, one of the chests is left open,

He walks over to the door, gently nudging the cats to the side with his foot before knocking,

"Ranboo, are you in there?"

He hears nothing for a few seconds before he hears a soft *drip* of liquid hitting tile, just a drop,

“Ranboo, can you open the door?” He says, much more panicked than before, resisting the urge to just kick the door in immediately,

No response yet again, just more *drip, drip, drips* of unknown liquid.

“Ranboo, I’m coming in,” He says, having the mind to try the doorknob, it, surprisingly, isn’t locked,

He swings the door open, eyes widening as he looks upon the enderman hybrid with a small pool of blood under their dripping arms, a netherite blade in hand clearly not meant to be used for such things,

“Oh honey,” He says softly, staring in horror, he never wants to see one of his make-shift family members injured, he never wanted to see *Ranboo* injured, not since he found him half-dead in the rain from one of these same feelings,

Ranboo looks over at him quickly, apparently not noticing when he opened the door, and immediately start tearing up, dropping the knife and pulling their arms to their chest,

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” They sob, almost babbling, curling up tightly, probably staining the sweater they’re wearing with their own blood, “I didn’t mean to- I mean- I didn’t- I’m so sorry!”

“Shhh, shhhh, it’s okay honey,” He shushes, keeping his tone soft, forcing himself not to freak out, slowly walking over so that Ranboo can pull away if necessary, “I’m not mad,”

Ranboo whimpers but doesn’t recoil, rocking themselves slightly, “I’m sorry,”

“I know, I know,” Techno says, very gently reaching out and pulling the hybrid into their arms, half-hugging half-carrying them, “It’s okay,”

“It’s not!” Ranboo sobs back, clutching Techno’s cape tight in their claws, he doesn’t even care that the blue blood on Ranboo’s darker side is probably ruining it, “I shouldn’t have but I did anyways and I ruined everything and- and-”

“Hey, it’s okay, you didn’t ruin anything,” Techno says, rocking himself softly, knowing that it’s something Ranboo does to calm down,

They don’t respond, just shoving their face into Techno’s shoulder and sobbing harder, sometimes babbling small “i’m sorry”s.

Techno hears Phil enter the room finally and doesn’t even look behind him, focusing on the panicking teen, “Phil, grab the medical kit, they’re injured,”

Phil, who probably sees the blood and cuts along Ranboo’s arms, runs off to get it without talking,

“Ranboo, we’re going to patch you up, alright? And then we’ll talk and you can tell us what’s going on, and it’s all gonna be okay,” Techno explains softly, rubbing circles into their back when they whimper in response, “You don’t have to talk until you’re ready, alright? If you would rather talk to someone else we’ll call them here.”

Ranboo nods weakly into his shoulder, not protesting when Techno manages to wrangle them so he can pick them up, carrying them from the slightly bloodied bathroom into their bedroom, managing

to not trip over the many worried cats as he leaves the room, very carefully walking down the stairs,

Phil leaves the medical room with the first aid kit as they reach the bottom and Techno nods towards the living room, hoping the familiar space will help Ranboo stay calm during the cleaning process, or at least help a bit,

He takes the lead, walking in and setting them down carefully in the seat they love so much, having the thought to grab one of the towels that Phil brought and placing it in Ranboo's lap so they don't bleed onto their favorite chair, they'd probably be devastated if they ruined it, and if this becomes a bad (or traumatic) memory Techno doesn't want it to be a constant reminder,

"Okay mate, I am gonna press this to the cuts so they stop bleeding, alright?" Phil says, showing Ranboo the sterile pads that he's going to use,

Ranboo nods, holding out their arms, still dripping onto the white towel below, staining it a mix of blue and red.

Phil winces slightly but very softly takes Ranboo's arm, having to hold above the elbow as to not irritate any wounds, and presses the pad to the more worrying cuts, Techno after a moment of thought starts to do the same on the other arm,

Ranboo stays shockingly still even though it must hurt, though they are trembling all over and sniffing still, sometimes letting out small sobs or enderman-like distressed chirps that make both of their hearts hurt,

Most of the cuts have stopped bleeding on the arm Techno is helping but one on their wrist, the one they were making when Techno walked in (he hates that thought), a little jagged from when Ranboo flinched when he talked, just won't stop, it clearly hasn't hit a vein or Ranboo wouldn't still be awake, but it definitely is worse than the others,

"Phil," He says, he hates how distressed it sounds, he hasn't sounded like that in a while, he hates when he sounds like that, when he sounds like he doesn't know what to do, but his medical knowledge extends to battles, making sure someone can still wield a sword and fight semi-well before they inevitably probably die, usually using an excessive amount of insta-heal pots, not making sure the second youngest in their household heals properly.

"Shit," Phil curses, staring at the still steadily bleeding cut, "We need to get one of the others,"

"No, no, no, no," Ranboo says immediately, shaking their head almost hysterically, curling away from the both of them slightly, though they don't get far being boxed between them and the back of their chair, "Don't, I'm sorry, I'll be normal I'm sorry please don't get rid of me I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry,"

"Mate,,," Phil says softly, trailing up, staring in a mix of horror and pity as Ranboo slowly works themselves into a panic, breaths wheezing and harsh,

"Ranboo, it's okay, we're not gettin' rid of you," Techno says softly, moving so he's not cornering them as much, more on their side than their front, "Ranboo, kid, can you look at your palms for me?"

Ranboo looks at the palms of their hands shakily, Tommy's golden yellow sticking out there,

"That's Tommy's mark on you, do you think he or Niki or Tubbo or Purpled would ever forgive any of us if we got rid of you?" Techno asks, gently taking one of Ranboo's hands into his own,

“N-no,” Ranboo manages, still whimpering slightly under their breath but noticeably calmer,

“Yeah, and none of us are wanting to get rid of you anyways, alright? You’re here whether you like it or not, so get used to it,”

Ranboo, gladly, laughs a tiny bit at the joke, it feels a bit more forced than usual but they don’t panic further at it,

“We’re just gonna call someone to help with these since they aren’t stopping bleeding so that is dangerous, and they’re gonna look over them and help you, okay? Even if they are a bit surprised no one will be angry at you,” Techno explains, pointing at the cut that just won’t stop bleeding,

Ranboo nods, though they look less than thrilled at other people knowing,

“I’ll message Bad, he’s better at injuries like this than Ponk is,” Phil says, pulling out his communicator, “He may come with some others because he isn’t out alone right now, so be prepared okay? They aren’t gonna be angry either, no one is,”

Ranboo nods, letting them busy themselves waiting by patching up the rest of the injuries and applying pressure to the wound that is still dripping,

They flinch hard at the sound of the front door opening but don’t have any reaction besides that, just staring blankly at the towel on their arm slowly being stained in blood,

“In here mate!” Phil calls, a bit quieter to not scare Ranboo further but enough to be hearable,

“Are you okay? I got a message that someone was injured-” Bad walks into the room, eyes widening when he sees Ranboo, face scorched from tears and still bleeding, “-ed.”

Techno is pretty sure that Bad can feel both of their worry from across the room because he approaches slightly softer, carefully kneeling in front of Ranboo’s chair, making himself a bit less imposing,

“Hey Ranboo,” Bad greets softly, almost casually, careful to not scare them further,

“Hi,” Ranboo responds back, barely hearable, though they don’t say anything further,

“Do you think you can go to the medical room so I can patch this up?” Bad asks, he ignores when he hears more footsteps enter the room, focusing completely on the injured teen,

Ranboo nods softly, Phil and Techno moving back to they can get up, a little shaky-legged,

“Come on, let’s go fix you up,” Bad says, very carefully taking one of their arms where it’s not injured and leading them to the medical room,

The people who just stepped in, Skeppy, Ant, and the fiances (Bad kinda wishes he didn’t go out with so many today), apparently take it as their queue to leave and all leave to the dining room, moving much quicker than Bad and the teen woozy from blood loss,

He takes them into the medical room, letting them sit themselves on the bed while he grabs some simple dressings, things to clean the wound that aren’t water-based, and a needle and thread,

“This might hurt just a bit, but since it is larger we need to clean it properly so it doesn’t get an infection,” Bad explains, Ranboo nods, a bit blanker than Bad would like but at least semi-conscious of whatever is going on,

He slowly takes the towel off of Ranboo's arm, assessing the damage, it isn't a vein at least, but still worrying, would need stitches,

He forces his face to remain level, instead placing the towel under the arm and pouring the cleaning liquid over it, watching Ranboo for any pain even though their face remains blank,

He dabs off some of the liquid afterwards, grabbing the needle,

"Sorry, this is gonna hurt a bit, I'd usually give you a sleeping potion if doing stitches but when someone is bleeding this much that can be dangerous and-" He starts before Ranboo cuts him off,

"It's okay, I've gotten stitches before," Ranboo says a bit numbly and he frowns,

"Oh,,,,,, right." He says, carefully aligning the needle and sliding it through the skin, Ranboo doesn't react, staying frozen still in place, Bad continues, not wasting time, until the stitches are clean and complete,

Bad dresses them after, carefully putting the gauzes in place and keeping them there with wrappings, making sure it's all secure before pulling away,

"We'll give you a regen potion after it's healed a bit itself, if we give you one too early than it can cause an excess amount of scar tissue which can be bad later," He explains, looking over the other bandages to make sure they're secure,

Ranboo nods, looking anywhere but him, Bad looks up at their face briefly and notices the burn marks on their cheeks are still unbandaged, wincing softly,

"Can I dress those?" He asks, gesturing towards the marks on their cheeks,

They nod and he very carefully gets to work.

Ranboo ends up in the living room again after Bad finishes, curled up tight in their chair with their weighted blanket wrapped around them, they can feel eyes on them from Phil and Techno, sat across from them, but can't bring themselves to look up and meet their gaze, staring rather intensely at the floor instead,

Everything feels kind of distant and fuzzy, they can't feel the pain from their arms or their face even though they know they should, it should hurt quite a lot, they just feel numb.

That's probably worrying,

"Okay Ranboo," Phil starts, "Do you want to talk about what happened?"

They shake their head 'no', they think if they have to explain 'I just felt like it and also the voice in my head would go away if I threatened them with it' they'd probably panic so hard they passed out again,

Phil sighs, nodding, "Okay, okay, what's going to happen is we're going to go take any sharp objects from your room so you're not a danger to yourself, okay?"

They nod, honestly expecting that,

“When you leave the house you can have your normal tools so that mobs don’t overrun you, but they’re gonna be kept downstairs and out of your room when inside, is that okay?”

They nod again,

“Some of the others already know so everyone is probably going to learn, is that okay?”

They nod, they don’t really care, (they do care, they care quite a lot actually, but they have no energy to argue against it.)

“When Puffy comes home we’re going to talk to her about finding therapy options for you, so you can get help,”

*That* is what finally gets through the numbness, making them look up quickly,

“I’m not crazy,” They hiss, a bit harsher than they wanted to,

“We’re not sayin’ you are, but if you won’t talk to any of us about it than you have to talk to someone else,” Techno states, they resist the urge to flinch back at his tone,

“*Fine.*” They spit, much harsher than they wanted to, “Can I go to my room?”

“Not until we get the dangerous objects,” Phil says and they resist the urge to dig their nails into their thigh, having to take a few deep breaths to stop themselves,

“Than hurry up,” They say, curling up further under their blanket, escaping the harshness of their gazes, they can’t tell how much of it is imagined or not, they feel like they’re going insane, this is the worst outcome,

Is it? Are they even worse than they thought that being found out was higher on the list than possibly dying?

They don’t know.

They sigh in relief at the sound of footsteps leaving and going upstairs to *take* their *things*, (they’re not taking them, they’re just moving them somewhere else for their safety), before immediately regretting their relief when footsteps enter the room,

“Uh, hey Ranboo,” Someone says, voice muffled, they’re pretty sure it’s Antfrost? Sometimes he sounds similar to Bad and it’s hard to differentiate the two,

“Hey,” They respond back softly, “Do you also want to chew me out for being stupid?”

“No, no,” He responds instantly, walking closer, “I just wanted to ask if you want some hot chocolate, I know it helps when someone is,,, like this,”

“Sad?” They supply, looking up at the person and confirming that it is, indeed, Antfrost,

He winces but nods, “Yeah, I guess,”

They nod, “Sure, a glass would be nice,”

Antfrost nods back, a shaky smile on his face, saying a small, “Okay, I’ll be right back,” before running off back to the kitchen,

They sigh, curling up under their blanket, with the added blanket rocking back and forth is difficult

so instead they just basically melt into their seat, wishing they were literally anywhere but this exact moment,

They're pretty sure that they blank out for a moment because Ant reappears much faster than he probably should, holding two glasses of hot chocolate, handing one over to them and then sitting down on the floor, sipping his own,

They are a bit confused at the lack of questioning but don't want to jinx it, instead just focusing on drinking their own hot chocolate, it is cooled a bit so they don't burn their tongue immediately, not that they'd even notice currently,

"Do you like cats?" Antfrost asks suddenly after a few minutes, making them almost choke on their drink,

"What?" They ask, wiping off some of the hot chocolate onto their sleeve, not really caring about saving this sweater anymore,

"Do you like cats?" He asks again, "I know you have some, I was just interested,"

"Uh, yeah, I like all animals," They say a bit nervously, shifting around slightly, "Just cute and small things,"

Antfrost laughs softly, "Is that why you like Tubbo so much?"

They sputter, "Hey, you're short too!"

Antfrost laughs back, "No! You're just tall!"

"That doesn't mean you're not short!" They say back, giggling to themselves, careful to not spill any of their hot chocolate on themselves,

"Fine, I am *slightly below average*," Ant states, making them giggle more,

"Yeah, yeah, sure," They say sarcastically, rolling their eyes,

Ant gasps in faux-offence before failing at keeping up the act, falling into soft laughter as well.

It's a nice distraction, helps ease a bit of the cold numbness that has infected Ranboo's chest, hollowing them out from anything else, it's nice.

Ranboo doesn't go to down from their room for dinner, Ant, like the saint he is, brings them up a plate, bringing his own and just sitting with them, not expecting them to talk about anything, just quiet conversation about nothing in particular,

He also officially meets all of Ranboo's cats, and is almost as fond of them as Ranboo is, which they enjoy.

"Puffy is going to come up after dinner so you know, I just wanted to warn you," Ant states and they nod, sighing,

"I guess I'll have to talk eventually," They grumble, taking another bite of their food, it's good, well, it's probably good, they don't really process the flavor of it,



Ant frowns but nods, "I'm sorry, this is probably stressful, you don't really know a lot of us very well,"

They sigh, curling in themselves a bit more, "It's fine, I was stupid and now I'm paying the price,"

"You weren't stupid," Ant argues immediately, "You did something bad to yourself, which sucks, but you're not stupid, you were hurting, we should've talked about this in the first place before it progressed this badly,"

"This was the first time since I came here," They admit, they don't really know why, they barely know Ant, it just falls out of their mouth, "I forgot mostly about it, to be honest, until I didn't, and then I had a knife in my hands,"

Ant winces, frowning, "That's- I'm sorry, Ranboo, but you went a long time! I'm very proud of you for that,"

They blink, "You're proud of me?"

"Yes! You made it a very long time without even thinking about it, and next time will be even longer, and maybe one day you'll never think of it again!" It's optimistic, they know that, meant to be reassuring, but it *is* reassuring, so they'll let it pass.

They nod, placing down their empty plate next to them and hugging their legs to their chest, their tails wrapping around their ankle,

Ant smiles at them only a bit softly, reaching out one of his hands and taking one of theirs, his palm has raised, padded parts, like a cat, it makes them smile a bit,

"You have *paws*," They say softly, like a curious child (they guess they are), wondering how they never noticed before,

Ant laughs softly, "Yeah, yeah, I have paws,"

"That's so cool," They whisper, unlacing their hands and instead staring at Ant's palm, Ant laughs more, smiling at them,

"Yeah, it is," He agrees, slowly pulling his hand away, Ranboo releases it, flushing just a bit, realizing that was probably a bit weird,

"I'm gonna bring our plates back down and get Puffy, do you want me to bring someone else up for comfort?" He asks, waiting for a response as he picks up both empty plates,

"Um, Niki?" They ask quietly, picking at the carpet with one of their claws, "Or- no, nevermind, it's fine if you just bring Puffy,"

"Ranboo, do you *want* me to bring Niki up," Ant asks patiently, letting them decide,

They frown, they do, they really do, but they don't want to be annoying, they don't want to give them more of a reason to want to get rid of them,

"Yes," They say, very softly, they're surprised Antfrost catches it, but he nods,

"I'll bring them both up," He says and leaves the room.

Niki is the one who opens up the door, gently, like she usually does, before taking one look at them and frowning,

“Oh *Boo*,” She says, so gently, and they almost want to cry for the third time that day, instead they just curl up closer on themselves and whimper, knowing they probably look, so, so pathetic, leaning against their bed wrapped in a blanket, covered in bandages,

She walks over gently, giving them time to tell her to leave, kneeling down next to them, “Can I sit next to you?” She asks carefully,

They nod, opening up the blanket so she can slide next to them under it, letting them lean against her, basically hiding under her even though she is much shorter than them, they’ve always been good at making themselves smaller,

Puffy, graciously, waits for them to settle before approaching, sitting a few feet in front of them, enough they can easily hear each other, but Puffy couldn’t reach out and touch them,

“Hey Ranboo,” She greets gently, “You had a pretty rough day, huh?”

They nod softly, curling up further under Niki if possible, she puts an arm around their shoulder soothingly, one hand running gently through their dual-toned hair,

“So, the others wanted me to talk to you about some therapuffy options, alright?” She says softly, they nod in response, not pointing out that she pronounces it weirdly, “Are you okay with that?”

They shrug, they don’t really know, they don’t feel like they deserve it, they don’t want someone poking around in their head, they feel like it’s punishment for their actions, they don’t know.

She takes in a small breath, they frown, she is annoyed at them probably, “Okay, would you rather a boy or a girl therapist? Or do you not care?”

“I don’t really care,” They whisper, she nods again, smiling at them,

“Okay, I’ll talk to some friends, we could probably get you a meeting within a few days, is that alright?”

They nod again, moving one of their hands to grip Niki’s free one, only aware once they do so that they’re shaking,

Puffy smiles at them so kindly and it hurts a bit, “Sounds good, I’m glad I can help you, Ranboo,”

She gets up to leave, Niki turns to them, “Do you want me to stay?”

“It’s okay if you leave,” They answer and she nods, slowly detaching herself, briefly before she leaves she very gently takes one of their cheeks to turn them towards her and kisses their hairline, it reminds them of when they were a sick, feverish child instead of a teenager sitting on their floor trying not to cry,

“You can always come talk to me, alright?” She says softly, still cradling their head in her hands, “Even if I’m busy, just message me and I’ll be here, everyone else will too, alright? You just need to ask and we’ll be there,”

“Okay,” They agree softly, bringing up one of their sleeves to dab at tears before they burn their

face further, “Okay,”

She smiles, planting another kiss on their forehead before leaving as quietly as she arrived, clicking the door shut behind her.

They sigh, relaxing slightly, maybe this was a good thing, maybe it’d make them not feel like they were underwater all the time, drowning in numb cold,

Or maybe it’d make it worse, having to talk about it all the time, maybe their therapist would tell everyone just how terrible they were, that they were a liar,

Before that train of thought can get any worse, the door burst open, revealing Tommy, standing there happily,

“Big man!” He says, Ranboo is almost confused at how loud he is, “Come downstairs!”

“Uh, why?” They ask, apparently not having learnt by now to never question Tommy,

“Because I said so, bitch!” Tommy says, turning to stomp away, stopping next to the door, “Please,” He says after before running off,

They blink, sighing and getting off their floor, keeping their blanket draped around their shoulders, having the mind to grab a pillow before following where Tommy went, going to the living room after they hear his voice,

Tubbo is pulling out the couch while Fundy holds the toddler a few feet away, the toddler desperately trying to get out of his hold to help his dad, Purpled is sitting on one of the other couches, not helping in the slightest, while Tommy watches, saying absolute gibberish directions,

“What did I walk in on?” They ask, smiling fondly at the five,

“Oh thank god,” Fundy says, holding out Michael, “Please take him, he hates me,”

“Aw, he doesn’t hate you,” They say but take Michael anyways, having to hold him one-armed so that they can balance their pillow under the other, “Hi Michael,”

“Boo! Boo!” Michael shouts happily, wiggling around in their arms, “Fox mean! Fox mean!”

“Okay, maybe he *might* dislike you,” Ranboo says, chuckling as the toddler chants,

Fundy whines, very dramatically falling to the floor which makes Michael laugh wildly,

“Ranboo! Pick your spot!” Tommy demands, pointed to the now pulled out couch, it is one of the largest ones,

“Uh, it’s fine, I don’t care,” They say, shifting a bit uncomfortably at being put on the spot,

Tommy give them a Look before taking their pillow and putting it in the middle, raising a brow like he’s asking their opinion on it,

They nod a little in response and he takes it as a good thing, apparently, because he brightens up and goes back to setting up the makeshift bed, layering on blankets and pillows, Fundy joins in to

help, randomly changing things positions to a spot that he considers 'better', Tommy is surprisingly accepting of it, just moving things around in place of it,

Ranboo sits off to the side while they do that, distracting Michael, who is noticeably tired, it is quite late, he should probably already be to bed, but they're a lenient parent, they'll let him get away with it this once,

"And done!" Tommy says, staring proudly at the pile of pillows and blankets, "Ranboo, do you want to lay down first?"

They raise a confused eyebrow at him but shrug, moving to sit down on the soft surface, it is shockingly quite comfortable,

"It's comfy," They say softly, next to melting into the blankets,

Tommy whoops happily, high fiving Tubbo before everyone finds their own spots, Michael and then Tubbo and Tommy on side of them with Purpled on their other side and Fundy next to him, it is a little squished with all of them but comfortably so,

They pull their weighted blanket over themselves, careful that not much of it is on Michael so it doesn't squish him, relaxing into the sounds of the others arguing what movie to put on,

It's nice, even though their arms and face still ache, it's nice, and they think here, with the sounds of people who care about them nearby, with their son dozing off onto their shoulder, that maybe, things will be okay.

Yeah, things will be okay.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter is I'm pretty sure the longest I've ever written at over 6000 words??? So yeah I went a bit overboard.

Also I'm sorry there has been a lot of angst recently, the next few chapters are gonna be mostly fluff (or atleast the 'comfort' part of hurt/comfort).

# Therapy

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo's first therapy session, a following session, and them opening up to Techno about XD.

## Chapter Notes

I have given you a bunch of comfort for your hurt:>

Heres the answering to some questions from the poll!

Ya like jazz? - No

This is a really long question so im not copying it but basically how do you think wings would grow in - I think they would first get the main top bones and have basically little bulbs that poke out the back and would eventually break through the skin all at once, probably much more painfully than horns.

can i be the flower girl in you and that one persons planktonic (hehe) wedding? - Of course

Also a blanket acceptance to the several marriage proposals, of course my beloveds <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To say Ranboo is excited for therapy would be a severe overstatement, no, if anything they are dreading it as they get up the morning before, anxiety already making itself known deep in their stomach, making them feel nauseous,

They sigh, carefully sitting up as to not awaken the sleeping toddler next to them and getting out of bed, wiping the sleep out of their eyes as they walk to their closet, opening it,

They very harshly avoid the fact that the sword they usually kept near the bottom, for safety, is gone, it's fine, they can deal with such a little change, it definitely doesn't make anxiety thrum in their stomach and chest and heart, it's fine.

They get an outfit probably a bit too formal and put it on quickly, not looking down at themselves, very harshly ignoring the bandages still on their arms, they were changed last night so they still feel new and sticky and pull at their skin uncomfortably.

They pick up their crown off of their dresser, carefully setting it on their head so it doesn't hit against their still growing, but gladly less painful, horns,

They think they look a bit rough, looking in the mirror, under their eyes still plastered to protect healing burns, were their under-eyes are visible they are clearly bruised from lack of sleep, eyes just a tiny bit bleary,

But they're fine, no really! It's all good, just a little mess up, everything is fine, they'll go to therapy and their therapist will say it's all good and everything will go back to normal!

They hear Michael start to stir and pull themselves away from their reflection, going over to the toddler who is shifting around in his sleep, clearly awakening,

"Hi Michael," They coo softly, rubbing a thumb across Michael's chubby little baby cheek, smiling when he snorts at it, opening his eye to look at them, it is green, like Ranboo's right and both of Tubbo's, a part of both of them,

Michael babbles happily at them tiredly, reaching up and making grabby hands to be lifted up, and who is Ranboo to refuse?

They hum softly as they pick the toddler up, sometimes saying small 'Oh that's interesting' or 'really?' as he babbles to them, getting some clothing for him to change into, managing to get the toddler changed even as he wiggles about,

They pick him up and leave their room quietly, walking down the stairs, resisting the urge to turn and just go back to bed, they'll have to go eventually,

Niki gives them a small wave as they walk in and set Michael in his highchair, ruffling his hair softly before going to their own seat,

They don't eat much, just pushing food around their plate, they're pretty sure if they took more than a few bites their anxiety would make them vomit all over themselves,

They get up to scrape their plate before anyone else, ignoring the feeling of eyes against their back as they walk into the kitchen, they don't know if the whispers are real or just their brain imagining things, they don't like not knowing what's real or not,

The bandage over the burn on their hand looks very tempting, they put the hand in their pocket to avoid looking at it further,

Puffy comes in a bit after they did, a patient smile on her face as she puts her plate in the sink, "Are you ready to go?"

They nod instead of answering, not trusting their voice, they're pretty sure if they tried to say anything they'd choke on their words,

She smiles, "Okay, I'll be waiting outside, be out in a few minutes?"

They nod again and watch her leave, sighing and slumping against the wall for just a few seconds, just a few seconds to pull themselves together,

They let the moment pass and stand up again, walking to the front door and sliding on a pair of shoes, not bothering with armor or weapons,

Puffy is leaning against one of the posts holding up the roof of the porch when they walk out, talking to Dream about nothing in particular, they stop themselves from cringing at the sight of him, having to mentally remind themselves that, no, Dream isn't XD,

She notices them and perks up, "Hey Ranboo, Dream is just here to open up the server portal since he's admin, hope you don't mind,"

"It's fine," They say softly, fidgeting with the sleeves of their jacket, looking down at their shoes

instead of at the two in front of them,

Puffy grabs their shoulder gently to guide them to the server portal, it is more grounding than intimidating even though they don't particularly want touch currently, so they accept it,

The walk there is quiet, or maybe they're just not focusing on Dream and Puffy having a conversation, they don't know, they just know that quicker than they wanted to they're in front of the server portal, the same one they went through to go get their stuff from Hypixel, the same one they probably went through to get here in the first place,

An irrational but loud, loud fear shouts in them that maybe instead of an appointment they'll walk through and be back at Hypixel alone again, this time without even their pets and with scarred over marks that will haunt them for the rest of their life,

Their breath is probably going a bit faster than it should over an irrational, stupid fear,

"Ranboo," Dream says and it shocks them out of whatever pit they were falling into, making them flinch slightly, "You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, fine," They say, swallowing hard, offering him a shaky smile that he probably doesn't believe,

"Hey, I know it's scary but I promise it's not as bad as you think, okay?" He says and they're a bit surprised, neither of them are particularly close through anything besides maybe Tommy, and even then he isn't the most emotionally open,

It's comforting though, they don't think Dream would lie to make them feel better,

They nod, looking down at the floor, "I know, it's just,," They trail off,

Dream seems to get what they mean because he nods, "I get it, it's gonna be fine, I promise, and if it's not then you can tell us and we can find you a different one, okay?"

They nod, taking in a deep breath and steeling themselves, letting some of the anxiety melt off of them, "Yeah, okay, yeah I can do this,"

"Okay, let's go," Puffy says, the server portal opening before them,

"Bye Dream," They say, waving goodbye,

He waves back, they're pretty sure he's smiling under the mask but they can't see it as Puffy leads them through the portal,

They appear in a clearing of a plains biome, there is a world barrier around the area, stopping someone from wandering too far, and a building in front of them made of birch and concrete, flowers in front of windows and a path leading up to it,

"This is it," Puffy states, "Do you want to go in? We have a few minutes if you wanna sit outside,"

"Let's just get it over with," They say and Puffy nods, leading them to the door and walking in,

It isn't really what they imagined, more colorful but not in the bright way, more pastels, there is no one else in the waiting room besides a woman sitting behind a desk, clicking away on a computer,

She looks up at them as they walk in, Puffy walking them both forward, Ranboo only dragging their feet a bit,

“Are you the 9am appointment?” She asks, clicking away at the computer, they wonder what she’s doing or if it is just out of boredom,

“Yes, this is Ranboo,” Puffy says and she nods, clicking away more at the computer and reading over something,

“Okay Ranboo,,,” The girl says, trailing off, “You’ll be called in in about 5 minutes, you can sit in one of the chairs and wait for now sweetheart,”

“Okay, thank you miss,” They say, shuffling their feet, the woman smiles at them kindly, they feel a bit bad for being unable to meet her eyes,

“Of course, now go sit down,” She says, waving them off to the seats, they follow her orders, Puffy leading them over to the chairs,

There are some magazines set out on the tables surrounding the seats, they choose not to look at any of them, instead just fidgeting uncomfortably with their hands and sleeves, sometimes picking at the tape holding their bandages in place,

“Uh, Ranboo?” A voice asks and they jump, looking over at the woman standing in the hallway holding a clipboard and rising from their seat,

“Um, th-that’s me,” They say softly, stuttering a bit on the words,

She smiles at them, nodding, “Alright, follow me,”

Puffy waves them goodbye, “Techno will be here to pick you up after your session, alright?”

They nod, following the woman back to her office, walking through the door and looking around the room as she closes it behind them,

It is almost like a strange living room, with a couch and two chairs placed facing it, a small table between them, a desk in the corner with a chair behind it facing out at the rest of the room with a chair in front of it, there is a thin bookshelf against a wall with a few potted plants on it and baskets full of what looks like toys of some kind, a shelf of it filled up with stuffed animals, the colors are mostly greys and pastels, it is a bit strangely calming to them,

“Would you rather sit at the desk or the couch?” She asks, they blink at the option,

“I don’t really mind,” They say, shrugging slightly,

“I don’t either, so you can choose,” She says, her voice sounds kind and honest enough that they struggle to think she’s annoyed at them,

“Uh, the desk, than,” They choose, mostly a coin flip but they honestly prefer it, it just feels a bit safer, something separating them from her,

She nods, going over to the desk and sitting down, looking through drawers as they slowly move to sit down across from her, forcing themselves to not curl up in the seat,

They wait while she digs through the cabinets, now that they’re looking at her they can see what she actually looks like, she looks pretty normal to be honest, with dirty blonde hair, they blink a little when they notice her ears are fuzzy and pointed, so she’s a hybrid of some kind? That makes



them relax a bit more, hybrids are usually at least nicer to other hybrids, so she's probably okay,

"Okay, so we're just gonna do some basic questions alright? Like why you're here, your goals for therapy, all of that," She explains,

They nod, avoiding looking directly at her further, instead looking around the room,

She makes a soft humming noise, "It says here that you were referred here for self-harm?" She says, they wince,

"Uh, yeah," They say, rubbing at their wrist on impulse,

"Okay, and are there any other reasons you are here or anything else you think I can help with?" She asks patiently, quill hovering over her paper,

"Uh, I have really bad anxiety issues, and, uh, short term memory loss," They say, pointedly ignoring mentioning XD,

She nods, writing something down, "Okay, do you have any goals for therapy?"

"No, not- not really," They admit, rocking one of their legs anxiously, a bit difficult to do with how long their legs are, "I am kinda being forced to come here,"

She raises a brow at them, "Do you want to be here?"

"I-I don't know," They admit further, curling their arms around themselves protectively,

"Do you think you need to be here?" She questions further patiently, they can see her writing something down even though she is not staring down at her paper to do so,

"Well, I guess," They say, laughing humorlessly, "People who are doing okay don't hurt themselves,"

She nods, they like that she doesn't look at them sadly like the others do when they say something like that,

"Okay, how about you tell me about yourself?" She says, changing the topic, though they're pretty sure this will somehow tie back,

"What do you mean?"

"Describe yourself, what do you think your personality is, what's your family like, soulmates, favorites, that kind of stuff," She explains patiently, they frown, thinking,

"Um, I live on a server with my sister and her soulmates," They pause before adding, "Some are my soulmates as well,"

She nods, giving them more room to speak, they clear their throat a bit and continue,

"Um, I have a- a h-husband and a son, Tubbo and Michael," They explain, voice trembling a bit, "They're my soulmates, and I also have my sister of course and than my friends Tommy and Purpled,"

She nods, giving them even more room, they feel a bit uncomfortable like this, given so much room to speak, they prefer to be the quieter one usually,

“Uh, I have only lived with them all for a few months now I think,” They say, shifting in their seat, they don’t really have more to say,

“Do you like living with them?” She prods gently,

“Yes,” They answer immediately, blushing a little at how quick the answer came out of their mouth, “Yeah, I like it a lot,”

She nods, “And before you lived there where did you live?” She questions,

“Um, I lived in the Hypixel dorms, I played Skywars and Bedwars,” They explain, frowning a bit at the memories, “and before that I lived on a server with my sister, Niki,”

“Did you have any other family?”

“Uh, we had my mom, but I don’t really remember much about her,” That’s a lie, but most of what they remember is yelling and metal too tight around their mouth making the taste of blood stain into their tongue and needing to leave,

She nods, writing something down, “Are you in touch?”

“No, I left a while ago and we haven’t talked since,” They admitted, maybe they should care more about that, but they don’t want to ever see her again,

She nods again, “Do you have anything else to tell me about yourself?”

“Uh, I have three cats?” They supply, rocking very slightly, it is less comforting without their legs pulled up but they refuse to be that weird immediately in front of her,

She hums, setting down her notes in her lap and looking at them, they immediately look away from the eye contact,

“Ranboo,” She starts, patient, gentle, they wince, they already messed up, “Do you want to know something I’ve noticed?”

They nod even though they really don’t, because they don’t want to know how they’ve managed to screw up already,

“When I ask you to describe yourself, you don’t describe yourself, you describe the people around you, your pets, your relationships, but not what you yourself is like,”

“I’m sorry, I’ll do better,” They promise, looking down at their lap, refusing to look at her because they managed to mess up *already*, this was a simple task,

“No, I’m not mad, I just want to hear about you,” She states, shaking her head softly, “Can you name some of your personality traits?”

“Well I- I’m anxious? I think I’m nice, I try to be,,,,” They trail off, shifting nervously, “I like laughing? Or making people laugh,”

She nods and writes something down, “How do you feel about others?”

“Talking to people makes me anxious, and I don’t get other people,” They admit, frowning, “I can’t tell what they’re feeling, it’s all jumbled and confusing,”

“Like emotional responses?” She asks, “Social cues?”

They nod, "It's confusing for me, I don't like it,"

She hums, writing, "What about with people you're close to?"

"I guess it matters who it is," They answer, "I like them all though,"

She nods in understanding, "What do you like? What's your favorite color? Food?"

"Uh, I like royal blue, and I like potatoes, they're easy to make," They explain, "Uh, I don't have many hobbies, I like mining, and writing in my memory book, and dueling but I don't do that much anymore," They say, all in one breath, like they're scared she'll cut them off,

She doesn't, in fact she looks quite happy to listen, "And why's that?"

"Last time I did I freaked out and dissociated, Ponk, he's my friend, had to make me bite into a lemon to snap me out of it," They explain,

She hums sympathetically, "Do you miss it?"

"I mean, sometimes, I like the adrenaline but I don't like being in danger, or pain," They explain,

"Maybe you could take it up with some of your housemates?" She offers, "Like a dueling match between all of you, friendly competition,"

"I don't know if I wouldn't end up disassociating again," They say, frowning,

"You could have them talk to you while you fight? Keep you in the moment so that you don't have time to slip away, and have them be conscious that you might so they can stop immediately,"

They tap their fingers on their thigh, thinking about it, "That,,, might work,"

She smiles, "Good! Tell me how that goes in our future sessions," She says, shifting around her papers and grabbing some, "Okay, I'm gonna give you some things to sign, it is just normal stuff telling you that I won't tell anyone about what goes on in our sessions, stuff like that!"

They nod, taking the quill and papers, reading over them quickly before signing them, just to make sure they weren't selling their soul or something,

"I think that'll wrap up our session!" She says, taking the papers back from them, "Do you have a few words that you think describes our session today?"

"Uh, it was," They trail off, anxiety-inducing? Strange? Horrible? Great? "A start, it was a start,"

She smiles, writing it down and nodding, "That it was, do you know your way back to the waiting room?"

They nod, getting up and leaving, waving goodbye to her, leaving the room and shutting the door behind themselves,

"Well, that was good," XD says in their brain, they jump a little,

"Shut up," They hiss quietly, walking to the waiting room, spotting Technoblade waiting for them on one of the couches, reading one of the many magazines laid out,

He looks at them as they approach, rising from his seat and setting down the magazine,

“How was the session?” He asks as they both walk out of the building, approaching the server portal,

“Uh, it was- it was good,” They say, “It was good.”

Sessions get a bit easier every time they go, they start with twice a week, mostly out of worry since their relapse was so recent,

It feels easier to tell her things, she doesn't know them well enough personally to judge most of their actions, she doesn't call them weird or strange, she let them ramble about *grass blocks* of all things for an entire session without getting angry, just listening,

They like her,

They don't know what makes them want to tell her about XD, maybe it's all of those things or maybe it's just that they need to tell somebody, get rid of the weight on their chest,

“Can I tell you about something?” They ask one session when given a dip in conversation, “Something I probably should've told you before?”

“Oh, of course!” She answers instantly, “What is it?”

“I- well- it-” They take in a deep breath, holding it for a second before breathing out, “I have a voice, in my head, that talks to me,”

“One different than your normal thoughts?” She asks,

They nod, “Yeah, it- he is called XD,”

“That must be quite distressing,” She says sympathetically, “What does he say to you?”

“Well, originally he just showed up in my dreams, a recurring dream I guess, and we'd talk, usually about what happened that day, it'd help me remember, I guess,” They say, shrugging slightly, “and then one day I heard him out of my dreams, while I was teaching Michael to walk, I had a panic attack and passed out for almost a full day after,”

“That sounds terrible, I'm sorry that happened,” She says, “Does the voice tell you anything worrying?”

“No, he's never told me to hurt anyone or anything,” They say, shaking their head, “He's pretty,,, normal, to be honest,”

“That still must be weird, to hear a voice in your head that isn't yours,” She says, they nod in response,

“I feel bad sometimes? Because I usually just tell him to shut up or go away and sometimes he seems sad from it,” They say, pulling their legs to their chest and resting their chin on them,

“Does it work?”

“No, well, it worked once, but that-” They swallow, frowning, “When I relapsed on self-harm, I threatened him to go away with harming myself, and he did,”

“Oh,” She says, they wince that they managed to even surprise her, “I’m sorry you felt the need to do something that harsh to get rid of it,”

“I didn’t just do it because of that, it’s just, a lot of things build up, you know?” They say, “I was gonna do it either way, well, I felt like that anyways, it just started talking and I thought, why not try?”

“Would you do it again to get rid of it?”

“No, no, I don’t want to disappoint the others,” They say, shaking their head, “He’s never bad enough for that,”

“Okay, well, I have an idea if you are willing to try,” She offers, tapping her pen on her clipboard,

They raise an eyebrow at her, letting her continue,

“Treat it like you would treat a normal person around you, just one that others can’t see, if it becomes too much politely tell it to leave, set up boundaries, that sort of thing,” She says, “See if that helps,”

“I don’t know,” They say honestly, rocking slightly in their seat,

“You don’t have to, it is just a suggestion,” She states, “Does anyone in your household know about this?”

They shake their head ‘no’, “I don’t want them to think I’m crazy,”

“‘Crazy’ isn’t a term that means anything, and from what you’ve told me none of them would think of you that way,” She says,

“I don’t- I don’t think that I can just tell them all,” They say, “I couldn’t take all of their reactions at once,”

“Then how about you just tell one of them?” She offers, “One you think will get it or will have the best reaction, and then you can slowly tell the others,”

They pause, thinking it over, they don’t know who they’d pick, not any of their soulmates, that’s too close, too intimate, they don’t know who’d get it most,

Maybe, Techno? They think he hears voices, they’ve heard him talk about ‘chat’, but never asked further, maybe, he’d probably not have that big of a reaction anyways, right?

“I, think I have someone who I can tell.”

They wring their hands as they walk to where Techno is, it took them a few days to get the guts to do so, even if they don’t think he’ll have much of a reaction it’s still rough to actually say it,

They approach the ‘dog shed’, it probably should be named the ‘dogs shed’ at this point as there are about a hundred or so of the pups, they’re terrifying, meant to be hunting or battle dogs, but in the nice way, since they know all of them are trained enough to not attack them, it’s almost like

how Techno is,

They ignore that last thought,

“Techno!” They call, receiving a gruff ‘here!’ from inside and sighing, carefully opening the fence and making sure none of the dogs get out, though none try, more of just jumping at their legs,

Techno is currently feeding the dogs, throwing out steaks which they rip apart and destroy, Ranboo finds it equal parts terrifying and adorable,

“Uh, hey,” They say, shifting nervously, wringing their hands, “Can we talk when you’re done?”

Techno raises a brow at them from behind his boar mask, dropping another steak to the dogs, “Yeah, sure,” He says, “Is it an emergency?”

“No! No! Take your time!” They assure, waving their hands in front of themselves slightly, “I just wanted to talk about something,”

He nods, “You can wait outside if you want, I’m almost finished,”

They nod, taking their time to exit the shack, leaning against the wall, all their anxious energy fading away into a more lazy, tiring fear, making them slide down it and sit on the grass, waiting for Techno,

They look up at him as he exits the dog house, glancing around for a moment before finding them sitting on the floor, after a moment deciding to sit down next to them,

“So, what’d you wanna talk about?” He says, they’d probably notice how awkward it was if they weren’t so anxious,

They swallow hard, rocking themselves back and forth to try to soothe themselves, struggling to get out the words,

“Techno do- do you- do you hear voices?” They say, hating how whimpery their voice sounds, how scared, they hate sounding like a child,

Techno pauses, looking at them, they resist the urge to run and hide, they only notice that there are tears in their eyes when it starts to burn,

Techno moves before he speaks, bringing up his sleeve to wipe their eyes before it can burn their skin further, “Hey, it’s okay, yes, I hear voices, is that what this is about?”

“No, no,” They say, shaking their head, “I- I hear-” They can’t finish, just whimpering and leaning further into Techno’s sleeve, still wiping away their tears,

“Ranboo,” Techno says, slowly, gently, “Do you hear voices?”

They don’t know the bubble in their throat is a sob until it falls out of their mouth, more tears falling down their face, burning trails, “Yes,”

“Oh honey,” Techno says softly, making them sob further, he opens his arms to them and they next to throw themselves into him, sobbing into his shoulder,

“It’s okay honey, just breath, I’m right here,” Techno says, rubbing circles into their back as they struggle to take in gasping breaths, choking on them,

"I'm sorry," They whimper, "I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm so sorry,"

"There's nothing to be sorry for," He says, rocking them both softly back and forth, knowing that Ranboo finds the action comforting, "Just focus on breathin', you're okay,"

They nod a bit hysterically into his neck, focusing on their breath, managing to get the stuttering rhythm of it at least a bit steadier, Techno tapping a beat into their back for them to count along with,

They slowly relax, not completely, still tense all over, chest still heaving with breaths, but they feel a bit less like they're going to die,

"You doin' okay now?" Techno asks, they nod in response, "Can I ask you some questions?" another nod,

"Okay, can you specify what your voices are like?" He asks, they nod,

"It's- It's just one, uh, he first appeared as a recurring dream and I thought it was fine and then he talked in my head and now he won't leave," They explain in a rush,

"Okay, a bit different than mine than," Techno says, "I have a ton, thousands, some are louder but they talk constantly, I call them chat, short for chatter, I used to have only one or two but more grew as I got older,"

They frown, "I'm sorry, yours are much harder to deal with, I shouldn't have freaked out so much over one, he's not even talking right now,"

"Kid, it doesn't matter if yours are 'easier to deal with', I don't care," He says, "They still suck, I should know that, even with a few as a kid it made me freak out,"

"It doesn't even say anything bad to me, he's just so loud," They murmur into Techno's shoulder,

Techno hums to show he heard them, "Well, if you had a panic attack over it then it must be affecting you somehow, right?"

They sigh, nodding again, managing to pull themselves away from him,

"Just tell me if you get anymore voices in that head of yours, kid, there's only room for one former Hypixel champion who has voices in their head around here," Techno says, standing,

They chuckle only a little bitterly, "Yeah, yeah," They say, standing up themselves, legs a tiny bit shaky,

Techno looks at them, smirking a little, "Your hair is all messed up," He states,

"It's always like that," They whine, hair flopping over their eyes as if on queue, "It won't ever go in a specific way,"

Techno snorts, "Here," He says, reaching out and pushing it back out of their eyes, they jump a little in place as they feel pain stab into their scalp, fading as quickly as it appeared,

Techno blinks, pulling back his hand slowly, staring at red and green marked fingers, "Heh?"

They blink owlishly at them as well, taking a second to connect the dots,

"Oh my god I'm so sorry!" They apologize immediately, "I didn't know that'd happen!"

“Calm down, it’s alright,” Techno says, “Didn’t expect it to happen so quickly is all,”

“Huh?” They question but Techno doesn’t respond, instead finishing pushing their hair out of their face,

“Let’s get back to the house, I bet you’re not feeling too good after having a panic attack,” Techno says, lifting his cape so it also goes over their shoulder,

“Oh, uh, yeah,” They say, leaning against him, the situation dawning on them,

They, Ranboo Beloved-Nihachu, were currently under famous Hypixel Bedwars player Technoblade, self-proclaimed ‘Blood God’, with part of their hair now pink because they just got soulmarked by him, and now were being taken back to the house that they both live in while slumped under his cape, and when they got there they would probably drink copious amounts of hot chocolate,

They can’t help the dopey, ‘holy shit this is real’ smile that comes to their face, leaning against Techno further, a happy little purr bubbling embarrassingly out of their chest,

Techno doesn’t respond but loops an arm around their shoulder, pulling them the tiniest bit closer instead of pushing them away, so they take it as a good enough sign.

## Chapter End Notes

Originally this was gonna be Sam's chapter but Techno won by a HUGE landslide, so I gave you all what you wanted :>

Techno calling people 'honey' my beloved.



# Fishing

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Phil go fishing, Ranboo comes home and finds Michael and Fundy bonding.

## Chapter Notes

I usually only answer questions on soulmark chapters but I got a question on where to put fanart if you make it for socials!

I have a tumblr @11uckyCr0w that you can tag and I will be able to see it! I also have a twitter but I barely use it so if you tag me there you should also probably comment that you did so I will check! my twitter is @Cr0wLucky

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Things get easier with therapy, having someone who tells them things that can help, doesn't judge their decisions, doesn't call them horrible for the things they do, but still questions them, their reasoning,

They still can't shake the feeling that they should be able to do this themselves, not have to have someone else do such a basic thing, but she assures them that plenty of people feel the same, so they push the thought away, not like they usually do, they don't stuff it into the pits of their mind to grow and rot, instead they push it away like someone waves away leaves in autumn, letting them rest where they may,

It's a slow morning when they wake up, one where they feel sluggish but in a calm, content way, warm and comfortable instead of the aching tiredness they usually have,

They get up, a bit sad when they remember that Michael's not with them this morning but shrug it off, they'll see him in a few minutes anyways if they hurry up, and go to change quickly, putting on one of their nice blouses that have a soft, smooth texture with a black sweater they were given by Wilbur over it, apparently he was 'out of his emo phase', but they think it was just a gift by how new it felt, and some black pants, all of it is comfortable, good texture,

They rub their hands idly along the fabric of their sweater as they leave their room, chirping quietly to themselves, the texture is calming, like a little reset button on their brain, they wonder why they denied themselves doing this for so long, before pushing away those thoughts as they drift into exactly why they denied it,

They walk into the dining room, cooing softly once Michael comes into sight, the toddler wiggling in his seat and making grabby hands at them immediately,

"Hi Michael," They coo, approaching the toddler and kneeling down in front of his seat as he babble happily at them, smacking his hands on the tray of his highchair,

He babbles more, kicking his little hooved toddler feet out as he speaks, waving his arms around,

“Oh, very interesting,” They chuckle, leaning forward and softly bonking their heads together before pulling away, the piglin snorts angrily when they walk away but doesn’t argue, instead moving to biting on his silverware, plastic of course to not hurt the child (even though he probably would be fine with actual silverware),

They sit down in their seat, immediatly receiving a short kick to their ankle from Tubbo and glaring at the grinning shorter man, reaching out their comparatively longer leg to kick him back before drawing their legs under their chair to protect them from further onslaught, chuckling at Tubbo’s offended expression,

“If you two play footsie this fuckin’ early I’m making you eat outside,” Phil threatens, walking into the room and setting down a few plates onto the table,

“He started it!” Tubbo lies, pointing an accusatory finger at Ranboo,

“I literally didn’t?” They say confusedly, blinking at their husband,

George and Dream walk into the room, George much more tiredly and basically still wrapped up in his blankets,

“Oh my god, Gogy awake for breakfast?” Tommy fake gasps, recieving a short glare from George,

“Maybe I wouldn’t be if you all were quieter,” He mutters, basically collapsing into his seat and receiving snickers from most of the table,

“I don’t think sleeping at the table is considered good manners,” Eret states amusedly, taking a sip from their juice, Ranboo wonders why they aren’t drinking coffee like the rest of the adults, none of the kids were allowed to from a ‘bad experience’ with Tommy getting his hands on it, that doesn’t stop Purpled though who is drinking a cup of it like he’s daring someone to try and take it,

“Well mate if you’re worried about George’s manners I have terrible news about the rest of the table!” Phil says, sending accusatory glances at Tommy, who is trying to shovel his entire place into his mouth at once, Michael who is throwing his food all over his highchair tray, Niki and Jack trying to whisper to eachother over the table about their ‘evil plans’ since their prank war against Tommy started (Ranboo almost forgot about that, to be honest,) and Fundy passed out onto his (thankfully unfilled) plate,

“Yeah, fair,” Ranboo mutters under their breath, snickering as Wilbur tries (and fails) to wake Fundy up, he probably didn’t get much sleep the night before,

“Dream wake up your husband,” Wilbur states, sitting back in his seat after giving up,

Dream sputters a bit on his bite, “We’re not married! It was a dumb joke!”

They blink, looking around the table, “Am I allowed to get context for this or??”

“Oh, it’s funny,” Wilbur says, laughing quietly to himself, “When Fundy was real little he got this cute little puppy crush on Dream, asked him to marry him, it was so cute,”

“We had an entire fake wedding, I was the best fucking flower girl around, Gogy crashed it and stole Dream, Fundy cried,” Tommy says around a way-too-big bite of food, they’re shocked he doesn’t joke,

“Tommy I’m gonna fucking kill you,” Fundy mutters, lifting his face from his plate to glare at him,

Tommy gasps, “Betrayed by my own nephew! How could you!”

Fundy lunges,

They laugh as they watch the two scuffle on the floor, trading insults and mostly just shoving each other around, Wilbur and Phil scrambling over to separate them,

“No fighting at the table!” Phil scolds, managing to pull Tommy away, only a little scratched up by Fundy’s claws, nothing bleeding at least,

“He fuckin’ started it!” Tommy says, pouting as he squirms around to try to get back into the fight while Fundy sits more limply in Wilbur’s hold,

“He deserved it,”

Phil sighs, “Deserving it isn’t proper defense for fighting, Fundy,” He scolds lightly, still holding Tommy back, “Purpled, can you and Tommy switch?”

Purpled nods, changing their plates out across the table and moving to Tommy’s seat, reaching out under the table with his foot to kick theirs lightly, not in the way Tubbo did earlier but more of a greeting, they tap his foot back,

Fundy and Tommy return to their (now switched) seats grumbling, nothing too badly bruised except their egos,

It’s nice, even though the peace is tentative, it doesn’t feel violent, there isn’t danger, they’re not used to that even now, but they refuse to not bask in it,

They owe themselves that after this long.

Breakfast wraps up quickly after that and they scrape off their plate before going to grab their boots, maybe they’ll do some mining today, they haven’t in a bit, and even though they have no need for the materials gaining them scratches some itch in their brain, maybe it’s an enderman thing?

“Hey mate,” Phil greets as he walks into the hallway, leaning casually on the wall, the action looks slightly weird since it squishes his wings, but they decide not to mention it,

“Hey Phil,” They answer back, managing to pull on their other boot and lace it quickly, “Do you need me for something?”

“If you’re not busy I was wondering if you wanted to come fishing with me, I usually take one of the boys but all of them are busy today,”

“Oh, is it a good idea for me to be by water currently?” They ask, frowning slightly, they want to, even though they’ve never fished before, but they don’t know if they are gonna be trusted to,

“Do you think it’s a bad idea?” Phil asks, his tone remains calm and they can’t discern the emotion on his face, is this mocking? Or is he being nice? Or is he genuinely asking?

“Uh, I- I don’t know, I won’t do anything but-” They trail off, staring down at the floor instead of looking at Phil,

“Than I trust you, let’s go,” Phil says, slipping on his sandals and stepping out of the house, they

blink for a moment before getting shocked out of their haze and following him, trailing after the shorter man,

The trip there is short, mostly full of Philza making most of the conversation, Ranboo just silently following, sometimes adding in a quip or two so that he knows they're still listening,

Ranboo watches as a docks come into sight, they stretch over a good portion of the water, leading off like a bridge onto other land so that someone doesn't have to walk all the way around,

"Come here mate, we have some chairs and extra fishing rods," Phil says, leading them to a place where the dock cuts off to open water, fish swimming around barely visibly under the water, shiny from sunlight,

They stare at the water for a few seconds before being pulled out of it by phil tapping them on the shoulder, handing them a fishing rod,

"Oh, thank you," They say softly, taking the fishing rod, they think they're holding it wrong but Phil doesn't correct them as they sit down in one of the chairs awkwardly,

"Do you know how?" Phil asks, sitting down next to them, holding his own fishing rod, they shift how they're holding their own to match him,

"Uh, no, I've never really tried," They say, awkwardly averting their gaze,

"That's okay mate, it's pretty simple!" Phil says, "You hold it like this, a 20ish degree angle, and then you throw it," He tosses his line out as an example, it bobbing a few times in the water before settling,

They nod, awkwardly repeating the action, their own throw is a bit shakier but it works and Phil claps them on the back, grinning,

"There you go, now you just wait until it bobs down again and then you pull back!" Phil instructs, leaning back in his chair, wings fluttering slightly behind him,

They nod, watching probably a bit too intensely, waiting for it to bob down,

They both sit in a comfortable silence for a few minutes before Ranboo decides to speak,

"You wanna know something weird?" They ask, receiving a small 'hmm?' from Philza, "I'm not scared of water, like, I'm scared of lava, I know it could burn me, and I should probably feel the same but water and rain aren't scary to me,"

Phil hums, "Maybe your other half is something that likes water?" He suggests, "Or something aquatic,"

"I'd probably have gills if I was something aquatic," They say, "It's probably something at least not harmed by water, the only thing I know that is harmed by water is enderman,"

He shrugs, "Maybe you're a nether mob of some kind, a ghost?"

"I don't think so, it's like- When I see enderman get hurt it feels like it hurts me, not like physically! But I can like, empathize?" They say, "but I don't get that with ghosts, I'm just scared of them,"

"Is there any other mobs that you feel like that with?" Phil asks, raising an interested brow at them,

“My cats I guess? But that’s just because they matter to me a lot,” They say, “I don’t feel like that with other cats,”

“That is strange,” Philza states, “Maybe you’re just half player?”

“Do I look like a player to you Philza?” They ask sarcastically, gesturing to their white side,

He laughs, “No, but I’ve seen some weird players, maybe it’s just a texture glitch?”

They frown, huffing, “No, I think it’s something else, anyways I don’t feel the same with other players that I do with Enderman, sure I feel bad if they’re hurt but I don’t *feel it*,” They state, kinda regretting the words once they leave their mouth, they don’t like admitting that, they should, probably, feel something when others get hurt, they should, why don’t they?

Phil doesn’t even react much, just nodding, before snorting when an idea comes to mind, “What if you’re just an enderman and a slightly shorter, albino enderman?”

They laugh, distracted from their own thoughts by it, “That’d be funny, but I don’t think that’s the case, unless these smaller enderman also have horns, and tails,”

Phil shrugs, “You never know,”

They laugh before jumping when they feel a tug on their line, taking a second to process it before panickedly pulling it back,

Phil laughs at them as they do, thankfully grabbing it when it gets close enough and pulling it out of the water so they don’t burn their hands, whistling at the fish wiggling on the line,

“Great first catch!” He says, carefully pulling the fish off the line and storing it in his inventory,

They sigh shakily, noticing their hands are trembling a bit, “I thought fishing was supposed to be calming,”

“Nope, now cast your line back out!”

They’re glad to be home after the fishing expedition, about 15 fish richer (most caught by Philza, neither mention that.)

They are currently looking around for Michael, totally not panicking, definitely not! He is probably out with Tubbo or someone else, they aren’t that clingy of a father, no, Michael is fine,

“Tubbo, do you know where Michael is?” They ask once they find their husband in his room, tapping the area where their palm and wrist together on both hands together nervously,

“Oh, he’s with Fundy right now,” Tubbo says, distracted by some shooter game on his com, tilting back and forth with his actions, “They’re in Fundy’s room,”

“Ok, cool, thank you,” They say, leaving and shutting the door behind them, crossing the hall to Fundy’s room and knocking on the door,

A voice comes through the door distantly, a bit muffled by the obvious sounds of Michael's babbling, they calm a little at it, "What do you want!"

"May I come in?" They ask, shifting nervously even though Fundy can't see them,

There is a pause and then footsteps walking to the door, it swings open to reveal the fox hybrid with Michael held on his hip, babbling happily,

"What?"

"Can I come in?" They ask, smiling amusedly as Michael lights up when he sees them, oinking happily,

Fundy stares at them for a few seconds, one of his ears twitching, before nodding and stepping aside, letting them into his room,

They haven't been in here before, only seen it when the door was left open, but it's pretty nice, a bit messy, mostly in oranges and greys and blacks, a bed pushed into the corner with all but the fitted sheet ripped off of it, the blankets and pillows in a pile on the floor,

They raise a brow, glancing between the pile and Fundy a few times,

"Sooooo, what's that for?" They ask casually, trying to hide their smile,

He huffs, glaring at them with his beady fox-like eyes, "It's a burrow,"

They blink, tilting their head, "Why?"

"Because it's comfortable! And taking care of a toddler made dumb fox brain go 'ooh make a burrow' and I did!" Fundy says, glaring at them,

They chuckle, tails lashing happily at their ankles, "That's cute,"

Fundy flushes, ears drooping down, "You're terrible Ranboo, I hate you," He states, turning and walking to the 'burrow', flopping down onto it, careful to not fall onto Michael who shrieks happily,

They walk over and sit a few feet away from it, not wanting to intrude too much but wanting to be close to the two of them, watching as Fundy buries himself in the pile with their son,

After a pause Fundy pokes his head out of the blankets, "You can join if you want,"

They're a bit shocked that they don't even need to ask but don't waste their time, carefully laying across part of the pile, it is shockingly large, not large enough that they can fully starfish on it because they're so tall, but it can fit the three of them semi-comfortably even with the toddler and Fundy sprawled out,

They sigh, relaxing into the pillows and blankets, closing their eyes, it is calming, and quite touching, being trusted by Fundy with hybrid stuff, even if it is more normal here, they are still used to everyone around them hiding hybrid traits,

They aren't used to being trusted, they like being trusted, they like people not expecting them to be harmful,

Michael stands up on the pile and then immediately falls over onto Fundy's chest, laughing while Fundy winces, lifting up the child,

They look over and blink slowly, “Do you have a binder on?”

Fundy nods, wincing slightly, an arm thrown over his chest in case Michael decides to jump on him again,

“How long?”

“10ish hours I think?” Fundy says, they frown at him,

“That’s not good, you’re gonna hurt your ribs,” Ranboo states, closing their eyes again,

“I know, it’s just,” He sighs, trailing off, “Sucks, doesn’t feel right,”

“I get it, well, not in that way, but like, sometimes someone will call me a *boy* and it feels like there’s bugs under my skin,” They say, it’s the easiest way to explain the crawling dread that forms in their chest when someone clearly sees them as a boy, a man, something they’re not,

Fundy doesn’t respond for a moment, both of them sitting in comfortable silence,

“Can I have one of your hoodies? They’ll cover up,,,, everything,” He asks, even if they are bad at discerning emotions they can tell he’s nervous,

“Sure, you can keep it if you want,” They say, sitting up in the pile, “Do you want me to go get it?”

He nods, leaning back into the pile while Ranboo stands, leaving to their room to grab one of their larger, mostly unused hoodies, they have collected quite a few since they got here, that are large even on them, so it should work fine for Fundy,

They walk back into the room, finding Fundy face down in the pile with Michael babbling happily to him, they chuckle, going and kneeling next to him at the pile,

“I got the hoodie,” They say, nudging his head gently, one of his ears twitches, the one with pink on the tip, they think it’s Niki’s, the pink more dusty and pale than Techno’s or Eret’s,

He sits up, snatching the hoodie out of their hands,

“Do you want me to leave so you can change?” They ask, taking Michael into their lap, bouncing him on their knee,

“,,Can you just turn around?” He asks, shifting nervously, “It’s fine if you just wanna leave, I know it’s kinda weird-”

“It’s fine, I get it,” They say, smiling at him, turning towards the wall, keeping Michael in their lap so he can’t see either,

They hum to the toddler gently as Fundy changes behind them, snickering quickly at the sounds of Fundy struggling to get his binder off, tossing it into one of the dirty piles of laundry and shoving on the hoodie before flopping down next to them,

“Feel better?” They ask, absent-mindedly reaching out and brushing their hand over the hair on Fundy’s head, like they do with Tommy and Michael,

He nods into the blankets, “I feel a lot more physically comfortable, but my brain is angry,”

“Aren’t binders dangerous if they’re uncomfortable?”

“No, they’re always a little uncomfortable, if they restrict your breathing badly or hurt than they’re dangerous,” Fundy explains, slightly muffled,

They nod in understanding, laying back down next to him, Michael laying across their chest, they can tell he’s getting more tired, babbling and talking less, randomly trailing off,

“Do you want me to sleep in here tonight?” They ask, looking over at him slowly,

“Will you?”

“If you want,”

“Than sure,”

They nod, reaching out to squeeze his hand unthinkingly, Michael snorts tiredly into their chest, breath slowing down, they think he’s falling asleep,

“I’m glad we found you,” Fundy says softly, they blink, barely hearing it,

“What?”

“When you were first out in the rain, I was thinking about it recently, if we didn’t go to look you could’ve died and respawned wherever you slept last and I never would’ve met you,”

They frown, “I guess I never thought that deep into it, or maybe I did and forgot,”

“You do that a lot,”

They chuckle, “Yeah, it’s my brand, I don’t think I could forget you though, or anyone here, I don’t forget people,”

“That’s good, I promise I won’t forget you either, even if you leave,”

“I promise to stay,”

“You don’t know that,”

“I do,” They state, frowning, “I have control over my actions, I won’t leave if not given a reason,”

“And what would a reason be?”

“If you guys don’t want me anymore,”

Fundy turns to them, frowning, “We won’t ever do that,”

They nod, squeezing Fundy’s hand softly, grounding, “I know, that’s why I won’t leave,”

“Good, you’re stuck with us now,” Fundy states, a bit of humor in his tone to break the serious mood, they snort,

“Not like I don’t have several marks to know that now,” They say sarcastically, receiving a chuckle from Fundy,

They both fall into silence after that, they look over a bit later to find Fundy asleep, curled up on the pile, and sigh happily, leaning back and letting themselves fade into sleep too, hand still holding Fundy’s with Michael on their chest.



## Chapter End Notes

These ideas were both requests on the form so shoutout to those who requested it! I had very little idea for this chapter as it was mostly filler but I decided more bonding would be good and found two ideas I liked!

Sorry this chapter was posted a tiny bit late, I got off of spring break so I am now also balancing school, but I should stay on schedule, I just needed a day or two to get back on schedule with everything.

Love you guys for following this story! I really didn't expect it to get this popular and I will continue updating when you continue reading!

# Apologies

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo apologizes to Sam (and dissassociates later).

## Chapter Notes

No real TW's for this chapter besides an arm check (for self harm, but nothing is there and nothing is described) and dissassociation.

Sorry this kinda went into angst territory, I'm very sad over TMA ending :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They tap their foot on the floor, looking around the office like they often do to avoid looking at their therapist's eyes, she doesn't mind, she told them she doesn't,

The silence is comfortable, they think so anyways, they like not being expected to speak, though their chest buzzes with the urge to just ramble to fill it, they don't like people being quiet, that's usually how they are when angry,

They have a few topics they *want* to talk about, they wrote them down in their memory book, they can feel the familiar weight in their arms, held protectively to their chest, some of them are saved until they feel like it, get the confidence to talk about,

There is one they could talk about,,,

"How do you apologize?" They ask, looking in her direction nervously, though they avoid looking directly at her still, they don't need to here so they won't force themselves,

"Hm?" She asks, they can tell she looks up from whatever she's writing (they doubt it completely just notes on them at this point, as she continues writing when they don't even talk, but still),

"How do I apologize to someone?" They rephrase, "I think I hurt someone's feelings and I want to apologize but I don't know how,"

"Hm, what are you apologizing for?"

They sigh, getting ready for a long explanation, "Do you remember when I told you about when I passed out? And everyone got worried over me for a while?"

She nods,

"I was teaching Michael some words or something and my friend- Sam was watching me, to make sure I didn't pass out again or something, and it was just- the feeling of eyes on me constantly, not having time to just be alone for a few seconds without being literally *asleep* or changing just made me," They shake their hands and hope it encapsulates the feeling of falling to pieces they felt, she

seems to understand because she nods again,

“Did you snap at him?”

“Yeah,,, I yelled at him to stop looking at me and leave me alone and then I ran off, I think he still feels guilty about it but I don’t really know how to apologize,” They admit, pulling up their legs to their chest and tucking their chin into their knees, trying to not swallow down the almost whining noise that bubbles out of their chest and throat, they’re not supposed to hide those, it’s unhealthy for them or something, repression,

She hums, tapping her pen repeatedly against her clipboard, “Do you feel bad about it?”

“Of course! I should’ve just calmed down and been able to deal with people caring for me for a week! I completely overreacted!”

“No you didn’t,”

“What?” They ask, their voice sounds too whiny and they desperately push away the thoughts that immediately yell at them for that,

“You got distressed for multiple reasons over being watched and lashed out, even though it was unfair to lash out against just one of the people involved, you reacted in an understandable way with everything else that’s happened to you,”

“I still want to apologize,” They say, rocking back and forth in their seat, resisting the urge to pick at the bandages still on their arms and hand,

“You still can, and should if you genuinely want to, however I think all of them also owe you an apology,”

They hum, frowning, “So can you show me how to apologize?”

“Sure, we can practice than,” She says, smiling “You can write it down in the memory book so you’ll remember,”

They sigh nervously, shifting in place, holding their memory book in hand, they ignore how their hands tremble, gain the confidence to face Sam,

They don’t think he’ll be mad, they are actually pretty sure he’ll agree immediately, that doesn’t take away their fear though that he will take their apology and spit it back in their face, tell them just how terrible they are,

They sigh, counting slowly, giving them ten seconds of anxiety and panic before pushing it away, it’s still there but they can chose to not focus on it, to not let it consume them, at least for now,

They carefully step into the guts of the redstone contraption, looking around through the torched insides until they finally see Sam come into view, carefully laying out redstone wiring,

They wait until he isn’t actively touching it so he doesn’t mess up before clearing their throat, catching his attention,

“Oh, hi Ranboo,” He says, his voice light in the way that they assume is surprise, “Do you need

something?”

“Uh, I- I wanted to-” They shift nervously, “I wanted to apologize?”

“Apologize?” He repeats, sounding confused, “For what?”

“I-” They pause, taking in a deep breath and holding it for a few seconds before breathing out, “I yelled at you when I shouldn’t have because I was angry at everyone, I shouldn’t have taken out my anger on you and instead communicated the issue, next time I will talk with you instead of lashing out, I am sorry.”

They can physically see Sam soften from the tight anxiety of guilt, shoulders slacking slightly like they haven’t in weeks, “You don’t have to apologize, Ranboo, I did something wrong, I should be apologizing to you,”

They frown, “Maybe, but you were worried for me and I was just angry at you, so I think I am the greater of two evils here,”

They think Sam frowns, reaching behind his head and unclipping the gas mask, pulling it off his face and pushing his goggles up, letting them see his face as he carefully walks forward like they’re a scared animal, at least thinking to yank a redstone covered glove off before setting it on their shoulder, having to lean down only slightly to do so,

“Ranboo, no one is angry at you, okay?” He says gently, squeezing their shoulder gently, “We were overstepping boundaries when we shouldn’t have and it ended really, really badly for you, we all should’ve apologized before you had to, especially me, I am so, so sorry for doing that to you Ranboo,”

They sniffle, refusing to cry as they desperately blink away tears, looking away from him, “It’s fine, I- I should’ve, I-”

“Ranboo, we made a mistake, I’m so sorry it hurt you, okay?” Sam repeats, bringing up a hoodie sleeve to wipe away tears before they scorch their cheeks, the action is so gentle that they almost whimper, “You don’t need to be the only one apologizing,”

“I’m sorry, I’m not used to people being sorry,” They whimper, looking anywhere but him, they can’t take eye contact right now, they’ll shatter into pieces,

“That’s okay,” Sam says, “We’ll all help you get used to it, okay?”

They nod, leaning into the hand still resting on their cheek, wiping away their tears,

“Do you want a hug?” Sam asks, not encouraging one option or the other, just letting them decide, no judgement

They nod, falling into his arms once he opens them, shoving their face into his shoulder, it is so much more comfortable to hug people who are taller than them when they get the chance, they feel so safe in his arms, protected like they did when they were a child wrapped up in Niki’s arms after scraping their knees, it is safe,

Sam waits for them to pull away, they are almost sad when they do but don’t want it to be an awkwardly long hug, wiping away at the remaining tears in their eyes before it can damage their skin,

“Do you want to help me with redstone now? You haven’t in a bit,” Sam asks, redirecting them

easily to something else, not letting them drown in their thoughts,

They nod, seeing him grin as he reaches out and ruffles their hair, they hiss through their teeth as part of their skull lights up in a flash of pain that fades immediately,

“You better not have marked literally all of my hair,” They state, seeing Sam looking at them sheepishly,

“Well, good news, it isn’t all of your hair?” He says,

“Sam!”

“Hey! It will be less bright after the original bond fades! It will probably barely be visible once it calms down!”

“No it won’t because none of you can ever stop worrying!” They argue with no bite, trying to hold back the urge to laugh,

“Acting like any of your bonds have faded even slightly since first formed,”

They snort, smacking him softly on the arm, “You’re all terrible, apology no longer forgiven, I’m leaving,”

“You’re gonna get all bond-sick if you leave and are going to come straight back,”

“Bet,” They say, turning around and going to walk out, immediately their brain whines at them from trying to leave, an immediate cry of *haunting pack bond don’t leave why are you leaving* going through them and making them pause in place,

Sam laughs softly behind them, they growl at him lightly, an empty threat,

“Fine, I guess since I am such a wonderful soulmate I’ll stay and help you with your redstone,” They say, crossing their arms and stomping back over,

“You need to stop hanging out with Tommy, he’s rubbing off on you,” Sam states, smiling at them, they frown,

“No, Tommy’s my friend,” They say, Sam chuckles, ruffling their hair again, gladly this time it doesn’t hurt,

“I was kidding, now come help me with this.”

Less of their hair is now green than they originally thought, just a few strands on the black side, it is actually quite invisible unless actively interacting with Sam, which is good at least, they look a bit less ‘emo’ as Wilbur calls it,

Gladly the excited reactions that new soulmarks receives has died down from ‘full on celebration’ to just simple congratulations, which is good, because it stresses them out less, they kinda wonder if it is because it stressed them out so much and if they should be getting more reaction, but they don’t want to jinx it,

It is after dinner one night when they are stopped by a yank on their arm, only nearly stopping

themselves from flinching back when they feel a hand tug on their sleeve, having to forcefully relax themselves instead of their go-to reaction which would be to throw the person,

They turn to find Ponk there, one hand in his pocket and the other holding onto their sleeve, his mask hides most of his facial expression, not that it'd probably help them discern what he wants in the first place,

"Can I check your arms?" He asks, his tone shockingly casual, though a bit softer, like he doesn't want others to hear, "It's been a bit,"

The words bring static to their brain even though they know they haven't done anything, they haven't even thought of it since they got caught last time, just some irresistible urge to panic at the fact that people *know*.

"I- I- Not- Not here?" They manage to stammer out, hands shaking slightly at their sides,

"Course', we could go to the infirmary, or your room if you want," Ponk offers, his tone still light and casual, they wonder if he doesn't notice their anxiety or is just ignoring it,

"In-Infirmery," They say and he nods, leading the way there, letting them trail behind him, hands still trembling,

The room is still as white and generally blank as ever, they wonder who picked up the blood they dripped everywhere while getting stitches, or did they drip blood everywhere? How much did they bleed?

"You can sit down if you want, or stay standing, it will be quick," Ponk says and they nervously sit down, using their chance to curl up even though they know they can't keep their arms close to their body for this,

He takes one of their arms, rolling up the sleeve to their elbow and checking over it, finding no new marks, his hands are shockingly gentle for how he usually is, he's not particularly violent or even loud, he is just a bit more chaotic than the average person, so him being so nice is a bit odd,

He repeats the action with the other arm, finding nothing new and rolling the sleeves back down for them, pulling back,

"There, all finished," He states, pulling back,

They nod, curling their arms to themselves tightly, staring a bit blankly at the wall instead of at him,

"Are you okay?" Ponk asks,

The words pull them out of their thoughts but in a sluggish, distant way, they move their mouth to try to form a response but no noise comes out, their vocal chords refuse to move, to work,

They try again, again, but nothing happens, why can't they talk?

Ponk watches them try for a few moments, confused, before speaking,

"Can you talk?" He asks, they pause their attempts before slowly shaking their head 'no',

"Oh, okay," He says, "Are you dissociating?"

They think about it for a second, they don't know, after a few moments they put out both hands and make a gesture like knocking on a table with both knuckles, the sign for 'maybe'.

Ponk takes a moment to make the connection before realizing what they're doing, blinking in recognition, "Okay, are you having a panic attack,"

They shake their head 'no'.

"Are you just anxious?"

Yes.

"Does it have to do with me checking your arms?"

Yes again.

"Did you cut somewhere else?"

A very quick no.

"Okay, do you wanna leave?"

Yes.

"Do you want to go to your room?"

Yes.

"Do you want me to take you there?"

Yes again.

He nods, "Okay, let's go than," He says, putting out a hand to help them up, their legs feel slightly like jello, shaky and unstable, but they manage to not need to lean on him, instead letting them lead him to their room, they know the way, it just feels like some extra part of protection, and he does it with some casualness that helps calm them down,

Enderchest apparently knows something up as soon as they walk in, circling around their ankles and meowing until they lift the cat up into shaking arms, pressing their cheek against his, the cat purring happily against them,

"Do you want to be alone?" Ponk asks patiently, ignoring the cats, which they take as acceptance of them, they think he doesn't like cats too much, or maybe he does, they think he used to have one, maybe that's why he doesn't like them?

It takes them a few moments to notice they never answered his question, shaking their head 'no' slowly, he nods, sitting down on the floor next to them, when did they sit down?

The other cats are nudging them, asking for pets, or maybe just grounding, they're good at that, knowing when they need to be grounded, the only comfort they ever have on Hypixel,

Wait, no, they're not on Hypixel anymore, they're in an essemipi, with their soulmates, there is a new soulmark in their hair from Sam, one from a few days before from Techno, and Niki and Tubbo and Tommy's and Purpled's, they're all there,

"Ponk's here too," XD whispers in their brain, quietly, knowing that if he's too loud right now it will make them freak out, they appreciate it, humming in acknowledgement to themselves, they're petting their cat, when did that happen?

“I think you’re dissassociating, Ranboo,” Someone says, who was that again? Ponk, yes, Ponk is in their room right now, they don’t want to be alone,

They hum again, brushing their hand through Enderchest’s smooth black fur, they feel almost a bit dizzy, not really dizzy, more of vertigo, like they’re moving when they’re not,

“I’ll,,,, be back in a second,” Ponk says and they nod, frowning when part of their brain yells that they were too annoying and weird and he’s leaving,

They barely register the high, almost whining noise until it already leaves their mouth, they can hear a cat, they think Jjjjjjjeffrey, meow at them and hit his head against their arm,

They hear footsteps enter the room, more than there should be, probably, and someone sits down next to them,

“Hey Ranboo,” Someone says, Sam, that’s Sam’s voice, “How you doing bud?”

They shrug their shoulders, staring blankly at a random space on the carpet, everything is distant and so, so fuzzy, they think people are talking but they don’t hear it, only coming back into themselves to them leaning against Sam, him and Ponk talking in hushed voices,

Catching any of the words is useless so they drift off again, only coming back when they hear a snap near them,

“There, are you with me again?” Sam asks, they nod slowly, “Would you like to eat something grounding?”

They shrug, not really processing the question, their hand is gently lifted up and something is placed in it, they think it is in a plastic wrapping by the texture, like a piece of candy,

“Would you like to eat it?” Sam asks again, a hand is on their shoulder, putting a bit of pressure on them,

They nod, not really processing they did for a few seconds,

“Can you unwrap it?”

They shake their head ‘no’.

“I’ll do it for you then,” Sam says, picking up the thing and unwrapping it, placing it back in their palm,

They hold their hand there for a few seconds before realizing they have to put it in their mouth, almost just straight up smacking themselves in the face when they try to and gladly being stopped by Sam,

They try again, this time remembering that they need to open their mouth, more just shoving it in their face than actually trying to eat it, but progress is progress,

They flinch as the sour taste hits them immediately, face curling up uncomfortably, they flap their hands a few times before remembering that they don’t have to continue eating it and spitting it out into their palm, gagging slightly,

“I hate you,” They say to Ponk, receiving a small chuckle from him,

“It worked,” He says, they can tell he’s grinning behind his mask,



"I hate sour things with my entire soul, oh my god," They say, gagging again, the sour taste is still on their tongue, they realize Sam has returned (when did he leave?) with tissue for the spit-out candy, they wipe off their palm and toss it into the trashbin,

"Are you feeling better?" Sam asks, one of his hands rests on their back, rubbing soothing circles that make them feel more tired, they wonder when they first got tired,

"Kinda," They mutter, leaning against him again, "Tired,"

"Yeah, you've been awake for a while now,"

"Have I?"

"Well, only a few hours more than usual, but you've had a big day," Sam says, "Do you want to go to bed?"

"I don't want to be alone," They admit, frowning as they lean into him further, they don't think they'll be able to sleep alone without nightmares,

"Do you want us to get one of the other kids or Michael to sleep in here with you?" Sam asks patiently, "or one of us could stay until you fall asleep, if you want,"

"One of the other kids, they know how to-" They yawn, shifting so they are laying against Sam further, "Know how to help me,"

Sam nods, apparently motioning for Ponk to go do it because he stays, running fingers through their hair as they fight themselves from nodding off,

"Hey, let's move to the bed, alright?" Sam asks and they nod, barely managing to not collapse onto the floor as Sam helps them stand, basically being carried to their bed and laid down onto it, they don't care to try and get up and change their clothing, it is mostly indoor comfort clothing anyways, they don't mind sleeping in it,

They blink, gaze shifting to the door, when another pair of footsteps walks in, revealing Tubbo standing there, holding Michael on his hip,

"Hey Boo," He says, walking over and sitting on the edge of the bed, Sam moves so he can take his seat, "How are you doing?"

"Tired," They say, making grabby hands at Michael, Tubbo relinquishes him, letting the two hold each other, "I dissociated really badly, my brains all weird and fuzzy,"

He nods, "Do you want me to stay here for the night?"

"If you- If you want, you don't have to," They say, looking away from him, he's too good at reading them, they don't want to accidentally force them to do anything,

"Okay, I'll stay then," Tubbo says, running a hand quickly through their hair, he turns to Sam and says something like "i've got them" but they're too tired to care, curling up closer on themselves in their bed, they barely realize when the lights are flicked off,

Tubbo lays down next to them, softly leaning forward and gently bonking their foreheads together before settling in on the bed, pulling a blanket over the two of them,

For once, Ranboo is the first to doze off, feeling safe next to their platonic husband and their son.

## Chapter End Notes

Here's answering some questions from the last poll

Blanket acceptance to the like 3 marriage proposals I have gotten here, I am gaining an army of husbands, wives, and partners.

Acceptance for the person asking to be a ring bearer, yes.

Someone asked if I would adopt them, yes but you are literally older than me, that will not stop me, it's too late now.

Swords or Shields? - I prefer swords because I know how to swordfight :>

I got another question pertaining to Techno and XD but I am ignoring it as it would be spoilers :)

# Happy

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo joins the feral boys

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late, shorter chapter, I got really busy with school :< I hope you still enjoy it!

Minor TW for mentions of urges to self harm, and later on past attempts, but nothing is very bad! Just be cautious if that is a trigger for you! Stay safe!

Ranboo thinks it's a pretty good day, they stay home and care for Michael until Tubbo steals him off with Tommy and then takes time to write in their memory book, it is good, calm,

Until it isn't, until their skin starts to feel tight again and they just want to tear into it, until they feel sick and wrong and like their body isn't their own,

It's a good day until it's not.

They are aware of their own breath picking up, their grip on their memory book tightening and loosening and tightening and loosening and tightening and loosening and tightening and loosening and-

They shut it with a 'snap', claws digging into the cover on both sides, marking little crescent shaped indents into the worn leather,

Their heart is hammering in their chest, fast, faster, faster, they feel icy cold even in the soothing warmth of the home that accepts them and their body doesn't fit, all misaligned and wrong, and they want to tear it apart, to see red and blueish green blood mix on their fingers into a muddy purple,

"Ranboo, go find someone," XD commands in their brain and they nod, shakily standing to their feet, who is home right now? They know someone is but nothing is working, they need to find someone or-

They stumble out into the hallway, almost sighing in relief when they see Quackity there, he's probably waiting for someone, maybe, they don't know,

"Oh, hey Ranboo," He greets, smiling at them, before it slowly falls as he sees the state they're in, chest heaving a tiny bit, hands clenched much too tight around their memory book, shaking all over like someone freezing,

"H-hey," They greet back, smiling shakily at him, Quackity is not one of the ones they wanted, they don't know him well, they don't want him to get mad at them for overreacting over

something stupid, something fake,

“Are you okay?” Quackity asks, it is so sincere they are shocked out of their panic for a second,

“Uh no I- I,” They force themselves to *breathe*, barely managing to not choke on the air, “I don’t think I can be alone right now?”

Quackity looks confused for a second before he realizes what they mean, “Oh,”

“Y-yeah,” They stutter, looking down at the floor, they can’t stand to see his disappointment, his anger, they’re such a failure, they can’t even stop themselves from thinking of hurting themselves-

“You could come with us if you want!” Quackity suggests, it sounds casual enough they can almost imagine that they’re not trying to distract themselves from the temptation to bleed, “We were going out anyways, so we can distract you,”

“Who,,, who else will be there?” They ask, shifting nervously in place,

“Sapnap, Karl, George and Dream,” He says, “Others might join for a bit though,”

They frown, they don’t really know any of them well, but they *can’t* be alone right now, even in front of Quackity they are resisting the urge to just dig their claws into their wrist, there is no gauze there to protect it anymore, just simple bandages, would Quackity be able to move fast enough to stop them before they did something irreversible and had to respawn?

XD pushes on their mind, it is a strangely both physical and unphysical sensation, “Go with them, they’ll help,”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to intrude,,,,” They ask, rocking back and forth on their heels, the question is directed at both Quackity and XD, but Quackity answers first,

“Of course man! You can be one of the feral boys!” Quackity says immediately, maybe it’s just how invitingly he says it, or the fact that even with their boundless, endless anxiety he just seems so sincere, but it calms them down,

“Okay, yeah, okay,”

It’s nice hanging out with the self-proclaimed ‘feral boys’, a bit weird, because they all seem (and *are*) a lot closer with each other than to them, but they don’t really feel left out,

Quackity also doesn’t explain to them why exactly Ranboo is with them, which they are eternally grateful for, they don’t want everyone else to also know how much of a failure they are for not being able to resist a basic impulse while not being actively watched,

“It’s not stupid,” XD says and they almost think Dream says it for a second, looking over at him, but he’s saying something to George, so it wasn’t,

It’s weird trying to differentiate the two if both are there physically,

Of course they are different, at least personality-wise, XD is a lot calmer, not that Dream is particularly energetic, not like Tommy at least, but XD is still calmer, a bit more put together and professional, the few times Dream started ‘acting serious’ in front of them reminds them of how

XD is, XD just seems to always be 5 steps in front of them,

(besides when they were sitting on their bathroom floor with a knife in their hand, or when they first heard him, but those were little events.)

XD's voice echoes more too, they only really realized that recently, it is much easier to tell when not in a dark room where everything echoes anyways,

They also just know XD better, which is a weird thought, they know the voice in their head better than a person they live with.

They shake off those thoughts, focusing back on whatever is going on around them, Quackity has managed to pull George into an argument over something, they can't really discern what about,

"Come on gogy just agree with me!" Quackity crows, a grin on his face, George bristles angrily at the nickname,

"I will *Not*!"

"I gotta agree with George here, pineapple on pizza is gross," Dream says, so *that's* what they're arguing over,

"Neither of DNF have any taste, point and laugh," Quackity says to no one, Karl snorts behind him, putting a hand over his mouth to hide it,

"Quackity if you eat pineapple on pizza I will never kiss you again," Sapnap states, Quackity gasps in offence,

"Sapnap I trusted you!"

"I trusted you too until I learnt that you were a pineapple on pizza eating heathen,"

Quackity huffs, crossing his arms, before turning and looking at them, they freeze in place, "Ranboo! Split the vote, do you think pineapple on pizza is good or bad?"

"Why do I have to split the vote!?"

"Because that's how math works! Either you vote its good and it is a tie or you vote it's bad and we win!" Sapnap states, gesturing with his arms as he speaks,

"Well too bad I haven't had pizza than,"

Karl gapes at him, eyes wide in shock, "What?!"

"Well maybe I have and I forgot, but not anytime recently at least," They say, it's true, most of what they ate in Hypixel was simple stuff they had the energy to make, mostly potatoes, or the occasional golden carrots, sometimes there were parties with snacks, but they only showed up to those if necessary,

They look up, a bit confused when they see the looks of surprise on all of their faces, "What?"

"You've never had pizza! That's a tragedy!"

"It's not that bad, it's just a type of food, right?" Their tail lashes nervously at their ankles, they resist the urge to go pick up a block for comfort,

They can't see his face but they're pretty sure that Dream gawks further at them, they can't tell with more eyes on them, "They don't know how good pizza is, we're having pizza for dinner,"

"No, it's fine! Really," They try to assure, receiving joking glares from everyone,

"Nope! It's too late now!" Quackity states, crossing his arms and turning around dramatically, "We're having it,"

They chase after all of their quick footsteps, pretty easy with the height difference, none of their assurances that it's fine work, typical.

They have pizza that night, they try a piece with pineapple, it's okay,

Hypixel was never kind, some people are mean, aim for places that hurt if they get the chance, while some are kinder, take the time to teach them how to hold their sword properly during a match when they see how amateur they are,

The true part of Hypixel that is terrible, for them at least, is the guilt, it's part of what leads them to their first time making themselves bleed,

They aren't allowed in matches for a few weeks due to a respawn glitch that might act up again if they go into one again, so they are kept to their dorm, usually most others would take the time to do something like visit their soulmates, or just go onto a personal world, but they don't have either of those,

Something about not being in danger, not feeling the ache of injuries freshly healed by respawn, adrenaline not constantly rushing in their veins, makes them feel antsy, uncomfortable, more anxious than usual,

It is just a simple mistake, slicing their finger open while cutting something, but for just a second the pain, the stinging, makes it go away, makes them feel calm and peaceful like they haven't in so long,

~~that's what makes them end up in the bathroom of their Hypixel dorm hours later holding a knife in a shaking hand, makes them three weeks later make a line for every time they die during a match, makes them continue the habit of harming themselves until they join the people they love~~

They feel the tug even in their sleep as they are yanked from a nightmare by XD, gently pulled into a dream, a memory, much less tragic, much happier,

They are a young child in clothes a bit too big on their thin frame, sleeves not reaching their wrists, in a field that seems to stretch for hours, they were so much smaller back then, tiny enough to hide away from the world in hollowed out trees and cabinets and under porches,

A girl is leading them by the hand, they can't remember her face or how she sounded, but they know it was Niki,

They lay in the grass and watch the clouds for hours, pointing out shapes and trying to explain it until the other can see it too, continuing until the sun shines pink and orange in the sky and they have to rush home to avoid meeting any mobs,

When they walk into the house their mother is not home and they make stew and eat it with bread and a sweet foral tea that Niki bought from the shops, Ranboo's favorite, lavender.

Both of them tuck up together in one of their beds, blankets laid over them, they take turns reading a book to eachother,

Ranboo falls asleep first, head dipping onto Niki's shoulder, and she smiles and lays them down properly on the bed, pulling blankets over them and laying a soft kiss on their hairline, letting them sleep peacefully into the next morning.

Nothing is perfect, but in these small, pleasant moments, maybe they can let themselves believe it to be that way.

There is a mark on their chest over their heart, where they placed one of their closest's friends hands, their palms painted the same color.

There is a mark protectively around their middle from when they were held oh so gently by their sister.

There is a mark on their back from when their husband hugged them, asking them to stay.

There is a mark on their shoulder from when they laid on a boy who seems so distant's shoulder, his first question after was if it was okay with them, they answered 'yes'.

There is a mark on their finger from when their son held it, asking for comfort.

There is a mark at the front of their hair, on their bangs, from when someone that Ranboo looked up to as a fighter, as a friend, as a soulmate, brushed them out of their face.

There is a mark further back in their hair, from when an inventor who felt so guilty accepted their apology and reached out to ruffle it.

There are more marks unfulfilled, that they are no longer sad, anxious, worried to see through, instead they are happy, and content, even if things are difficult.

For one of the first times since they were a child in clothing both too big and too small, they want to be happy.

# Dysphoria

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo has a bad dysphoria day, Eret helps them with it.

## Chapter Notes

Hello my beloveds! I'm just answering some questions from the poll I did, so feel free to skip this if you are uninterested!

Is Tubbo/Ranboo gonna be romantic or not - Kinda??? I don't think it is really worth specifying, they are just in love, whether it's romantic or not is up to your perception of the story. I did write a section in the tubbo and ranboo soulmark chapter with them talking about it though!

What kind of sword fighting do you do (paraphrasing this was in a much larger question) - More medieval sword fighting style I guess? Not as like a sport I just have skills in it.

Is sally showing up in this fic - She was mentioned in earlier chapters but she will not show up in person! She kinda sucks in this fic tho :<

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The feeling of needing to hurt thankfully fades in the next few days, what doesn't though is the aching, gnawing feeling of their body being wrong, misplaced,

They're not particularly *insecure* about how they look, they don't really care about being attractive, they are more focused on not looking scary to others, though there is always a certain uncertainty over how they look that has only seemed to grow since they realized they weren't a boy,

Wearing the skirt they got helps sometimes, soothes a bit of the feeling, but sometimes it just makes it worse, points out all the features they don't have that they feel like they should (or shouldn't?).

They don't like it, the feeling makes them feel tired and unmotivated and useless, bad enough that they spend nights unable to sleep from the crawling uncomfortableness under their skin, bad enough that one morning when they don't have Michael they just can't get themselves out of bed to go to breakfast, pulling the blankets over their head like it can protect them from the world.

Time passes, they are aware of that, it must be past breakfast ending by now, the house is quieter, less people, but all that their mind can focus on is that their body feels wrong, and they are very glad that it is dark under their blankets because they don't think they can look at themselves right now without bursting into tears,



“Ranboo?” Eret’s voice comes, “Are you okay?”

They don't wanna be alone.

“Hey Ranboo, are you okay?” She asks, rubbing their shoulder gently through the blankets,

“What?” Eret asks,

Eret pauses briefly and they worry they said something wrong before she continues, “Oh, is it a bad dysphoria day?”

“Oh, uh, well, I don’t know how to explain it,” She laughs softly, “It’s kinda like how you explained it I guess? You know when Fundy gets uncomfortable with his body and we have to make him take off his binder and distract him? It’s like that,”

She gives them a sympathetic look, “Do you want a distraction?”

“Give me a second,” She says and they nod, curling up further in their bed as they hear her look through their closet, they don’t particularly have the energy to care at the moment,

“Here, put this on, it usually helps,” She says, holding out the jacket to them.

She smiles at them softly, “Do you want to go to my room? I could paint your nails and you could stop focusing on everything for a bit,”

“Yeah that’d- that’d be nice,” They agree, “Can I take one of my cats?”

“Sure but not Jeffrey, he’ll nudge your nails and ruin them,”

“It’s Jjjjjjjeffrey, with 8 J’s,” They correct, scooping up Enderchest into their arms, she nudges happily into their chest, purring,

“My mistake,” Eret says, chuckling softly under her breath, leading them out of their room and up to hers, the house is pretty tall now that they think about it, it probably takes a while for the ones on the upper floors to get around, maybe they should all build a new one, or at least expand this house,

They are pulled out of their thoughts by being tugged into Eret’s room, they’ve been in here a few times before, mainly while Eret grabbed something, it is a bit blander than they expected when they first met her, but comfortable and cozy, extra pillows laying around and instead of the lights being turned on she has fairy lights that give it a gentler light,

They walk with her to one of the corners of the room, large pillows and bean bag chairs are on the ground against the wall with a tub of nail polish next to it, probably used for this often,

“Do you have a color you want?” Eret asks, popping open the tub and digging through the bottles of nail polish, it makes a satisfying ‘*clickclickclickclick*’ noise of the glass clacking together,

“Do you have royal blue?” They ask, looking over at her,

She nods, “Do you want some glitter flakes?”

“Sure,”

She nods again, pulling out a few bottles and smacking them against her hand to shake them up, “Do you want them shiny or matte?”

“Uh, shiny?”

She hums in acknowledgement, taking out another bottle, mixing them all thoroughly before taking one of their hands,

“Just try to stay still,” She commands, they nod, keeping their hand still as she puts a clear coat over their nails, apparently it is something that keeps them on for longer?

She works on the other hand while waiting for the original one to dry, the silence is peaceful, calming, they don’t feel like they need to fill it, it’s comforting,

“Okay, now we just need to wait for those to dry so I can paint on top of them, I’d usually just make you dip your fingers in cold water because it dries them quicker, but,” She trails off, they nod, understanding,

“Yeah, I get it,” They say softly, leaning back in their bean bag chair, they really don’t like the idea of being in pain right now, that’s kinda strange, they wanted to hurt what was it, 48 hours ago?

Eret messes with more of the nail stuff, they think she is just keeping her hands busy instead of actually doing something, they look over and raise an eyebrow when they realize her sunglasses are still on, even in the dim light of the room, they assumed it was probably some sort of light sensitivity thing, but they haven’t even seen her take them off at movie nights when all the lights are off,

“Hey, why do you wear your sunglasses all the time?” They ask, immediately starting to backtrack when they see the look at the comes onto her face, “Wait no- that’s rude, I’m sorry, you don’t need to tell me,”

“It’s fine, you didn’t do anything wrong,” She assures, they frown but don’t continue, resisting the urge to curl in on themselves, they don’t wanna ruin the nail polish, “I can show you, but you have to promise me to not like, scream and run or something,”

They nod in agreement, wondering why that specifically is what they have to promise, is it like a really bad scar or something? They think they would’ve caught hints of it on the skin if it was something like that,

She sighs a bit shakily and pulls up a hand to her glasses, taking them off carefully, keeping her eyes closed for a few seconds, she looks pretty normal, no scars in sight,

Then she opens her eyes,

Instead of an iris and pupil they are white sclera all the way through, almost glowing a little in the dark room, they blink, staring for a second before the digging pain of eye contact shocks them and they look away,

“Your eyes are cool, pretty,” They say, rubbing the palms of their hands together to make up for being unable to wring them,

They think she gives them a weird look, flushing a little bit, and they hear her chuckle softly,

“Thanks, usually people get scared when they see them,”

“Well, I get scared when I see anyone’s eyes, so it’s not too different,” They say, smiling softly to themselves when they hear her chuckle again,

“Yeah, I think your nails are dry now,” She states, they give their hands back over, letting her continue to paint a blue coat over them,

She is shockingly good at keeping herself stable while painting their nails, good enough that when there is a knock at the door she doesn’t end up ruining it,

“Come in!” She calls, the door clicking open to reveal Karl standing there, peeking through the small crack in the door,

“Hi!” He greets, entering and shutting the door behind him, walking over and sitting in one of the free chairs,

“Hi Karl, what do you need?” Eret asks, not rudely, at least they don’t think so, her voice usually gets deeper when she is trying to be mean,

He shrugs, “I don’t know! I’m just supposed to be here right now,” He states, they blink, tilting their head at him,

“That’s definitely not a suspicious statement,” They mutter under their breath, receiving a laugh from both of them, Eret narrowly avoiding painting part of their finger with nail polish,

“It’s the truth! It just feels right to be here currently!” Karl says, they narrow their eyes at him, playing along with their faux suspicion,

“Well, if you’re gonna be here anyways you’re gonna let me paint your nails,” Eret states, stopping the mock-argument before it can start,

“Ooh! Can you do the spiral pattern again?” Karl asks, rocking back and forth happily on his seat, the action reminds them a lot of their own stim to be honest and they resist the urge to repeat it, they don’t want him to think they’re mocking him,

Eret scrunches up her face slightly, “Not on all of them, how about just the pointer fingers?”

“Oh honk yeah!” Karl says happily, grinning, before catching himself and flushing, coughing into his hand to try to hide his excitement, “Can you do the rest black?”

Eret nods, pulling out a few colors, “Do you want the swirls to be purple and green again?”

He nods, rocking back and forth again in his seat happily before staying still as Eret puts a ‘base coat’ on his nails while she waits for the blue on Ranboo’s to dry,

She stands, taking a bowl they didn’t even notice she had with her nail things and walking into her restroom, filling it with (presumably cold) water, bringing it back over to Karl, they notice how her steps get a bit more careful when near them and smile softly,

“Dip your nails so they dry quicker,” She says, Karl nods, dipping his fingers in carefully,

“Why didn’t you already have water out if you’re painting Ranboo’s nails?” He asks, flicking his hands slightly to get the water off, they wince, moving away from the splashing water,

“Water burns me,” They explain simply, grimacing at the bowl of water like it will jump out at them,

He gives them a confused look for a second before coming to a very simple realization, drawing his hands back so he stops almost flicking them with water, “Oh, I’m sorry, I kinda forgot!”

They shrug, “It’s fine, at least you’re not pouring buckets of water on me or something,”

There is a pause that makes them think that Eret is painting another layer onto Karl’s nails, or maybe about to move onto theirs, but when they look over all they are met with is confusion from both of them,

“Why would we pour water on you?” Eret asks, slowly, like how everyone does when they ask ‘why do people raising swords scare you’, ‘why did you freak out when Tommy MLG water bucketed next to you’, ‘why when Tubbo reached out to poke your cheek did you teleport away’.

“People did on Hypixel sometimes, during battle, after they learnt that it hurt me,” They explain, “Or they would just put plain water in splash potion bottles and throw them at me, that hurt,”

There is another pause that follows that and they look up again, it now being their turn to be confused at the looks of horror on both of their faces,

“What?”

“That’s,,,, that’s pretty fucked up, Ranboo,” Eret states, they don’t like how worried she looks without her glasses, they don’t want to worry her,

“It’s fine, the burns always healed after games anyways,” They say, a lie, if they didn’t die then they would have to go to the medics to get healed, and they never did that unless necessary, so

usually they just went with a few more wounds until they eventually respawned and healed,

“Still messed up,” Karl states, next to glaring at his nails as Eret takes his hand to paint the next layer onto them,

They shrug, “That’s how it is, I guess,” They say, laying back on their beanbag and staring at the ceiling instead of at the two others in the room,

“How it *was*, we’ll never do that to you,” Eret seethes, her tone leaving no room for argument, they don’t think she’s mad at them at least,

They blink, oh yeah, they’re not on Hypixel anymore, no one is going to do that to them anymore, at least not on purpose,

The silence after that is a bit calmer, though they think Eret and Karl are both still a little angry, they don’t really get why, it’s just a few water burns,

~~They remember how it first felt when someone had the idea to break a bottle of water over their head, the crashing pain of glass shattering over their head followed by the intense burn of water, scorching skin~~

~~They didn’t even stab the person who did it, they remember coming back to themselves standing over a body with the taste of blood in their mouth and mask discarded, they won that match at least~~

They shake off that memory, it falls through their fingers easily, fading away like loose sand to lapping water, water, it had to do with water, didn’t it?

“If you can’t touch water how do you shower?” Karl asks suddenly, they blink,

“What?”

“Like how do you wash yourself?” He asks again, they notice Eret is putting some paper thing over his nail, probably for the spiral design or whatever he wanted,

“Patience and healing potions,” They say snarkily, it is half the truth, though they haven’t needed to use healing pots for it in a while, they have learnt to not burn themselves that badly, it’s just painful and annoying,

“We could try to get you water resistance potions if you want,” Eret suggests, painting a coat of purple over Karl’s nail before carefully pulling the paper off, revealing a clean purple spiral over the green already there,

“Those exist?” They ask, they have thought about *trying* to figure out how to make them before, but potions have never been their strong suit and they didn’t feel like causing an explosion,

She nods, “I think I’ve seen a few before, they’re pretty rare but they show up in markets, and I’m sure Wilbur could figure it out, with his stupid ‘drug empire’ business,”

“What?”

She chuckles, “When we first arrived he made a van and used it to ‘sell drugs’”, it just was a potion brewery basically,” She explains, “Can I have your hands? I think they’re dry,”

They give their hands over to her, she taps their nails softly to check if they are dry before apparently deciding they’re dry enough, grabbing the bottle of the sparkly glittery substance and

putting a coat of it over the blue,

“Yeah, I’d probably like to learn how water feels without incredible pain,” They admit, she nods, carefully painting the glittery sparkles onto one hand of theirs before moving onto the other,

“It’d make this a lot easier, I forgot how long nails took to dry without water,” She says, they frown softly,

“Sorry,”

She looks up at them, “You don’t need to apologize, I don’t think you chose to not be able to touch water,”

They shrug, only a little so that they don’t mess up Eret’s craftsmanship,

“Wait, if you’re allergic to water how come you can drink things?” Karl asks, they look over briefly to find him dipping his fingers into water to dry the nail polish,

“Straws, or drinking really carefully, it doesn’t hurt inside my mouth,” They state, “Fundy gave me some in my first week or so,”

He nods, flicking off the water in the opposite direction of where Ranboo is sitting,

“Careful, you’ll ruin the spiral and I’m not redoing it,” Eret warns, Karl snorts, checking over to make sure the spiral is unharmed,

“It’s fine,” Karl says, showing off his nails, they’re pretty cool, the black makes the spiral on his pointer fingers stick out more,

“They’re pretty,” They say softly, tails thumping twice against the floor before they realize and flush, forcing them to go limp again,

Karl nods, grinning as he looks at them, “Thank you Eret,”

“Welcome,” Eret says, finishing the final layer of nail polish over Ranboo’s nails, “Okay, finished,”

They pull their hands back, shifting them back and forth, it makes the glitters sparkle in different ways, their tails thump happily against the floor again,

Eret puts away the nail polish, shutting the tub they were in, “You both can leave if you want,”

“You’re so mean Eret, kicking us out,” Karl whines, going limp in his chair, they put a hand over their mouth to stop themselves from laughing and almost ruin their nails in the process,

“I was giving you an out if you introverts wanted to leave!” Eret defends, a grin on her face,

“I can’t believe you’d betray us like this Eret,” Ranboo adds, biting their cheeks to hide their grin,

“Oh shut up!” She says, laughing, “You’re both terrible,”

“You loooovvvveee ussssss,” Karl says teasingly, nudging her with his foot, she bats it away, laughing softly,

“Yeah, yeah I do,”

They take a few seconds to realize that statement is also directed at them, blushing when they do, ears flattening to the sides of their head in embarrassment,

“Y-yeah I think I’m gonna go eat something, I’m hungry,” They say, taking their chance to escape Actual Emotional Connection, it’s only half a lie, they probably should be hungry, but tracking needs besides ‘something is wrong currently’ never works well on their brain,

“Oh, I’ll come with! It’s almost lunch anyways,” Karl says, standing up and stretching, they get up to follow, only stopping when they feel a hand on their shoulder,

They look behind them to see Eret standing there, “I meant what I said, okay? I really love you guys,” She says, so earnestly, like if she puts enough emotion, enough feeling into it the idea will stain them forever, that they’ll never doubt it,

They are not surprised when the prickling, stinging sensation of a mark forming stings over where her hand rests on their shoulder,

Eret jumps a bit when the pain stabs into her palm, probably a bit more sensitive on the thinner skin there than on their shoulder, drawing her hand away to look at it as red and green paints itself on her skin,

“Oh,” She says, moving her hand back and forth like it will change if it catches the reflection if the light,

“Ranboo are you coming?” Karl calls from out the door, they jump a bit at the noise, too trapped in their little bubble to realize they were supposed to be following,

They look between the door and Eret, deciding to do something before they can convince themselves against it and basically throwing themselves into her arms, hugging her tightly before just as quickly pulling away and running off after Karl, waving goodbye to her briefly,

They aren’t there to see the fond smile and huff she makes as they leave, the way she takes a few seconds to trace the outline of the mark before getting back to tidying up, but they feel it, leaking through the mark like paper soaking up water nearby, and they think she can feel theirs aswell.

## Chapter End Notes

Warning that from here on the soulmarking chapters will be MUCH more spaced out, as I feel they don't have a strong enough bond with anyone currently to that quickly get a mark (besides one person already chosen out, but that's my secret >:))

If you wanna friend me on discord here is my username and stuff :>

Lucky Crow #1893

# Gifts

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo gives gifts to everyone and receives some in return.

## Chapter Notes

Ranboo's love language is gift giving and I will go down with this headcanon

Sorry if this chapter sucks a bit and is a bit late, I had a really difficult day while writing it :< hopefully it goes better soon.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It has been a while since they completely blanked out, all memories gone like ripped out pages of a journal,

So when they wake up and are halfway through a swing of their pickaxe in their mine, they are reasonably confused,

They manage to not accidentally stab themselves with the unaimed swing of the pickaxe, only stumbling a bit from it, dropping their torch in the progress and snuffing it out, bathing them in the dark emptiness of their strip mine,

They sigh, opening up their inventory and looking through it quickly, gladly finding another torch and pulling it out, looking around the mine,

It is pretty normal, some holes dug out where ores used to be, from a quick glance at their inventory the trip actually seemed pretty fruitful, a bit annoying though they don't know what it was for, if anything, they should probably check their memory book, when they get back of course, they don't want a mob to attack them while they're just sitting here in the dark,

They begin the trip back, glad that they at least remembered to grab a sword and some armor, having to slash down a few creepers and zombies before they reach the lit up area of their chests, dumping useless cobblestone and dirt and gravel into it before walking up to leave the mine,

It is raining,

They huff in frustration, stepping out into it with a wince, their armor is enough to save them from being burnt alive, but it still feels dangerously close to their skin and the humidity is probably gonna leave them irritated and itchy for a few hours,

The house comes into view relatively quickly, they're glad they decided to make their mine so close, or this could've actually become dangerous,

As soon as they step under the cover of the porch they start next to throwing off their armor, pushing the door open and chucking it on the floor, glad to just be home,



Someone approaches, probably to see who came home, “Oh, hi Ranboo,”

“Hello Karl,” They sigh, finally getting off the last of their soaked armor, managing to not burn their skin taking it off from years of practice, “How’s your day going?”

“Pretty good,” He says, shrugging, “How about you?”

They laugh softly, more bitter than humorous, “I really don’t know?”

“Oh,” Karl says, “*oh*”

“Yeah,” They say, sighing, “My memories being all weird, I thought it was getting better but apparently not,”

“That sucks dude, I’m really sorry,” He says, earnestly enough that they believe him, “Are you okay? I know it’s raining out and you and water don’t really mix too well,”

“None got on me, so I’m fine,” They state, “The humidity was a bit uncomfortable, but I’ll live,”

He hums, rocking back and forth on his heels, “Do you want to join us in the living room? We were gonna set up some movies or something because its a rainy day, others will probably be coming back soon,”

They nod, “Yeah, yeah that sounds good,” They agree, following him into the living room, leaving their wet armor to dry.

The morning after is when they finally remember to check their memory book to see what they were doing, flipping it open to a page they don’t remember making, which is pretty standard, that is it’s use after all,

*I’ve decided to make gifts for everyone as thanks for everything they’ve done for me :) my therapist said it’d be a good way to show thanks*

*I am going out later for diamonds for an axe for Technoblade*

Well, that explains it.

They shut the book with a click. Okay, presents, they can do that, actually they like giving presents, it is just easier to do than trying to explain their emotions with their voice, or by doing something for them, or by hugging or stuff, they never know when is the right time,

But gifts are easy, and people usually accept them, they can do gifts,

They get up and stretch, getting ready to plan out their presents, a new sort of excitement in their step.

Techno’s is first, something they’ve already chosen, he has complained recently about losing his axe a lot, so that will be something simple that he needs and he’ll get use out of.

Anyways, they're good at grinding for armor.

The first parts are easy, crafting an axe out of diamond and wood, they're careful to make sure that the handle would be comfortable for him, both if chopping wood and in battle, wrapping softened leather around it and carefully binding it into place,

Then they put netherite over it, the gold and ancient debrees covering the diamond and hardening it, sharpening down the metal until it can easily chop through most things, while keeping it light enough that it can be used swiftly,

It is a delicate balance, but they like to think they are quite good at blacksmithing, they consider crafting one of their strong suits,

When they can't find anything else to add or change or shift for more comfort or easier use, as enchanted as they can make it, they declare it finished, staring proudly at it and tucking it safely into the back of their inventory, setting off to give it to Techno.

They find him in the potato farm, stabbing a garden fork into the ground to check if they're done,

"Uh, hey Techno," They greet, tails lashing behind them nervously, resisting the urge to fidget with their hands,

"Hullo," He answers, getting up and dusting off his hands, "Do you need somethin'?"

"No- I mean, yes, actually!" They say, "I have- I have a gift,"

"Oh?" He asks, looking significantly more interested, "Well I like gifts,"

"Yeah well, I heard you lost your old one and well," They pull the axe from their inventory, holding it out to Techno, "I wanted to thank you for everything, so, here,"

He takes the axe from them, looking it over with surprise, "Did you make this,"

"Uh, yeah! Sorry if my craftsmanship isn't the best," They say, wringing their hands nervously,

He shakes his head, putting the axe in his inventory, "No, it's fine, my heart definitely isn't warmed at all," He states, a small flush on his cheeks,

They laugh softly, "Right, of course."

The next they decide to work on is for Philza, it is shockingly difficult to find something to give him, usually whenever he needs something he just gets it himself,

Until they hear him mention something about wanting chorus fruit, for blocks for a build, something that can't be gotten on the Essempi (apparently the End is closed, for some reason), *that* is something they can do,

It takes a bit for them to find a day where no one will be looking for them, leaving their communicator so no achievement appears in chat before teleporting to the End, it is shockingly easily, almost natural, as the grass under their feet turns into rocky white endstone, black obsidian obelisks stabbing out of the ground with a dragon flying around,

She ignores them, maybe believing them to be one of the Enderman or just knowing that they aren't here for her. They ignore her as well, a sign of respect,

They teleport along the islands until they reach one with chorus fruit growing on it,

They cut down stalks until they have a decent amount, taking a piece of endstone in case Phil wants to grow it and teleporting back,

If going to the End feels like going above water after drowning, than leaving it feels like the opposite, having their head pushed back under,

They take a few minutes of wheezing to adjust to the air, it is much less thin here, and it is almost uncomfortable how thick it is to be honest, their lungs are meant for the thin, crisp air of the end, and being in the overworld is strange even if they have lived here their whole life,

They stand back up, looking around to check where they are, they think they are pretty close to the house, definitely not where they teleported *from* but they can deal with it, walking back easily.

No one questions where they went for the half an hour or so and their communicator gladly didn't tell on them, so they get away with it.

They wait a few days to deliver it to Philza, walking upon him working on whatever project this is, it is like a monument of some sort,

"Oh, hey mate!" Phil greets, "D'you need something?"

"No I actually uh- I brought something, because I heard you talking about it," They say, shifting uncomfortably under his gaze, he politely stops looking at them,

"Oh?" Phil asks and they resist a chuckle at how similar it was to Techno's response, pulling out the chorus fruit and holding it out to him,

"I heard you talking about how you needed them for a build, I uh, also have a piece of endstone if you wanna grow it," They state, letting Phil take the Chorus Fruit from them, checking it over with amazement,

"Holy shit mate, did you buy this?" He asks, marveling at the fruit,

"No, I uh, I just went to the End to get it?"

"How the fuck?!" Phil asks, sounding much more amused than angry, "How did we not hear the portal open? Or did the achievement not go in chat?"

"I just left my communicator and teleported,"

"Did you kill the dragon?"

"No! No!" They say immediatly, waving their hands in front of them, "I wouldn't do that!"

He looks a bit confused but nods slowly, "Since when could you teleport across dimensions anyways?"

They blink, "I don't really know? I guess I just assumed I could and did,"

"Huh," Phil says, putting the Chorus Fruit in the inventory, "Thank you mate, Techno isn't gonna be happy about this new main character development though,"

They laugh softly, “Yeah, he and Tubbo are gonna run more ‘experiments’ on my powers,”

Phil snorts, “Thank you again mate, it really helps with my build,” He says, reaching up to ruffle their hair,

They smile, “You’re welcome, it’s really nothing, I can get you more if you like,”

“No, it’s fine, but thank you,” Phil repeats, grinning at them and going back to his build, they smile, tail lashing happily before they walk off to work on the next present.

Next is Tommy, they know what they’re going to get him immediately, a music disc, but it takes a few times of paying more attention to the discs he plays when they listen together to find which one he’s missing,

After a few times they find out he doesn’t have a Far disc and sets off to find one, digging through a lot of spawners and baiting skeletons to shoot creepers until they finally pull the disc from a chest, smiling excitedly as they see the lime green of the middle.

It is the next time that they hear the familiar notes of Mellohi coming from the jukebox that they decide to give the disc over, quickly sliding it into their inventory from one of their chests before walking down the stairs, going and sitting next to Tommy how they usually do, hoping that they don’t seem too suspicious,

Tommy doesn’t notice anything, or at least doesn’t mention it, leaning against their arm tiredly, they chuckle, bringing their hand up to brush through his hair,

They sit with him through the rest of the song, until the notes of Mellohi slowly fade off and Tommy sits up to change the disc,

“Wait,” They say and Tommy pauses, looking at them confused, “Can I play something?”

“Oh, sure big man,” Tommy says, “What do you want?”

They pull the disc out of the inventory and see his eyes widen when he sees it, taking it with careful hands to not scratch or damage it as he puts it in the jukebox, depositing his old mellohi disc back into his inventory and sitting back down, watching the jukebox like it’s gonna show him something as the tune starts,

It has an almost fairy-taleish tune, something they could imagined being played at the beginning of a childrens movie, Tommy seems to like it, tapping his fingers happily against his thigh as he listens to it, seemingly completely enamoured,

They watch as he bounces in place a little with the song, sometimes humming along specific bits that he’s able to, with a smile on their face, glad that he enjoys it,

Eventually the tune of the song trails off into the silence of the wiring jukebox until it clicks off, Tommy pulls the disc out, holding it out for them to take back,

“It’s okay, you can keep it,” They say, pushing it back towards him gently,

He blinks, eyes wide, “Really?”

“Yeah, we’ll listen to it together anyways,” They state, smiling at him, “You take better care of them than me,”

He grins, putting the disc safely away in his inventory, “Thank you, big man.”

Quackity is a difficult choice but they want to get it over with him sooner rather than later, and anyways they feel they owe him for being so nice to them recently,

It’s difficult to choose something that they think Quackity would like, they don’t know much about him, but when they are shopping and find a bright blue hoodie with a terrible jpg of a duck on it they know it’s horrible, and that Quackity would love it way too much,

They buy it with only little regret, mostly towards the fact that their friends are now so weird,

Instead of giving it in person they decide to just leave it in his room, teleporting it in and setting it down with a note before teleporting back to their own,

The next day they see Quackity wearing it and try not to feel too proud at themselves for how happy he looks in it,

They honestly didn’t mean to find Tubbo’s gift so quickly, he was one higher up on the list, of course, but they expected him to be a bit difficult to buy for,

Until they were out shopping one day, actually the same day they bought things for Quackity, and laid eyes on an absolutely beautiful obsidian ring,

They pick it up, shifting it around to look at it from different views, it has a glaze over it that makes it shine, and would probably fit on Tubbo’s ring finger,

They guess they *could* get him a wedding ring,

They buy the ring while blushing, voice a bit stuttered, they think the cashier realizes what it’s for by her knowing look, they hide away the ring box in their pocket,

It’s not like they’re engaged, they’re already (platonicallly?) married but this feels more official than just Tubbo saying it, than jokes over the dinner table or nights spent curled up with Michael between them, this makes it *real*.

So they let it sit, they hide the ring box in a drawer in their room no one checks, a few times they take it out and put it in their pocket to give it over, but no time feels right,

Until this time,

They are laying in the flower field with Michael and Tubbo, Michael is reaching up happily towards some of the bees, who randomly dive down to smush their faces together before flying off again, leaving the giggling toddler that waddles after them happily, unable to keep up with their flying on foot,

“He’s gonna fall,” They state, watching as Michael stumbles before catching himself, going back to chasing the bees,

“He’ll be fiiiiiiiine,” Tubbo assures, “The bees will take care of him,”

“Oh, did they tell you that?” They tease, grinning at their husband,

“Yes,” He says, smiling back at them,

They chuckle, looking up at the clouds, the day isn’t gloomy, but there is enough clouds to stop the sun from shining directly into their face,

Their suit pocket feels heavy with the weight of the ring in it, and they gulp, looking over at Tubbo who is happily watching their son play with the bees,

“Hey Tubbo, can I ask you something?” They ask, the words falling out of their mouth before they can stop them, guess its time now,

“Hm?” Tubbo asks, looking over at them,

“Will you- god, this is hard,” They say, sitting up, “I don’t think I’m supposed to do this laying down anyways,” They laugh softly,

Tubbo looks significantly more confused but sits up as well, turning to them, “What is it big man?”

“Well I- I know we’re married, or whatever, but it’s kinda a joke and I just- I wanted to know,” They pull out the box, opening it and holding it out to Tubbo, “If you wanted to make it official?”

Tubbo stares at the ring in shock, looking between it and their face a few times before gingerly taking the box and staring at it, eyes starting to water, “Really?”

“Oh don’t cry, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you-” They begin to apologize, reaching out to wipe Tubbo’s eyes and getting their hand batted away, shrinking back anxiously,

“It’s- It’s a good cry, don’t worry,” He says, sniffing and wiping his eyes, “I’m happy,”

“Oh,”

He chuckles, staring down at the ring, “Yeah I- I’ll make it official, if you want,”

They let out a breath of relief they didn’t know they were holding, smiling softly at their husband, their actual, non-joking husband, “Thank you,”

Tubbo takes the ring out of the box, sliding it onto his ring finger, “Should we kiss? Like they do at weddings?”

They sputter, cheeks flushing with color, “I mean- If you want?”

Tubbo chuckles, sitting up on his knees to actually reach them and grabbing their cheeks, pressing a kiss to the tip of their nose that makes them flush further if possible, ears drooping embarrassedly against their head,

Tubbo pulls back, grinning at their expression, “This is deffo flirting,”

They sputter more, unable to form any sentences, Tubbo laughs at their trouble, traitor,

“Bee!” Michael yells suddenly, breaking the moment, they look over to find Michael holding a struggling bee between two hooved hands,

“Michael no!” Tubbo yells, getting up and running to stop the toddler from getting hurt, leaving Ranboo to fall back on the grass, trying to process what just happened.

Wilbur’s gift is inspired when he is playing his guitar one night in the living room and he complains about his fingers hurting, apparently he cut one of them while cooking and it now sucks to play, so they try to solve said problem,

Guitar picks are an easy find at a music store next time they shop, they find really pretty ones too, thin and made of wood, music note designs carved into the separate ones,

They pay for them and leave the store, going to find Tubbo, who they came with in the first place.

They walk up to Wilbur’s room as soon as they get home, knocking nervously on the door and rocking nervously on their heels as they wait for an answer,

After a few moments he opens up he door, looking delightfully surprised to see Ranboo there,

“Oh, Ranboo! I didn’t expect you here, do you need anything?” He asks, his voice sounds a bit different then normal, but they brush it off,

“No, actually, I have something for you,” They state, handing over the small bag full of guitar picks,

He takes it, opening it up and eyes widening once he sees them, pulling one out and studying it, “Oh! For my guitar?”

They nod, “I heard you hurt your finger and it was difficult to play, I don’t know if it will actually help though,”

He smiles, “Thank you! I really didn’t expect to receive anything!”

They blink, tilting their head, “What do you mean?”

“Well, you’ve been going around giving people things, I really didn’t expect to be one of your targets,”

“Oh, I,, didn’t realize everyone would notice so quickly,” They state, blushing slightly,

He chuckles, “Yeah, we noticed after you gave something to Quackity, I really didn’t expect to receive anything,”

They flush, ears drooping, “I was- I am planning to get something for everyone,” They admit, wringing their hands,

Wilbur nods, “I’ll keep it a secret, just between us, you know?” He says, winking at them conspiringly,

XD whispers “Theater kid,” In the back of their mind,

They chuckle, “Thanks, Wil,”

“Don’t mention it,” He states, “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some guitar to play with my new guitar picks.”

They like to think they know their sister well enough to get a present she’ll enjoy, but they instead decide to spend the time making something for her, they know she likes gifts that are homemade more than things bought anyways,

They spend a few hours in the flower field working to perfect a flower crown of tulips for her, practicing on a good 15 or so before actually working on the one they want to give her, only using the prettiest tulips in the field and incredibly careful to not damage any of them,

They are left with possibly the best flower crown they think they could’ve made in their ability, tail lashing happily at their work before they set off to give it to her,

She is mining when they find her, jumping when she notices their presence,

“Ranboo! You scared me!” She shouts, laughing softly,

“Sorry,” They say sheepishly, “I got something for you,”

“Oh really?” She asks, “What is it?”

They pull the flower crown out, presenting it to her, “I’m sorry it’s not something better, I thought you’d like this better than anything I’d buy for you,”

She takes the flower crown, looking at it like it’s pure netherite blocks instead of some tulips, “Ranboo this is beautiful! Did you make it yourself?”

They nod, wringing their hands,

She smiles, “It’s wonderful Ranboo, thank you, a lot,”

“Oh uh you’re- you’re welcome,” They say, swallowing hard to get down the nervousness,

She smiles, reaching up and making them lean down a bit and kissing them on the cheek, it is oddly nostalgic to when they were a sick child and they flush, pushing her away gently, making her laugh,

“Okay, I’m gonna get back to mining now, thank you Ranboo, again,” She says, grinning as she places the flowercrown on her head, turning back to her mining, they nod and wave goodbye, teleporting away.

They don’t particularly know what they’re going to do for Dream, maybe a weapon of some sort, until he comes home with a porcelain mask cracked in halves from a duel with Sapnap,

He doesn’t seem too angry about it, but they can see how he keeps touching his face with his hand



like he's trying to adjust his mask and realizing nothing is there, also his glare is like 10x more intimidating without the mask somehow, so they are pretty glad to replace it as soon as possible,

Finding a porcelain mask is pretty easy, and they do their best to recreate the slightly lopsided smiley face the old mask had,

It is shockingly difficult to actually find a time to give it to him, they don't particularly want to give it in front of others, and they don't really know where he goes during the day,

Saying that, they are shocked when they almost immediately the next day while wandering around stumble into him, mask gladly stuffed away into their inventory,

"Oh, uh, hello Dream!" They say, staring surprised at the man, they are honestly still quite intimidated by him, especially because they haven't had a conversation alone with him since the first time they woke up,

"Hey," He says, waving to them a bit, "Did you need me for something?"

"Uh, yeah actually, I saw you broke your old one, and well-" They hold out the mask to him, hand only shaking a little bit,

He looks shockingly surprised, taking it from them and studying it, turning it in his hands, "Did you make this?"

"I just drew the smiley on it, I bought the mask," They admit, wringing their hands nervously,

He nods, continuing to look at it for a few seconds, without his old mask his face looks shockingly normal, and the outline of the golden mark Tommy left directly in the middle of his face is ever-so obvious,

"Well, thank you, I thought I was gonna have to fix the old one," He says after a moment, sliding the mask over his face, it fits almost as perfectly as the last one,

"Oh, its no problem! I know how not wearing a mask after a while of wearing one can be uncomfortable," They say, laughing awkwardly, "I'm gonna stop talking now, bye,"

They teleport away before he can answer again and hear XD laugh at them in their head,

"Shut up," They whisper, stomping off into the forest to clear off their embarrassment.

Honestly they are looking for fidgets for themselves when they find something for Antfrost, but when they see the box of fidgets that are themed for cats they just need to buy them for him,

It is stuff that could be used by basic humans too, but has things more meant for cat hybrids, things that he could bat around and play with, a few jingly balls to roll around and one of those little red pointers, it's just too good of a chance to not get it,

So they do, getting the box and leaving it in front of Ant's room instead of inside of it, glad to see him a few days later playing with one of the balls by batting it back and forth between his hands while talking to someone, having to leave the room to chirp proudly to themselves,

They pretty much decide Jack to be the next to receive a gift as soon as they learn he recently lost a trident, grabbing a half-broken one from their chest that dropped from a drowned and fixing it up,

After that they spend a few hours working on maxing it out, at the end of the day having a completely upgraded riptide trident,

They leave it in his room instead of giving it in person, deciding that it would probably be incredibly awkward if they just tried to give it over, and are happy to see him using it the next day,

(He gives them a very awkward thank you after dinner that day, and they politely give him a 'your welcome'.)

They didn't actually mean to give Bad his gift, they were just walking around picking up and placing down blocks when, unthinkingly, they walked over and placed one down next to him,

They are quite a few feet away when they realize what they just did, turning to apologize or at least see his reaction,

He is staring in surprise at the block but there is some excitement to it, and they watch him go through his inventory for a silk touch tool to pick it up before he realizes they are still there,

"Oh, sorry!" He says immediately, "I should've asked, can I pick it up?"

They nod, a bit confused, they know Tubbo at least liked watching them pick up blocks because it was 'weird' and 'cool', but no one ever really took interest in the blocks themselves,

He grins, using a silk touch pickaxe to pick up the dirt block, placing down an enderchest and putting it inside before picking the enderchest back up again, "Thank you!"

They blink, did Bad consider that their gift? Did he consider it a good gift? He sounded happy about it, so it must mean something to him,

They walk away and pick up another block again for comfort, chirping quietly to themselves,

No one has ever really considered them valuable besides when they don't have silk touch yet, and even then it's the ability itself, not the objects, unless it is stuff like spawners. Giving blocks is a pretty significant action in enderman culture, but they've never really actually done it, since most non-hybrids take offence to receiving literal dirt and other hybrids are mostly just confused,

It feels nice, and they at least have one less present to worry about.

They honestly get the idea to give blocks mostly from Bad, but they think it fits when they see Skeppy one day holding a diamond block, with the explanation being it helps him calm down due to being part diamond golem,

Thinking about it, that probably explains why everyone so quickly accepted them holding blocks,

but they don't really care enough to think about that now, instead they use some spare diamonds to craft a diamond block and leave it in his room, teleporting away when they hear him approach,

They smile when they hear his shriek of happiness when he finds it, followed by a few curse words and Bad yelling 'LANGUAGE' at him.

They get Ponk a ridiculously high quality poster of Oogway from the kung fu panda movies, they don't want to think of that terrible financial decision any further than the joy it causes their friend,

Why are their friends so goddamn weird.

They're probably not the most creative with George's gift, but when they find a light blue pair of a similar kind of goggles to the one that George always wears, they just have to buy it for him,

Instead of just leaving it in his room they decide to get a bit more creative with it, setting them in his hand while he sleeps so he wakes up with them there, they wish they could be there to see his reaction, but sadly that would probably get them revealed immediately,

(They also replace all the things they and Tommy stole from his room on one of their first days, but they hope the goggles distract from that so they seem a bit less guilty.)

Sam is shockingly hard to get things for, the creeper hybrid seems to have literally anything, so instead they just grind for more of things he uses a lot of,

They get all the redstone they've gotten on their mining excursions out of their chests, placing a few new ones in Sam's room to dump all the materials into, some iron, stone, and gold aswell,

It is the type of gift they don't know particularly if Sam actually uses or not, but they notice how he brings up less that he's gonna run out of redstone and have to go for more, and that makes them proud enough that they consider it a success,

Not like they were using the redstone anyways.

They know what they're getting Eret as soon as they lay eyes on a pair of black platform boots, (and themselves, because they deserve to buy themselves something after spending all this money on others and working for things),

They buy two pairs, one in Eret's size (which they're glad they remember from when Eret was showing them heels a few days ago) and one in their own, they are incredibly difficult to hide on the way home, but they manage,

They put the box in Eret's room to be found later, happy for another 'anonymous' gift,

Until Eret calls them on their com,

"Ranboo," She says, sounding much too amused, "Did you get these for me?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," They answer immediately, grinning even though she can't see it,

"Holy shit these are so tall!" She says, they hear the sound of paper being moved,

"Yeah, uh, fun fact, when I got you them I got myself a pair and, lets just say I can be 7 foot 2 now," They state, smile evident in their voice,

She laughs through the com and they can hear the noise of her putting on the boots, "I'm gonna need to repay you with something at some point,"

"No it's fine! I just wanted to give you something," They assure quickly, waving their hands even though she can't see it,

"Too late, I have to get you something now," She says,

They sigh dramatically and hear her chuckle through the com,

"Thank you boo, these are great, I'm gonna go terrorize people with my height now,"

They chuckle, "That's just been my entire life so far,"

They hear her laugh briefly before the call shuts off and sigh happily, at least they know she enjoys the gift.

Punz is incredibly difficult to shop for, so instead they go for something a bit creative, teleporting into an endcity for just enough shulkers for a shulker box and crafting one, placing it in one of his chests with a mutual agreement for neither of them to bring it up to avoid getting in trouble,

He never tells them he agrees, because that'd probably reveal it immediately, but they both have a mutual agreement to shut up about it, and he gives them a singular nod next time they pass eachother to show he got the shulker box.

Puffy's is shockingly easy once they come across an oversized, rainbow jumper in a shop, the texture soft and comfortable, it reminds them of an almost rainbow colored shirt that Niki owns, but the colors remind them a lot more of Puffy,

They buy it and leave it in her room like most of the others, they find her reading a book in the living room a few days later with it on, and consider that a win, some of these are much easier than others.

They are looking for Fundy's gift when they spot an orange hoodie that is big enough it'd probably be a bit large on even them, with little holes on the hood so that hybrid ears could pop out if necessary, and they decide that they need to get it for Fundy,

It'd probably be a nice replacement from the hoodies that Fundy always steals on bad dysphoria days, and anyways, he's always looking for excuses to add more hoodies to his collection,

They leave it folded up on Fundy's bed with a small note written with it, and are immensely happily when they see him wearing it the next morning at breakfast, half asleep in his plate as always.

Sapnap's is shockingly easy once they find an old lighter at a vintage shop they stumble into with Wilbur, one of the old ones that they flick open to start, little slots for gunpowder and redstone to be refilled in the bottom of it,

They buy it, getting some enchanting books incase Sapnap wants to add them and placing them together on the desk in his room,

They hear a few days later about him almost burning down one of Ponk's trees with the new lighter and think maybe they made a mistake, but he's too happy for them to try to stop him.

They find Karl's at the same shop they find Sapnap's, an old leatherbound book with a purple and green spiral design on it, less vivid than Karl's normal colors are, but he could brighten them if he wants, and it fits the vintage vibe of it,

They've been told before that Karl also has memory issues, so maybe buying him a memory book will also help, or at least he'll have an extra journal lying around,

They decide to give it in person to explain the sentiment a bit better,

He is shockingly easy to find, basically just appearing when they need him, weird,

"Oh, hi Ranboo!" He says, "Do you got something for me?"

They nod, pulling out the journal and holding it out to him, "I heard you also have memory issues so I decided to get you something, usually writing down stuff helps me, so I thought it might help you as well,"

Karl nods, taking the book and checking it over, "Wow, wherever you bought this from really stole my brand huh?"

They laugh, "Yeah, I saw it and I thought it fit you too well to not get,"

Karl nods, grinning at them, "Thank you, our memory problems are probably a bit different, but I'll put it to good use, I promise."

They have really no idea what to get Purpled until they end up with a full chainmail armor set from going through dungeons for Tommy's new disc, and get an idea,

Chainmail isn't great armor, to be honest, it isn't particularly weak or strong, but it is rare, the crafting recipe missing, and they think someone like Purpled who is interested in weapons would enjoy it,

So they repair it to full durability and make an armor stand, setting it up in Purpled's room with all the enchanted books necessary to level it up to max before quickly teleporting away, they think both them and Purpled would die of embarrassment if they had to have a heartfelt moment, so instead both silently agree to not talk about it,

Purpled shows his thanks by instead coming into their room later and talking about unrelated things while pretending to be uninterested, and they'll take it.

To be honest they are aware that their present to Schlatt is probably not the best idea, but since he's still not sober (just drinking at night and safely) and it is fitting enough, they think they can trust him with it,

They find a flask with a spruce wood outside and an iron inner, ram horns carved onto the front, and they find it just too fitting to not get for him,

They're a bit surprised they're allowed to buy it in the first place, but it's not like it has alcohol in it, so it's technically legal, and they definitely look tall enough to be an adult,

They leave it with a small note on Schlatt's bedside table, specifying that he's entrusting him to use it safely, they don't know when he actually finds it, but they see it tucked into his front suit pocket a few days later, so they guess that he enjoys it enough.

Sometimes gifts are a bit less physical, and they put that to use for Callahan's,

They don't really know what they're going to get him until he is practicing sign with them one day, just them trading back and forth small conversation, when they stumble upon the idea of names

There are basic sign language names, just a name spelled out, but apparently there are also some names made up from signs, Callahan tells them a few that he uses for the others, Tubbo's name is Bee, which they find fitting, Tommy's is record, Techno's is blade, Schlatt's is a mix of Ram and Drunk, and a few others,

They ask him and he explains in the limited sign language they can understand that he has a few, the sign for 'silent' was his first and main one, 'squire' is also used quite a bit,

He asks them what they'd call him, having to rephrase a few times for them to get the question,

before they answer,

“The signs for reindeer and hero probably, because the horns and the mask,”

Callahan lights up, showing them the signs and mixing them together,

They refer to him as that in sign from than on,

Michael was honestly one of the first gifts they started trying to figure out, but he is already quite spoiled with toys and treats, so they don't really have many ideas,

Until their crown goes missing,

They look around for it almost an entire day, they most likely just misplaced it, they've always been bad at that, but for the life of them, they can't find it anywhere,

And then they walk into the living room to find Michael sitting with it on his head, lopsided and much too big for him,

They coo, slowly approaching the toddler, “Hey Michael,”

Michael looks up at them and oinks happily, showing them whatever he is playing with currently, a few toys strewn around the floor in front of him,

They approach, crouching next to the toddler, “Did you find my crown, Michael?”

He nods happily, it jostles around the golden crown and almost makes it fall off, they chuckle,

“Okay, can I have it back than? I promise I'll get you your own little crown,” They say, unable to even be mad, it is much too cute for that,

Michael frowns and huffs angrily but takes off the crown, holding it out to them,

They take it, chuckling and ruffling the little hair on Michael's head, it is growing out longer than the very thin layer of hair over the rest of his body, slightly curly and lighter pink, it's honestly quite adorable,

They keep up their promise, getting enough gold the next day for a little crown, melting it down and shaping it until it looks pretty similar to their own, if a bit better made to be honest, theirs was formed too quickly and is a bit warped because of it, they find it fitting,

They soften down the spikes so it is more child friendly and Michael can't harm himself on it, even though they trust him, he *did* have a sword before they found him, though that's been long since confiscated, they don't want him to accidentally hurt himself,

After that they add little jewels onto it of emerald and diamond, smiling proudly at their work before setting off to deliver it to the houses smallest, and cutest, member,

They find Michael where he usually is staring out the window of the living room happily babbling to a little chicken plushie they got to replace the one that originally died in the nether,

“Hey Michael,” They hum, walking over holding the little crown behind their back, “I got





Callahan simply gave them a book on different ASL signs for practice, it is something actually useful and they put down a note in their brain to read it later,

Karl, Sapanp, and Quackity all gifted them a stopwatch with a black and white spiral design behind the clock hands, Karl wrote the note saying that it helps him with his memory issues so he hopes it helps them aswell, they smile as they tuck it into their pocket,

Michael left no note, but instead a slightly crumpled paper drawing of the entire household, they are in the front drawn in black and white crayon, their multicolored eyes sticking out against their figure. They almost cry when they unfold it, immediately pinning up the drawing on their wall to be cherished forever.

Purpled gave them a fully enchanted netherite sword, his note is a bit more specific about why he gave it,

*I know that you don't have to fight anymore, but it always makes me feel better to have something to protect myself -Purpled*

Fundy gave them a small makeup kit, the colors are slightly sparkly but not bright enough they're scared to use it, with a small note saying that it might help with their dysphoria sometimes,

Bad and Skeppy gave their present together of some jewelry of iron, gold, and diamond, they also (gladly) get a small jewelry box, which they think they'll be needing with how much they have recently gotten,

Dream gave them a few mending books and other assorted enchanting books, while not particularly heartfelt, they are incredibly useful,

Tommy left them a brand new Mellohi disc, 'incase they ever want to listen to it alone', they don't particularly, but it is touching when they know how much the discs mean to him,

Eret gave them a nonbinary flag, folded up carefully, they are still choosing if they want to hang it up on their wall or not, but they enjoy it immensely,

Puffy and Niki banded together to give them a few skirts and dresses, all of them are comfortable and the type of thing they could still move around in (besides one, which is a bit more formal), they spend a few minutes running their hands over the fabric of them and chirping happily.

Puffy also got them a few stim toys, some stress balls, something called a 'tangle', a fidget cube, and a few other things that are fun to fidget with,

Schlatt left them some horn shine? They didn't know that existed, but by practicing with a drop on their hand it doesn't burn them, and the idea he thought enough to make sure it wouldn't hurt them is touching,

Antfrost got catnip for their cats and a few golden apples for them, simple, but very kind,

Techno got them a few hair ribbons, his note telling them that he noticed their hair was long enough to put up by now and that he'd teach them how if they wanted, it is actually what makes them notice how long their hair is at this point, and they appreciate being able to get it out of their face when they mine,

Jack leaves them a trident, unenchanted but with the books from Dream it'll be easy to get maxed out, but the sentiment is nice, repaying them what they gave him, and it probably means a bit more with how many times he's lost his own,

They are incredibly happy with all their new items, spending the next few hours just messing with them and finding a place for them all in their room, they eventually decide to pin up the flag Eret gave them, everyone here is accepting enough that they feel safe to.

They feel safe to.

Feeling safe is a good feeling.

## Chapter End Notes

Lil bit of ghostbur pog???? presents pog????

Hope you enjoyed this chapter, see you again soon!

# Past

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo's past, explored through nightmares.

## Chapter Notes

### TW FOR

graphic violence, underage drinking, what could be considered sexual harrasment (even though it is more of flirting, the character is uncomfortable with it), vomit/vomiting (semi-graphic), derealization, hinted at self-harm, and muzzles.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is a stupid dare, to walk out onto the ice of the lake, but they've never been good at telling others 'no', and the other kids did it fine, so they will be fine even if they walk out a little bit further than the others did, and their cheers spur them on, the idea of being liked, enjoyed by others, only fueling it,

"Come on! Go out further!" One of them crows from land, coward, and they take another few steps out, the ice is slippery and they struggle not to slide across it,

"Fine, fine," They grumble, walking out further, smiling to themself when the cheers pick up again,

"He's gone out the farthest anyone has!" Someone says to another excitedly and they, stupidly, take another few steps out, receiving praise from the rest of the kids now crowding, a few take their own steps towards them, not wanting to be shown up, but don't go further,

"What are you all doing?!" A girls voice yells and they turn to see Niki on the land near the river, crossing her arms dissapointedly,

"Buzz off Nihachu! We're having fun!" A boy yells back at her, picking up a snowball and tossing it, she narrowly avoids it,

"You're all stupid! If you fall in out here you'll die!" She yells, before turning and seeing them, eyes widening, "Ranboo?"

Their ears droop at her clear disappointment, tail lashing,

"Come on Ranboo! Show her! Walk out further!" Someone yells and the rest of the crowd cheers, they frown, taking another step out, they can see that Niki is yelling at them to not but it is hard to hear much over the yells of the crowd,

And than they see her eyes widen in fear,

"Ranboo!" She yells, over the crowd, and than they feel the ice crunch under them, breaking and

sending them into the rushing river below,

It scorches their skin immediately, burning it away, they are sent under the ice of the rest of the river, grabbing vaguely for some of the ice still unbroken where they fell, Niki rushes towards them to pull them out but it is too late and the ice breaks, sending them tumbling under the water and under the ice of the rest of the river,

They burn before they drown, and they wake up gasping in bed a few days later, Niki crying over them,

That was the first time they ever had to respawn.

They drop from one of Skyblocks glass cages down onto the ground below, immediately setting off into the island and digging through chests, finding a diamond pickaxe, a diamond chestplate and iron boots, along with some other items,

They quickly put them on before running off to the middle, this map doesn't actually need blocks to build if they're careful with their jumps, doing so would be a waste of time,

There is someone already looking through a chest there and they quickly take them out, knocking them over the head with their pickaxe before shoving them off the edge into unforgiving void,

They force themselves to not pay attention to the firework noise that goes off when they die, instead digging through as many chests at spawn as fast as they can, gladly getting full diamond, though only the chestplate is enchanted,

They easily take over middle, fighting those who come onto it trying to take them out, it's an easy game, most of them are playing for fun or are new to it, and they do their best to take them out quickly, they don't like when they have to leave people to bleed out, so they avoid it,

They can only hope that others give them the same mercy when they lose a match,

The last person is an easy kill, and they force their hand holding their pick to not shake as they bring it down knocking them off the block bridge, sending them into the void,

They hear the screams of people watching fade in, their joy over the victory, people rooting for them, people who betted money on it, those screams used to scare them, and then it made them happy, but now it is just how things are,

They quietly wait to be sent back to spawn.

It is one of their first games when their weakness to water is realized, someone just a bit more cunning emptying a splash bottle and filling it with water, and then-

There is a shattering of glass over their head followed by a stinging pain that quickly grows into burning, skin dissolving down to muscle as they *scream*.

They don't remember much past that, besides their fully encompassing rage and how it makes

them tremble, until they blink back to themselves with a mouth that tastes like iron and mask gone somewhere, there is a body nearby, the person not yet respawned and just gagging on blood, throat ripped out, a hunk of flesh spit out next to them,

They stumble away from the body, still shaking from pain and anger, and are quickly taken out by their next opponent.

They know they are different than all the other kids in the village, even Niki doesn't look like them, other kid's parents pull them away from them, say mean words that they don't know the meaning of,

Other kids also don't scream in pain when they cry, don't make weird noises with too many r's and o's, don't wave their hands when they're happy or angry or sad, don't look up at Enderman and see a friend instead of a horrifying monster, they don't cry when said monsters are slain, either.

But they don't care, they have Niki, and their enderman friends, and they don't like other kids much anyways, they're all too loud and mean and call them a monster, say they'll call the iron golems on Ranboo and that they'll be killed like an enderman is.

(The iron golems have never gone after them, because they're a player, but they are still terrified of the idea of their bones being crunched under the golems strength, so they run away whenever they see one.)

They don't know what's wrong when their mouth starts to hurt, first it aches uncomfortably when food presses against certain spots while they eat, so they avoid it,

And then it hurts when they bite down, or when they open their mouth, or even just aching when they do nothing, so they stop talking as much or eating when not necessary or doing almost anything because it *hurts*, it hurts bad enough they almost cry a few times and add to the pain, but they manage to stop themselves,

And then they wake up one night choking on a mouth full of the taste of iron,

They rush out of bed, stumbling over steps as they go to the bathroom, not managing to make it to the toilet and instead just gagging out purple blood into the sink, desperately coughing it out of their mouth, gagging from the taste.

They're whining, crying, it hurts so bad, and at some point Niki walks in, blanching once she sees them coughing up blood and rushing over to help, cooing soft words and brushing their hair out of their face while they sob,

Eventually the blood stops somewhat and they are left wheezing for breath they've been struggling to intake for a while now, with her gentle voice telling them to breathe, telling them they're okay, they don't remember anything specific she says, but it helps,

She looks in their mouth and finds that they're growing fangs, bringing them back to bed and setting them up so that if more blood goes in their mouth while they sleep they won't drown, a bucket next to their bed.

~~(Their mother is not so happy once she learns about the fangs when they're already full grown, buying a metal muzzle that looks almost like those beartraps that the hunters use when they go out~~

~~for food for the village, it tears into their cheeks and hurts almost worst than growing the fangs did, they get used to the taste of blood on their tongue)~~

Hypixel parties are never fun, not for them at least, full of people much too loud, they are only at this one because one of their sponsors recommended it for publicity reasons, even though they think it is useless, they don't care about being popular,

They do what they do at most parties, get a cup of whatever non-alcoholic drinks there are before they're all spiked and shove themselves into the far corner of a room, avoiding interaction with anyone,

Until they are unwillingly pulled into it,

"Hey, you're an ender hybrid aren't you?" Someone asks and they look over, they can't remember what the person looked like, they think he was a boy, and a human, but nothing else processes, in the memory he is all static, face scribbled out,

"Uh, yeah?" They answer nervously, gaze shifting between looking at him and away, desperately avoiding eye contact, mentally wishing he'd just go away,

The boy grins, they remember that, how much his smile annoyed them, "Come here! We wanna test something,"

They are led into a circle of people that makes them feel claustrophobic, the feeling of eyes on them burning their skin, a glass of some clearish purple liquid is shoved into their hand,

"Try it! It's chorus fruit wine, we wanna see if it makes you teleport or not,"

They blink, swishing the liquid around, "I'm not old enough to drink,"

"Oh don't be a bitch!" Someone in the crowd crows and they resist the urge to run as the yelling picks up, vague chanting of 'DRINK DRINK DRINK' barely hearable over the other screams,

Just to escape the overwhelming yells they lift the glass to their lips and drink it, it tastes pretty terrible, probably just a cheap gag drink, it makes their chest burn and doesn't taste anything like the vague, soft sweetness of chorus fruit, instead it is much too bitter, trying to be hidden by artificial sweeteners,

The yells turn into cheers and their ears press against their head desperately trying to muffle them, it's too much, all too much,

When they try to pull the drink away someone grabs it, forcing them to tilt their head back and swallow more of it, they almost puke, but somehow manage to not and finish the glass, gasping for air,

"Hell yeah dude!" Someone yells, they think the person who pulled them here in the first place, and another glass is forced into their hand,

After that another is, and then another, they lose track until they have drunken the whole bottle, lost to overwhelming cheers and building static in their head,

Someone claps them on the back, they think, there is a lot going on, they are in a crowd, being basically pushed around at some point, they try to say something but no noise is made, they want out,

A girl is talking to them at some point, she's too close, her breath smells of shitty cheap beer as she leans in to talk to them, much too close,

"How would you like to get drinks sometime?" She asks, leaning in closer, they want her away,

"No sorry I'm- I'm not interested," They hiccup, stumbling backwards a bit away from her,

"Aww come on," She says, reaching out to grab them, before being pushed away by someone,

"He said no, fuck off," The person says, standing in front of them, they think it's a boy, a bit shorter than him with dirty, pale blonde hair in a purple hoodie,

She grumbles but walks off to find another person, they blink, moving to stumble away before a hand grabs their arm, they gasp, it almost hurts, not physically, but it adds to the overwhelming static, they're breathing a bit too fast, they think,

Purple eyes meet theirs before they look away, warbling softly to themselves,

"You should get out of here, you're wasted," He says, his voice is so similar, was that-

Was that Purpled?

They nod, everything is swimming, and the back of their throat burns with acid, they're gonna puke, "I can't- I don't-" They sway, almost falling over if the person wasn't stabilizing them,

He sighs, "Come on, I'm getting you out of here," He says, managing to drag them to the door and out of the dorm the party was taking place in, "What building are you in?"

"Uh f-four," They say, slurring over their words, he nods, letting them lean on him as he basically drags them out of the building, the clean, cool air of the night is soothing enough that they gasp it in, it clears a bit of the fog in their head,

"Come on," He says, dragging them to their building, "Do you know what floor and room you're on,"

They nod, mumbling it as they sway and almost fall over again, he takes them to the elevator, clicking a button on it and waiting, letting them lean against him,

They warble something incoherent to him, a few 'sorrys' and some actual words, he doesn't understand any of them, just waiting for the elevator to stop,

They gladly manage not to puke from the motion sickness the trip brings and are dragged to their room, Purpled pushes them in and they stumble to not fall,

"I'm guessing you've never been drunk before, or at least you're a lightweight, so drink some water or somethin', don't do a match like an idiot," He states, "Don't drink any potions, take an aspirin if you need,"

They nod, mumbling a small 'thank you' as he closes the door, leaving them alone,

They immediately gag as finally they can't fight back the alcohol that desperately wants to get out of their system and almost retch on the spot, instead they manage to stumble to their bathroom and

drop to their knees in front of the toilet, puking into it,

It brings back the horrid taste of the wine back into their mouth and makes them gag harder, maybe they should've eaten something before going to the party, just to hide the taste, even though they weren't planning on drinking in the first place,

They puke until there is nothing left in their stomach besides acid, their abdomen hurts with how much it convulsed trying to get rid of everything and they cough, collapsing onto the bathroom floor,

The cool tile feels good against their face and they sigh, leaning against it, they think they'll just lay here for a few minutes, just rest, just,,, rest.

Sailing is not something he ever thought he'd be doing, but here he is, on a ship in the middle of a vast, open ocean,

Someone calls his name, much too distorted to be understandable, and he looks over, seeing his sister standing there,

"Finally you hear me, idiot," She huffs, "Puffy told me to get you for dinner,"

He nods, standing up from his seat on the side of the boat, "What are we having?"

"Fish,"

He sighs, "Of course,"

"Hey, you were the one who wanted us to go with her, deal with the consequences, not like there is much else to eat out here,"

"Honestly I think I would prefer rotten flesh at this point, but all the drowned's tastes salty,"

"Did you try it?!"

He chuckles, "Maybe,"

"Oh gross! You're disgusting!" She yells, gagging hysterically,

He laughs, "Oh come on Drista-"

Wait, Drista?

What, wait, what, this isn't this wasn't-

This isn't their memories.

They look around, they're on a ship, the vision of the ocean cuts off suddenly, no clouds in the sky, this is a dream, they're dreaming, they're dreaming a memory that doesn't belong to them,

What the hell.

"Are you okay?" Their sister asks, not their sister, whoever this dream's is sister,



“Y-you’re not real,” They stutter, breath falling much too fast,

She looks at them, her face is in more detail than anyone else’s has ever been in their dreams, freckles and pale skin and dirty blonde hair, and then she dissolves into nothing,

They turn around and stumble off in search of a mirror, looking through rooms upon rooms until-

“You don’t want to look, Ranboo,” XD says in their head, pulling them out of their haze, they gasp like they were just pulled above water after drowning, coughing hard,

“Get out,” They demand, still looking desperately through the dreamworld for a mirror, they need to see, they need to *see*.

“Ranboo, you don’t want to find out,”

“SHUT UP!” They yell and he goes silent,

The dreamworld fades to black slowly, a creeping darkness that consumes the surrounding sea and then the ship, slowly consuming rooms as they stumble through them.

They need a mirror,

They walk into a room and see one laying on a bed, shiny surface reflecting light from nothing, and they take it into shaking hands, looking at themselves,

Dream’s face stares back at them,

They drop the mirror and watch the glass shatter into pieces, falling to their knees with their face in their hands as they sob, they feel it shift under their hands, going into a more recognizable form of their own face as break like the glass did, into pieces.

They gasp as they wake up to their dark bedroom, choking on sobs that are still very existent in the real world as they try to quickly move to stop themselves from burning their face,

They need something- something to take the edge off, something to stop this panic that infects their chest and lungs and heart-

They are standing in front of a glass cabinet, hand trembling as it holds a bottle, it burns a lot more in their throat than the wine did, though it has a similar, too-sweet taste trying to hide its bitterness, and they gag, stumbling away before-

They are stumbling out of the front door, night is barely over, the moon still lowering over the horizon, and they quickly continue walking, leaving for-

They are in the forest, swiping down a stray zombie, light is barely filtering through the trees from the sun peaking over the horizon, they continue walking-

They are in front of a lava pool, pouring a bucket of water over it to make obsidian-

They are on a beach, digging in where the sand isn’t wet so that no water goes into it, they aren’t looking for something, they’re making something, they’re-

They're in a little hole in the ground, covering the walls with blocks of obsidian that are still slightly warm as they set them down, leaving only a small gap for escape out into the water,

They are-

They are-

They were-

They're going to be-

They've been-

They're in the panic room.

They curl up in the corner and cry.

The morning is a calm one for most of the household, Niki wakes up early with Phil to make pastries and people slowly filter one by one into the dining room once food is made, quiet chatter and small arguments filling the silence,

Tubbo keeps looking between the door, Michael's highchair, and the chair next to Niki, barely touching his food, not pulling himself into as many conversations as normal,

"Hey, you okay mate?" Phil asks, laying a hand on Tubbo's shoulder, they jump briefly before realizing it's just Phil and relaxing,

"Yeah, sorry," He says, laughing awkwardly, "I was just thinking that Ranboo and Michael are both usually up by now,"

A few who hadn't already noticed look over at the empty seats, most of them just thought Ranboo was being quiet, they're good at fading into the background when they want to, but they're just not there,

"Hm, that is strange," Eret states, "Maybe they're just sleeping in?"

Tubbo nods but doesn't look particularly like he agrees, still watching the door waiting for his husband to come down,

Silence falls over the dining room as they hear Michael start crying, Michael almost never cries, probably from being born in the nether where that'd be a death wish,

They wait one, two, three, four, five seconds for it to stop, probably from Ranboo comforting him like they always do, but if anything it gets louder,

Tubbo quickly stands from his seat and runs off to comfort his child, "It's okay Michael, bee's coming!" He calls up the stairs as he walks up them, going to Ranboo's door,

It's cracked open, and as he opens it fully he looks around to not find his husband anywhere, the blankets clearly thrown off in a rush, a few small items knocked onto the floor,

He shakes it off, instead running to comfort his child, picking up Michael and cradling him softly

in his arms,

"I know, it's okay, did you wake up all alone?" He cooes, bouncing Michael softly until the cries slowly die down, though he doesn't stop walking around looking for wherever Ranboo went, worry slowly building,

He walks out of the room after finding nothing there, trying to not let Michael see his growing panic, he goes to the closet in front of the door with chests where armor and weapons are kept, he's gonna open it and all of Ranboo's stuff is going to be there and they'll just be around the house somewhere and it will be fine, it will be-

Their armor and tools are gone.

He rushes to the dining room.

"Ranboo's gone."

*That* gets everyone's interest, everyone looking up from their plate at them, either in confusion or the same type of fear that Tubbo is feeling,

"Heh?" Techno asks, very dramatically dropping his fork onto his plate, making a loud clatter that makes Michael whine again,

"Are you sure they aren't just not in their room?" Ponk asks, but is clearly also worried,

"But all of their armor and tools are also gone! They're just not here," Tubbo says all in one breath, still trying desperately to not sound too panicked in the hope that Michael won't understand them, he really doesn't want to panic the toddler further right now,

"Calm down mate, they probably just left the house early or something, we'll message them on their communicator, okay?" Phil says, trying to keep peace among the household so everyone doesn't panic and then find out that Ranboo just went mining or something,

Tubbo nods but isn't convinced, checking over the house while everyone quickly picks up breakfast, Niki sends a message to Ranboo and watches her communicator, panic growing a little bit every minute it goes unanswered.

"Do you think they left the server?" She asks, drumming her fingers on the corner of her communicator nervously, trying to act casual still, even though it doesn't work as they can all quite literally *feel* how nervous she is that they're missing again,

"No, even if they didn't have their com on them when they did it I'd still get the message, they're still on the server," Dream states, sitting down next to her and placing a comforting hand on her arm,

Techno huffs, standing from the table, "Clearly they're not here anymore and chat is going wild, so I'm gonna go look for 'em, they couldn't have gotten that far,"

"They can teleport, I think they could've gotten pretty damn far," Purpled states, "It's better to just wait for a response, they could be literally anywhere, and we don't know if they wanna be found in the first place,"

"Well sitting around isn't gonna do anything! We don't even know when they left, they could be bleeding out from being attacked by mobs right now!" Tommy states, gesturing wildly with his arms as he does,

“I don’t think that should be our prime worry right now, Tommy, they could definitely fight off a few zombies,” Wilbur states, sighing, “But I do think we should look, sending out a few people won’t do any harm, Techno can I come with?”

Techno nods, “Get your stuff and meet me outside,”

“Okay, I’m not wearing armor though,”

Techno huffs, “Idiot.”

The sun rises and starts to fall before they get any indication of where Ranboo is, all messages and calls to their communicator go unanswered and they are nowhere to be found,

Everyone who went out is back at home, Bad quickly making some stew for them to eat before they most likely set out to continue looking,

“Should we just stop for today? They clearly don’t wanna be found from all the ignored calls,” Sapnap suggests, picking his head up from where it was resting on his palm, he is clearly tired, he was one of the ones who went out looking,

“We’re not leaving a child out alone during the night, they could get hurt, or worse,” Wilbur states, tone leaving no room for argument,

Fundy argues anyways, “They’re not just a defenseless child, dad, and anyways if they weren’t at least somewhere semi-safe we would’ve found them by now, we should just let them return when they want to instead of dragging them out against their will,”

“Can you all stop arguing please?” Niki asks desperately and they look sympathetically at each other, Eret reaches out to take her hand, running a hand along it soothingly, them leaving again definitely did not do good for her memories of what happened last time they left her without a note, so today’s been pretty bad for her,

Phil watches as the call to Ranboo stops ringing again, not being picked up, and sighs, deciding that he’ll give it a minute before he tries again,

And then his communicator starts ringing,

Everyone turns to it, staring in shock at the text displaying ‘Ranboo is calling’, and Phil as soon as he gets over his shock pushes to answer,

“Hello mate?” He asks, keeping his tone as casual as he can,

“Uh- hi- hi Phil,” Ranboo says nervously over the com, sniffing halfway through, he can tell that Ranboo’s been crying, their voice is wet and trembling, and he’s a bit glad that currently only he can hear them,

“Hey Ranboo,” He says softly, “Are you okay mate? You gave us all a bit of a scare,”

“Oh I- I don’t- I don’t really know?” They laugh nervously, no humor behind it, “Everyth- Everythings confusing and fuzzy I don’t- Can’t think.”

He sees Dream out of the corner of his eye press a hand to his forehead, hissing “not now XD,”

quietly, and puts that away in the back of his head for something to ask Dream about later, since he's pretty sure XD hasn't talked much recently,

"Phil- Phil I," Ranboo stutters, warbling something in Ender, not any actual words that he can understand, "Phil I think I messed up,"

He hears the drip of liquid over the com,

"Fuck."

## Chapter End Notes

You thought you were getting a soulmark chapter? Jokes on you, you got angst!

# Outside Perspectives

## Chapter Summary

They bring Ranboo back home.

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the overwhelming support the last chapter got, I honestly am not going through the best time currently (just a lot of stress, nothing major don't worry) and am kinda projecting, so everyone enjoying it so much really helped if that makes sense??? Also seeing you all suffer is kinda funny not gonna lie.

None of this chapter takes place from Ranboo's POV, but it switches around (even with out paragraph breaks), I hope it is easy enough to follow :>

Minor TWs for accidental self harm, minor injuries, and outside perspectives of panic/anxiety attacks, so be warned.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fuck.” Phil curses, panic growing immediatly, “Ranboo, can you tell where you are?”

“I- I don’t really know, sorry,” Ranboo says, laughing humorlessly after, that’s a bad sign,

“Okay, can you open up your communicator and look at the coordinates and send them to me?”

Ranboo does not respond, but he thinks they nod from the small shifting sound over the phone, and he holds back a sigh of relief when the numbers come through on his communicator,

“Thank you, is there anyone you would like to come get you?” He asks, knowing from experience that giving them a choice would probably help rather than everyone running to get them at the same time, he also doesn’t know if anyone would be triggering currently,

“F-Fundy?” Ranboo asks nervously over the com, “Or- no, nevermind, it’s fine, send whoever,”

“Ranboo,” Phil says slowly, careful not to sound angry or disappointed, but sounding serious nonetheless, “Do you want Fundy to come get you?”

Fundy perks up from where he is listening to the conversation, not moving yet but getting ready to run and get ready if needed to,

“Y-yeah, yeah,” Ranboo answers after a moment, and Phil can hear them rock nervously, “And- can you- Dream?”

“Of course mate, are you okay with other people coming?”

Ranboo makes a little ‘mhm’ through the phone, sniffing softly, he almost forgot they were

crying, “Not many- too much.”

Phil nods, gesturing towards Fundy and Dream to get ready, both rush off immediately, Dream after a little hit in the shoulder as he was still arguing under his breath with XD,

He mutes himself briefly, copying down the cords and sending them to Fundy’s communicator, “Purpled, you’re also going, since you’re their only marked soulmate that isn’t gonna just add to their anxiety currently,”

Purpled nods, getting up and getting ready aswell, both him and Phil ignore the annoyed or surprised noises from others,

“Phil I think- I’m gonna go off call,” Ranboo says, and he immediately unmutes himself,

“Hey mate, can you try to stay on call until they get there so we know you’re okay?” He asks, forcing his voice to remain level even as his anxiety spikes, these goddamn kids are gonna give him a heart attack someday,

“No- I’m sorry I- I can’t,” Ranboo says and hangs up before he can open his mouth to answer, he sighs, dropping his communicator onto the table and putting his head into his hands,

“Are they okay?” Niki asks immediately, Phil can feel her anxiety from across the room, apparently Puffy can too because she moves to comfort her girlfriend,

“I don’t know, they’re awake and at least semi-lucid at least,” Phil answers, “And we’ll know soon anyways,”

She nods, leaning slightly against Puffy who puts an arm around her to comfort her, reassuring her that Ranboo would be okay,

“We’re heading out! We have our communicators!” Fundy calls from the hall, the sound of the door opening following,

“Stay safe!”

“We will”

Now all they can do is wait.

Dream wouldn’t say he’s particularly close to Ranboo, he doesn’t dislike them, actually he thinks he is quite fond of them for how little they’ve interacted (even though he’d never admit it), but them going missing suddenly is worrying at best,

They’ve been strange recently, actually they’ve been acting strange for a while, so he thinks at this point it is understandable for him to be worried for them,

It’s even stranger that he was asked for specifically, over anyone Ranboo actually is close to like Niki or Tommy or hell even Phil!

But it’s a bit difficult to focus on finding them, or focus on his worry, or focus on questioning why he was asked for, when XD won’t shut up,

“Can you just wait five minutes?” Dream hisses, walking after Fundy and Purpled, usually he’d take the lead, but he’s a bit busy trying to convince XD to shut up,

“I would but I feel like this information is kinda important!”

“More important than us trying to find our missing soulmate?”

“It has to do with that!”

“How the fuck would it have to do with-!”

“We’re here!” Fundy calls, walking in a small circle staring at his communicator, “It’s down!”

He speeds up a little to catch up with the two, Purpled pulls out a shovel and digs through the sand quickly, digging until they reach a layer of hard obsidian,

“I have a pickaxe,” Fundy says, pulling one out, Purpled nods, pulling himself out of the little pit and letting Fundy jump in instead, getting rid of it and falling into the room below, the other two following,

It is dark with all the walls covered in obsidian besides one opening out into the water (which would’ve been great to know about before they had to dig into here but, whatever), Ranboo is curled up in the corner, knees drawn tight to their chest and tails wrapped around themselves protectively,

They don’t respond at all to their presence, and if it wasn’t for how shaky their breathing was they would think they were passed out,

Fundy takes a tentative step towards them, “Uh, Ranboo?”

They make a slightly warped whimpery noise, pressing themselves further into the corner, they’re shaking, holding their knees to their chest tightly, all of them have at least enough knowledge to know the position is one taken usually to protect the main part of the body, and the thought that they think of all of them as a danger hurts a bit,

Fundy makes a small fox noise in response to try and calm them, walking closer slowly to give them a chance to tell him to stop, both Purpled and Dream stay still, not wanting to overwhelm the clearly panicking teen,

“Hey Ranboo,” Fundy says softly, kneeling in front of them, “We’re here to bring you home,”

They whimper, rocking themselves softly, trying to soothe themselves, it helps a little bit,

“Have you been here since you woke up?” Fundy asks softly, not reaching out to touch them yet, knowing it’d probably freak them out,

They nod shakily, barely visible from how much they’ve curled in on themselves, he notices that their communicator is discarded nearby and makes a mental reminder to grab it,

Fundy hums sympathetically, “You must be tired from panicking all day, I know that’s exhausting,”

They nod in agreement, and even though they don’t move much they visibly relax a bit, apparently not taking all of them as a threat anymore, that’s good,

“Do you think you could walk?”



They nod, shakily moving to stand up, Fundy follows their movements, having to grab their arm when they dangerously almost sway over onto the obsidian floor,

And-

He bites on his lip to not yelp as his palm statics with pain, it actually doesn't hurt that bad, there are more sensitive places he's been soulmarked (like when Niki pinched the tip of his ear and permanently dyed it pink, that one sucked), but he really wasn't expecting it, usually a soulmark wouldn't form in this kind of circumstance, but Ranboo is just full of surprises,

Like all soulmarks there is the wave of calm that goes over both of them, a little safety bubble for a few seconds, and then that is immediately muddled by how loud Ranboo's emotions are at the moment, all leaking through at once,

They're anxious, and frustrated, and confused and sad and- It's a lot, and Fundy fights back pushing all of his bad emotions back onto them, instead focusing on letting them feel his relief at finding them, his quiet joy that they don't fear him, his happiness that they soulmarked and that they love him.

They hiss in response to the sudden pain, drawing their arm away and then actually collapsing back onto the floor, gladly not accidentally hurting themselves doing so.

"Shit, sorry," He apologizes, "I didn't mean to-"

"It's fine," They say, their voice is weak and hoarse, but still steady enough that he doesn't think they're lying, "Wasn't expecting it,"

He nods, helping them back up again while Purpled and Dream make a quick staircase out of the little room, not expecting them to be able to pull themselves out currently,

They stumble a little as they are escorted out, and all of them kinda wish they took a horse rather than making them walk but, hindsight is 20/20, and the trip takes longer due to them avoiding going in water, but eventually they make it there, walking Ranboo up to the house carefully,

The door swings open before they get to it, revealing Tubbo standing there with Michael in his arms, a mix between worried and ecstatic,

"Ranboo!" He yells, rushing down the steps and into the arms of his husband, who shakily accepts them both into their arms, laying their chin gently on the top of Tubbo's head,

"H-hey," They say shakily, rocking all of them gently, "Sorry for leaving,"

"I'm not mad about that, idiot, I was worried!" Tubbo states, holding onto them tighter, "I thought you got hurt or something!"

They go silent and all of them give each other a look, knowing what that probably means,

"Where are you injured?" Purpled asks, never one for softening his words, but they can feel his worry easily under the calmness he is forcing to try and not further Ranboo's panic,

The ones marked by them (all besides Dream) feel their anxiety spike,

"M-my cheeks are burned, and I scratched my wrists a bit, on accident," They admit, hiding their face into Tubbo's hair, "m'sorry."

“It’s okay, let’s get you inside to get fixed up, okay?” Tubbo asks, pulling away from Ranboo softly but instead shifting to hold their hand with his free one,

They nod, letting him lead them back into the house with the other three following, Fundy a bit closer behind,

Everyone else is desperately trying to act normal but are all hovering a bit too close to the door for it to actually work, though they doubt Ranboo actually notices as they don’t look up from the floor, fidgeting nervously,

“Ponk!” Tubbo calls, gently leading his husband into the medical room, Ponk joins them both quickly after, looking over their injuries carefully,

While Ponk grabs regen and healing potions and bandages Ranboo looks over to Tubbo, reaching out gently, “Can I hold Michael?”

Tubbo nods, handing over the toddler, he is passed out cold, dreaming peacefully, however he still coos happily when Ranboo takes him, curling into the ender hybrids chest.

“This is gonna tingle a little, alright?” Ponk asks, holding a rag soaked with healing pots, they nod, closing their eyes and staying in place as he gently dabs it over the burns littering their cheeks, sometimes dragging off to their ears from when they furiously tried to wipe them away and only burnt their face further,

Some of the worst ones stretch down their neck to their collar bones, and they wince when those are dragged over by the cloth, having to resist the urge to pull away from him, but they manage.

“Can I see your wrists?” Ponk asks gently and they nod, holding one out while they shift Michael to the other arm, he rolls up the sleeve gently, wincing,

None of the scratches are particularly bad, or deep, the worst ones are just ones that tore open some of the previously just-healed scars, they’re only bad because they are ripped open aggressively, they’d probably scar quite badly,

He pours regen over them instead of healing, to try to minimize scarring, even though it’d take longer, placing gauze over them soaked with the same liquid and than bandaging them over,

Ranboo shifts Michael to the arm Ponk finished working on and they repeat the cycle until both are bandaged, he also puts healing over some burns on their hands before deeming them finished, leaving for a moment to grab them a bowl of stew as they have (probably) not eaten since last night.

Tubbo slides over until he’s next to them, leaning against them gently, bonking his head softly against their arm, “Hey boo,”

They chuckle softly, “Hey bee,”

“Do you wanna talk about what happened?” Tubbo asks gently, taking one of their hands in his, “You don’t have to, I just know it helps sometimes,”

They sigh, leaning against him, “I- It’s,” They swallow, “A lot? Nothing you all did, just, a lot,”

Tubbo hums sympathetically, though a metaphorical weight is taken off of his chest, the worry that they all messed up and made Ranboo want to run,

“I had really bad nightmares, like, flashbacks, memories, I don’t know what they’re called,” Ranboo admits, frowning, “They’re- they were really, really bad, I don’t like them,”

“What happened in them?”

“Well- One was the first time I died and respawned, when I was like, eleven I think?” Ranboo says, “I went out on an icy river and fell through, and burned,”

Tubbo hisses, “Fuck, that must’ve sucked, my first was just a skeleton,”

They nod, “and then I was at Hypixel when- when they learnt water hurt me, someone smashed a bottle of water over my head, it hurt really badly,”

He nods, rubbing circles onto the back of their slightly bandaged hand, letting them continue,

“And then- there was this stupid Hypixel party, they had this chorus fruit wine and made me try it, to see if it made me teleport, it didn’t and they had me drink the whole bottle, it was gross,”

He forces down the immediate worry that forms from that before it can also go to Ranboo, instead nodding,

“I got really drunk, some girl flirted with me and I said no but she still kept trying until someone stepped in, I think-” They pause for a moment, “I think it was Purpled?”

“Might’ve been, he was also on Hypixel,”

They nod, “and then- I don’t know, the memory wasn’t mine, maybe it was just my brain making up stuff, I looked for a mirror but when I saw myself it wasn’t my face and I- I-” They choke on their words, trying desperately to not start crying and waste the healing potions just used to fix their face,

“Hey, it’s okay Ranboo, just breathe,” Tubbo soothes softly, moving his hand from their hand to their back, rubbing circles into it, “You’re here, you’re real, you can feel my hand on your back, and Michael is in your arms, you’re safe,”

They nod shakily, wiping their eyes, “I know it’s just- it’s hard, I feel like I can’t- I can’t trust my memories, or myself, or-” They breathe in shakily, trailing off,

“Oh boo,” Tubbo says softly, moving his hands up so he can cup Ranboo’s face in his hands, their cheeks are soft, still just a tiny bit of baby fat on them like how he does, and it is ridiculously endearing, “I know, okay? I’m here for you, all of us are,”

They sob, and for a second he thinks he made a terrible, horrible mistake before they pull him into a hug, moving Michael so that they don’t accidentally crush the toddler, “Thank you, thank you,”

Tubbo melts into the hug, letting Ranboo bury their face into his shoulder and cry, rocking both of them gently, he knows that Ranboo does it to calm themselves, and hopes it helps a little bit,

Ponk walks in at some point with the bowl of stew, looking between the two teens, Tubbo gestures for him to come over and he does, setting the bowl to the side and gently laying a hand on Ranboo’s back, they jolt a little, not realizing he was there, but relax after,

“Hey, are you okay?” Ponk asks softly, they nod into Tubbo’s shoulder sniffing,

“Yeah, s-sorry for burning my face again,” They laugh weakly into Tubbo’s shoulder, “Y-you

don't have to waste another health pot on me, it's not that bad,"

Ponk frowns, "It's not 'wasting' Ranboo,"

They don't respond for a few seconds, apparently surprised, before nodding softly into Tubbo's shoulder, Ponk walks off to the cabinets to get another healing pot,

Ranboo pulls themselves away from the hug, wiping softly at their face, and lets Ponk re-do dabbing healing potion over their cheeks,

It's kinda weird, they feel,,, better, after crying, usually crying is just painful, makes whatever is making them cry feel worse, but this time it felt good, it still hurt, but they were more focused on how comforting their son and Tubbo felt.

They eat the stew Ponk brought them after, some of it at least, they barely get through half without feeling nauseous and having to stop, both understand, and Ponk leaves to bring the bowl to the kitchen,

"What do you want to do?" Tubbo asks them, they're glad he's not asking about how they just fell apart on his shoulder from a few simple words,

"What do you mean?"

"Like, do you wanna have a movie night? Or you can just go to your room if you want, or do something else!" Tubbo says, "But I think if you leave the house several people are going to have heart attacks,"

They chuckle lightly, leaning on him again, "Can we- Can we have a movie night? I wanna be by everyone."

He nods, smiling, "I think everyone will like that too, but you're gonna be doted on,"

"Of course,"

Everyone is completely up for the movie night and the living room is probably set up for it in record time, Ranboo gets first pick for spot and finds one quickly, curling up with Michael, Fundy gets second after showing his soulmark, sitting next to them, they lean on him lightly, accepting the arrangement.

Everyone is sort of clustered around them, probably a bit uncomfortably, but part of the comfort is being close to someone that they were all worried over less than a few hours ago,

They go through a few movies, people slowly dozing off during them, Ranboo is shockingly one of the last even though they've been up the longest, still waiting for their day-long adrenalin high to wear off,

Eventually they are all asleep, clustered together with arms thrown out to grab onto others and keep them close, everyone attached, connected, a bit messy, but whatever, that's just how their family is, and none of them want it any other way.

The next morning Ranboo doesn't wake up until late, someone always stays with them in the living room, like they're all anxious they will disappear if they leave their gaze,

They wake up from Michael waking up, to be honest, the toddler whining and shifting around in their arms, causing them to blink awake, staring down tiredly at him,

"Hey Michael," They say softly, brushing the little bit of hair Michael has back with a clawed hand, smiling gently,

"Boo," Michael says, placing a tiny little hand on their cheek, making them coo, staring fondly at the toddler,

"Yes, boo," They agree and Michael clings to them harder as they sit up, yawning,

"Well, look whose finally awake," Dream says semi-teasingly, smiling at them from one of the free chairs in the living room,

They look over at him, he has his mask off, set to the side, "Are you always just gonna be there when I wake up after something happens?"

He hums, shrugging, "Maybe, I'm not really planning it, you just always wake up when I'm here,"

They chuckle, shifting the toddler in their arms so he is sitting in their lap instead of awkwardly held in their arms,

"If you want, you can go get breakfast, we left some out for when you woke up, everyone's home right now,"

They nod, standing, "Thanks XD."

He pauses, staring in shock at them, they don't even seem to realize their mistake,

"Ranboo," He says, slowly, "How do you know about XD?"

They pause in place, eyes widening, hands starting to tremble, he's scared they'll teleport away for a second and have to be tracked down again,

"How- How do you?"

He sighs, "Ranboo I think, I think we need to have a talk."

They nod, looking back at him, he doesn't like how scared they look, and has a brief thought of 'what the fuck did XD do this time' from it.

"I think we do."

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter name: XD

I hope you are all as excited for it as I am :)



# XD

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo learns the truth about XD

## Chapter Notes

I'm too tired to write the notes so I'll probably put something here later.

Ranboo avoids Dream's eyes as they look around the room, both decided to go to Dream's so that no one else would hear, and they vaguely realize they've never been in here before,

It is shockingly basic, mostly in foresty greens and other nature-y colors, not many items laying around don't have a clear use, small piles of extra armor and weapons laid out across the floor (their slight panic from that would usually be soothed by XD, but he's being shockingly silent even though he was actively mentioned.)

They tap their fingers uncomfortably on their thigh, avoiding looking anywhere but Dream, it doesn't drain their anxiety a bit, so they are just stuck with it growing steadily,

"So, what do you know about XD?"

"Huh?"

"What do you know about him?" Dream prompts, not giving any more context, they sigh,

"He showed up in my dream one night saying he wanted to help me with my memory and then never left, then at some point he spoke in my head while awake and now I'm here."

He nods, crossing his arms across from them, "Do you know what he is? Did he tell you?"

"No, I just kinda assumed he was a hallucination,"

"Rude," XD says softly, though there is no bite to it,

"XD, shut up," Dream says and they look up in surprise that Dream also heard him, XD doesn't say anything further, but they can feel his presence remain,

"How do- how do you know about him?" They ask, rocking nervously in their seat, "What is he?"

"He's,, he's a dreamon, do you know what those are?" They shake their head, "Thought so, they are a type of demon that feeds specifically on dreams, usually nightmares,"

"Oh," Ranboo says, "Is that a bad thing? Is he bad?"

Dream shakes his head, "No, most are bad, so if more pop up tell us, but XD is fine, now at least,"

“What does that mean?”

“He originally showed up in my dreams when I was young, about 13, and tried to scare me but talked to me after it didn’t work a few times, and slowly he gained,,,, more of a personality,”

“I’m gonna be honest here, when I accidentally revealed something that I thought meant I was insane to you I really didn’t expect you to explain to me how you made a deal with a demon.”

He huffs a laugh, “Yeah, yeah,”

They pause, “Wait, you actually made a deal with him?”

“Not really, it’s like,” He sighs, “We didn’t make a deal, we are just, mixed, kind of,”

“What?”

“Like, we are still our own people, I’m Dream and he’s XD, but there is an overlap, like a grey area inbetween,”

They nod slowly, processing the information,

“So usually he is kinda backseat in my body, like how he is in yours sometimes I presume,” They nod in confirmation, “But recently he’s been quiet,”

“Because he’s been with me?”

“Yeah, that’s what I think anyways, XD?”

“Yeah,, I’ve been uh, helping,” XD speaks up sheepishly, “I learnt about their memory issues and wanted to help,”

“By making me think I was going insane???”

XD hisses through his teeth sheepishly, “Yeah, I maybe could’ve gone about it a bit better,”

“You think?” Dream chuckles, shaking his head humorously,

“So, how many people know about him?” Ranboo asks, wringing their hands nervously in their lap,

“Everyone, well, besides you,”

Ranboo stares at them in hurt for a moment, “Dream!” XD hisses, a mental smack on the back of the head,

“Oh, shit, sorry, I didn’t mean it like that,” Dream says, realizing his mistake, “We didn’t want to stress you out further by bringing him up when you first were here because you were really jumpy, and then we just kinda, never got the chance,”

“It’s fine,” Ranboo says, but avoids looking at him, instead looking to the side, “I get it.”

Dream frowns behind his mask, “Ranboo,” He says slowly, “We trust you, okay? We didn’t keep it from you because we don’t,”

“He’s not lying,” XD hums in both of their heads and Ranboo physically relaxes, shoulders slumping,



“Yeah, okay,” They take in a deep breath, “Okay,”

Dream decides to politely file away ‘fear of being distrusted’ under things to bring up later,

“Wait, does Techno also have XD since he also has voices?”

“No, he just has chat, they’re different,” Dream explains, “They’re not sentient, they’re just like a thousand intrusive thoughts,”

They hum, nodding, “That must be tough,”

“Probably,”

They look around, tapping their palms on their lap gently, “Can I go now?”

He nods, “Sure, XD, I’m trusting that you’ll answer more questions as they have them,”

“Of course.”

They tap the palms of their hands together anxiously as they lean against Purpled, vwooping quietly to themselves, the others don’t point it out, Tommy and Tubbo talking in slightly hushed tones while Purpled continues watching a video on his communicator,

Dream thankfully volunteered to tell everyone about XD, and Ranboo wanted to avoid that so they took the other ‘kids’ with them,,,,, but that also means now that *they* have to explain.

They’re pretty sure that they think they’re just having a bad day, mostly because quite literally yesterday they ran away and hide and all of them can feel the anxiety coming off of them in waves, not knowing how much deeper it goes,

“Hey, can I talk to you guys about something?” They ask, shifting nervously next to Purpled, not enough to accidentally push him away, but enough it must be slightly uncomfortable,

“Oh, sure big man,” Tommy answers immediately, “What is it?”

They take in a deep breath and hold it for a few seconds, letting it soak every part of their body before breathing it out, “Do you know about XD?”

“The weird thing in Dream’s head?” Purpled asks, they nod, leaning against him again as their fidgeting dies down momentarily,

“Yeah, uh, him,” They say, frowning slightly and resisting the urge to hide their face away in Purpled’s hoodie, “I may have him in my head too,”

“Oh,” Tubbo says, which perfectly encapsulates everyones reaction to that, “Is that,,, a bad thing?”

“I don’t know?” They answer, laughing only a bit hysterically, “I honestly thought I was insane for *months*, I only learnt what he was and I wasn’t completely crazy earlier,”

Purpled frowns and looks at them, dropping his communicator into his inventory, oh no, actual serious time has started, “Why didn’t you tell us?”

“I don’t know, I- When he first showed up I didn’t know any of you that well, I don’t even know when he really showed up? I don’t remember, I was just- so terrified of everyone, and I just couldn’t, and then it was too late,”

They get a little choked up near the end, blinking tears furiously out of their eyes, not wanting to damage their cheeks further. They can’t handle looking at them all and seeing their reaction, instead covering their face with their hands and whimpering into them, rocking softly,

“Ranboo, Ranboo,” Tommy says softly, they can hear him approaching, “Can I hold you in my arms?”

They chuckle wetly at the phrasing but nod, accepting as Tommy pulls them into his chest and wrapping their arms back around him instead of in front of their face, he has to sit on his knees so that the height difference works, but he doesn’t mind, softly running a hand through their hair like they do for him,

They feel Tubbo, or presumably Tubbo, slide next to them, making them boxed in on all sides, usually being cornered would make them feel terrified and weak and small, but they feel comforted, protected. They are cornered and they are *safe*.

Eventually they have to move from the floor for the extended safety of Tommy’s knees and instead of the normal pillow fort they’d make in the living room, they make a small bed on the floor of Purpled’s room, with all the pillows and blankets they own,

Tubbo steals Michael back from whoever was taking care of them and all of them lay on the floor, Purpled has those glow-up stars stuck to his ceiling, apparently in the actual pattern that the stars are in if he isn’t lying, and they doze off staring at them.

They wake up in the middle of the night tangled in limbs, it should be uncomfortable, but sometimes things that are uncomfortable become a comfort with people you love, so they curl into whoever’s closest and go back to sleep,

They wake up the next time early in the morning decidedly less enjoying of the tangle, managing to escape and going to leave before being caught around the waist by Tubbo’s arms,

“Booooooooooooo,” He whines, stuffing his face into their back, he is in the same place he was when he soulmarked them and that thought makes their heart flutter happily, they’re glad he’s not awake enough to make fun of them for it, “Stayyyyyyyyyyy,”

“Tubbo,” They say, chuckling softly, “Breakfast will be made soon,”

“They’ll bring it to us if we don’t go down,” Tubbo claims, holding onto them tighter, “Stay with us,”

“Fine,” They grumble, laying back down, getting a much more comfortable position now that they have a say in it, wrapping their tails on two random limbs, they end up being Tommy’s leg and Purpled’s arm,

They pull Tubbo and Michael into their arms, one being small enough to be able to wrangle up into them easily and the other being semi-awake to help, vwooping contently under their breath,

“Love you, Boo,” Tubbo mumbles into their shoulder, already half-asleep again,

“Love you, Bee,” They say back softly, yawning and placing their chin on his head, they’re probably gonna knock their head into one of his horns when they wake up again, but they don’t

really care, falling asleep with his husband and his son in his arms.

They are sitting against a wall writing in their memory book, there is a lot from the last few days to remember, and they desperately try to gather the jumbled, fractured memories into something cohesive,

“Hullo,” A deep voice greets making them jolt, looking up to find Techno there, leaning one shoulder on the wall casually and looking down at them,

“Oh, hey Techno,” They say, “Do you need something?”

“Nah, I just wanted to see what you were doin’,” He states with a shrug, sitting on the floor next to them

They nod, “I’m just writing in my memory book, I haven’t in the last few days and I don’t want to lose anything,”

He nods sympathetically, leaning against the wall and letting both of them sit in silence, they finish up writing in their memory book, almost sighing in relief when they finish,

“Sorry, it was just- Important, to me,” They say, closing the book softly so the ink doesn’t run and ruin everything, he nods,

“It’s fine, that’s basically your memory, I’d be pretty panicked if I had to write down all of my memories into my brain too,”

They nod, pulling up their knees to their chest comfortingly, “I am worried a lot I’ll forget everything, so I try to write down all I can,”

“That’s probably stressful,”

They chuckle, “Yeah, yeah it is,”

Techno looks over at them, making a soft humming noise and bringing up a hand to brush the bottom of their hair, it’s getting quite long, when they turn their head or run it brushes their shoulders,

“Are you plannin’ on cuttin’ it?” He asks, they shrug, leaning into his hand slightly,

“I don’t know, I kinda like having it long,” They admit, “I don’t know if I’ll grow it any longer though,”

“I gave you some hair ribbons for it, do you know how to put it up?”

They shake their head, “I know how to do a ponytail, but now much else,”

“Do you want me to teach you?”

They nod just a bit tentatively and Techno leads them off to the living room for a more comfortable place to sit,

That is how they end up sitting on the floor with Techno behind them, hands working a simple

plait into their hair and explaining in a gentle monotone voice what actions to do.

Having someone behind their back still makes them anxious, but his voice calms them, Techno wouldn't hurt them, they're safe here, with him braiding their hair as they try to listen and understand and fail to,

They end up with a small braid in their hair pushed behind their ear, fading into the rest of their hair seamlessly, it has part of the outlines of Techno and Sam's soulmarks visible in it, swirling around each other,

"Cosmo and Wanda ain't slick," XD mutters in their head and they giggle softly, hand running over the braid softly to not detangle it,

They didn't absorb much of the information, but that's fine, they're sure that Techno would be happy to do it again.

They are silently invited to Fundy's room that night, both laying across the little pile set up to the side of his bed, it is a little routine that both have mindlessly set up after Ranboo found out about it when looking for Michael,

It isn't just a them thing, they know that Fundy also invites others to hang out with him there, but it's theirs because it's Ranboo and Fundy, and Fundy's time here with Tubbo is Fundy and Tubbo and with Wilbur is Fundy and Wilbur and so on,

They reach out their arm to him, chirping softly, and he moves to hold it gently with a slightly clawed hand, it rests completely covering the orange mark made two days prior and is strangely comforting, deep to the pit of their soul, and they purr softly, only realizing after a few seconds that Fundy is purring, too,

The noise is more foxlike but definitely a good noise, a happy one, and it makes them purr more, between happy chirps and vroops, all the noises bubbling out of their chest and throat in happy little bursts that they couldn't stop if they tried, and they don't,

They stay like that for a while, not exchanging words but basking in each other's presence and the comfort of the soulmark until Fundy moves away, the position probably hurting his arm, and they let him go, their brain overproducing serotonin and dopamine makes them feel almost a bit dizzy and they giggle softly at the ceiling,

"I'm glad we soulmarked," Fundy admits after a few seconds, a little rumble under his voice that he coughs away, "Like, knowing you love me or whatever,"

"I do," They agree, smiling softly, "I'm glad you love me too,"

Fundy flushes a bit, ears drooping down embarrassedly,

They hum, looking back at the ceiling, "Hey Fundy?"

"Yes?"

"I don't think even with my memory issues I could ever forget you," They admit, "Or anyone here, but you especially,"

“Oh,” Fundy says, sounding delightedly shocked, his eyes wide as he looks at them, “Thank you,”

They smile at him, turning their head to him, “Of course,”

Both of them fall asleep soon after on the little pile, Wilbur walking in later to huff fondly at the pair and grab an extra blanket to lay over the two so they don’t get cold in their sleep, brushing the hair out of both sleeping teens faces before clicking off the light and leaving, informing everyone to not bother the two.

No one does, and they sleep peacefully.

## XD p.2

### Chapter Summary

XD lets Ranboo ask some questions.

### Chapter Notes

Hello, I am yet again writing this chapter way too late/early, I regret nothing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Instead of dreaming of the panic room, or their usual nightmares, they open their eyes to an endless wide void, not bright enough to hurt their eyes but still blinding all the same,

They turn a circle, checking their surroundings and finding nothing, just more of the same endless white,

“What do you want to see?” XD asks, prompting, “What do you want to know?”

“About you?”

“About anything I know,”

“Well, how did you and Dream meet?”

The landscape shifts and they are sitting on a boat, watching a figure of Dream sit on the edge of it, watching the lapping black waters as they rock it back and forth, even though it is clearly meant to scare him, the idea of being pulled down by it, deck slick with water, he isn’t, just watching calmly,

It is a long time before they join him, the feeling is none too different to teleportation, but instead of the tug that comes with it usually, instead it feels a bit like walking through a doorway to a room with a much different temperature, or the feeling of going through a portal,

They sit down next to him in silence, washing over the waves as they slowly calm to gentler lapping, the pouring rain (was it raining? Is that what rain felt like when it didn’t hurt?) stopping slowly until they were left staring at the waters, no reflection shining off of them,

“Why aren’t you afraid?” They ask, the words come out of their mouth without prompting, but they are not uncomfortable with the feeling, they are watching this, seeing it play out,

“Should I be?” Dream asks, swinging his legs back and forth over the side of the boat,

“I think so, most people are,”

“Well I’m not,”

They hum in response, sitting next to him. Their vision feels split between Dream and XD's, they are Dream looking over at XD, XD's face is incomprehensible without the mask to cover it, static that never stays still or goes into a certain form, while Dream is young, his face still soft with childhood and lacking a few of the scars he has now, no bright red outline across his face marking his bond to Tommy,

"What's your name?"

"I don't have one,"

"Oh, well I'm Dream,"

"Oh, that ones cool, can I have it?"

"What? No," Dream chuckles, shaking his head, "No, it's mine,"

"Then what will mine be?"

"How about Nightmare, it's like mine, just different,"

"Okay,"

The scene fades away and they are left sitting again in the endless white, the surroundings melting away until they are standing on solid, flat ground again,

"But your names not Nightmare," They say, walking slowly in a random direction, mostly to give themselves something to do,

"No, not anymore,"

"Why?"

XD hums, and the surroundings slowly shift around them again, this time they aren't in someones place, instead watching as a silent viewer,

Both of them are older now, and they think these surroundings are actually the beginnings of the essemipi, no paths or the house yet but the surroundings are familiar, they end at some point, cutting off into the void, so they think this takes place in another dream,

"I want to make a deal," XD says, he looks less distorted, a blank mask covering his face, "For us,"

"Go on?"

"If you agree, we could become infused to eachother, granting me humanity and immortality until your death,"

"And me?"

"Nothing,"

Dream laughs, not mockingly, the way friends laugh when one tells a joke, "And why would I take that deal?"

XD's mask flickers with an image of a frown before disappearing to blankness once more, "I wouldn't have to feed off nightmares anymore, and you do not wish for people to suffer through fear,"

He hums, nodding, “Would it do anything to me?”

“Our consciences would mix to a point, but it will change me more than it will change you,”

Dream looks almost worried at that, “How much will it change you?”

“Not much, it will add more then it will take,”

“What else will it do?”

“I can have minor control over your body for short periods of time, and be able to appear in the physical world, but it will be very tiring for both of us and I do not have to,”

“Will you?”

“I’d like to, apologies but I wish to meet people, to branch out from just your mind and those who I terrorize, I want to meet your friends without hurting them,”

Dream nods slowly, mulling over the information, “So, how do we do this?”

XD’s mask lights up in shock before glitching back to blankness, “You agree?”

“Eh, why not, my lives already this weird,”

XD carefully reaches out a hand like asking for a handshake, it lights up with a neon green flame, glitching at the edges, “This may hurt a bit,”

“Like a soulmark?”

“Yes, like a soulmark,”

Dream closes his eyes and takes in a deep breath, it’s a bit hard to convince even the unconscious mind to reach into fire, but he does, reaching out and grasping XD’s hand,

It burns, Ranboo knows that much, that it hurts much worse then a soulmark, but then it all pulls back and there is a connection much deeper then that, if soulmarks are string, connecting and tying two souls together, this is a rope, harder to snap and break or tear away.

Then it molds into white void again, leaving them standing there looking around, having to take a breath to reprocess whats going on,

“You shouldn’t stay here much longer, you can only have one more question for tonight,” XD says, they turn in a circle looking for him and find nothing,

“Why? Wait I don’t want that to be my question,”

He laughs, “It won’t be, staying in the moldable dreamscape for too long can have side effects, I don’t wanna push it,”

They nod, just one more question, for tonight at least, but they don’t know if XD will let them question like this again,

“Why me? Why did you talk to me?” They ask finally, looking around as the white melts away to black and then to nothing and then to,,,,, an existence.

Being a dreamon is much different then being a player, they exist, with thoughts and feelings and



emotions, but in a barely comprehensible, distant way, an existent dependent on others fear, is it immoral to wish to eat?

And then they are pulled above water, now with feelings and emotions and a person, because someone isn't scared of them, and someone wants to be their friend, and when so much of your existence depends on someone else's, what makes you a different person?

They exist like that for a while, but now covering people's dreams in fear and terror makes them feel *guilt*, they can no longer stand sending a small child crying to their parents in fear because of a night terror, and it hurts because they need to, because their existence feeds on suffering,

So they make a deal, and they no longer need to consume any more than necessary, they wander between dreams like a lost traveller, they can take the nightmares away now, and they get a new name, XD.

He watches through Dream as the server he owns grows and shifts, as Dream accepts strangers who turn into friends who turn into soulmates, as he jokes with friends and eats warm dinners and is home, and it is nice,

Sometimes he watches over their dreams, as thanks for the gift that Dream gave him, protecting those he cares for,

And then there is a new one,

They are anxious, bleeding so much fear into the void that he's sure if he found them before Dream and him infused that he would never have to eat again,

They can barely talk without breaking down, every dream is a nightmare that is even difficult for him to drag off, and it is pitiful, watching someone wander like shattered glass, refusing to let others put them back together in fear of being crushed more or cutting their hands,

So he makes a choice, for Dream who has grown protective of them, for the others that have grown attached, for his own attachment, interest,

He does something he has only done before to Dream, and brings them to a room, a place of obsidian to protect them, with water as white noise, and he talks to them,

It is,,,,, rocky, at best, but they don't fear him like they fear the others, and if anything their anger makes him happy, because they deserve to be able to be angry without consequence, to let out their rage on someone safely, so he lets them, and he comforts them, and he pulls away the hooks of nightmares from their brain and brings them somewhere safer,

And then everything messes up, because he talks while they're awake and they pass out,

And *maybe* he accidentally makes them stay asleep longer than they should so they have more time to calm down before waking up (and so he has time to panic himself), but it's fine, and they wake up generally okay, if much more anxious than usual,

But stress builds up, and they break down, taped together glass shattering under its own weight once again, they yell at Sam and run and teleport away, hiding deep in the woods only to be found by those looking,

XD feels a bit bad for not telling them all where Ranboo went, but they needed time alone, so he makes sure they stay safe, watches them talk to Edward and then to Purpled, watches them quietly return home to be accepted into worried arms, watches them explain with a voice shaking so much

it is almost incomprehensible that they need to *be alone*.

He's so proud of them for setting a boundary, even if it terrifies them.

Things don't get better all at once, but they get easier, and they hang out in stupid pillow forts with their friends and he soothes the migraines from growing horns in their sleep to make sure it only hurts as much as needed,

He grants them with peaceful sleeps the nights they need it most, and sit with them through the nightmares he has no power to stop, pulling them out of it and into the waking world if needed even if it probably doesn't help their sleep schedule,

He thinks the most terrified he's been, well, ever, is when he feels the terrifying tug of something wrong happening and looks into the living world onto to find Ranboo with a knife to their wrist, forced to watch as blood drips down from it and hoping that someone finds them before they do something irreversible,

He knows they have before,

Ranboo, over everything, over their emotions that they themselves struggle to describe and even worse confusion over others', doesn't like being worried about, doesn't like forcing people to care for them, it is part of the reason they avoided soulmarks in the first place,

They did not fear the cuff around their own wrist, just the chain connecting someone else to them, the fear of someone else having no choice in their own love,

Which is understandable, XD knows why, how much of dreams, of nightmares, are just memories that are warped and distorted until they can't realize the two are connected? How much of a person is their past?

People know, people know now, and XD is a bit ashamed of being found out, some part of it is that others know he cares, cares past Dream's care (even though Dream likes Ranboo, his soft spot for the teen is quite obvious),

He doesn't know why, there are other demons (or part demons) like Bad and Ponk that have connections, but it's different, because they're *part* and they're *players*, XD is barely past the point of a villager, basically an NPC,

He guesses he is the equivalent of a mob given human data by the love and care of someone, and people care plenty about those, like Michael, so he is allowed to also be a person,

He doesn't really like being a person, the same way that people don't like least favorite foods or wet socks or beaches that get sand everywhere under their clothing, but he's rambling now, isn't he?

This was supposed to explain himself to Ranboo, but they're probably just left with more questions,

The scene, incomprehensible, ever-changing and blurry as it is, slowly fades off to white, and Ranboo is left standing again, trying to regain their own mind without it being muddled by someone else's thoughts,

"I think you should leave now," XD says, voice soft, and they nod, entire body falling to the side as they fall asleep.

They open their eyes to Fundy's ceiling, oh yeah, they fell asleep in his 'burrow' (pile of clothing, pillows, and blankets) last night,

He is still fast asleep, curled up around himself and making this quiet, almost snoring fox-like noise, and they chuckle softly to themselves, deciding to for once let themselves relax, they usually don't take the time to relax in bed, some part of them always wants to be on the move, it's safer, running from danger is always an option,

But they're already safe and there is no danger they need to run from, so what's the point in running?

They sigh contently, melting back into the pile, it is warm and soft and comfortable, they don't fall back asleep, but their eyes slip closed and they rest, and it helps more of the tiredness that has infected their bones since they were young than a single night of sleep on Hypixel ever did, no matter how many hours were ever gotten.

They reach a hand out and grab Fundy's softly, and he squeezes it back in his sleep,

They could get used to this.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short length yet again, I decided to prioritize wrapping up the XD arc well vs. wordcount in these last few chapters, so I haven't been trying to do my usual baseline of 3500 or so, but the next few chapters are gonna try to make up for that by being longer, so stay tuned :>

# Baking

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo finds some box mix in a cabinet.

## Chapter Notes

answering some questions from the poll! Feel free to skip if you want :>

Would Ranboo and Tubbo consider getting a cat for Michael??

Probably since both enjoy the animal, though they have enough cats in the house that they don't need another currently :>

Can I adopt you?

Yes

do you have an idea of where this is going? like, an endpoint youre aiming for, or are you just writing for fun?

I have general arcs, plotpoints, and plans for things to happen, but this is mostly just a comfort story for fun, so nothing is particularly planned out, though I do have an endpoint.

Will Tales of the SMP be brought up?

No but kinda?? Tales will not be brought up specifically (or people from them) and are non-canon (or at least very different as this is an entirely different universe), but things or mentions from it might.

Does XD look exactly like Dream, or are there like differences in appearance? I know that XD's appearance is based off Dream in Ranboo's mind, but after seeing the differences in personality did it change?

XD was originally an exact look-alike when first appearing in Ranboo's dreams, but as they noticed the differences XD started to look different to them, I will probably draw his design at some point.

How'd you get inspiration for the whole concept for this story and for stuff like XD?

Did you kinda come up with stuff as the story progresses, or do you have a planned out plot for this story?

Similar to the question answered a few up, but I generally just wrote what I wanted to read!

Is Puffy's backstory similar to DSMP canon? Or changed slightly/dramatically?

It is generally the same? Since a lot is unknown I cannot say for sure, but she was a pirate captain

Did Michael ever get his pet chicken that turbo said they would get him? I've been wondering that lol.

No not yet :< he did get a chicken plushie though

Are the three canon lives a thing in this or is it just normal respawns? I assume not as everyone's a lot closer and the big events are more playful and less dangerous and such, but I was curious--

There are infinite respawns however respawning sucks and people like to avoid it.

how many chapters are you planning to do?

I have no specific number in mind as I am just writing this as I go, however I am pretty sure I am Not Even Half Done.

are events like mcc, mc hunger games, mcm etc. canon? or will they ever become canon if they aren't now?

Possibly later, or they are like sports events of some sort? I might explore that later :>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tired, calm days are some of Ranboo's favorites, where they can relax with their family, and all of them definitely need it after the roller coaster the last few days, few weeks honestly, have been,

They drift through rooms, nothing particularly to do, humming Mellohi softly under their breath, when they step into the dining room and lay eyes on some cake mix in one of the cabinets,

It is completely untouched, probably because Niki is the primary baker and doesn't like box mix (she prefers to cook from scratch), but *they* could use it, no one else probably will, and hey, they can only fuck this up so bad,

They find bowls and spoons and scrounge up the necessary ingredients, some eggs, some oil, milk instead of water (they remember that trick from Niki), and then gets to work,

"What are you doing big man?" Tubbo asks, scaring them accidentally since they didn't realize he came in,

"Jesus!" They say softly, turning and staring at him, "You scared me!"

He chuckles, "Sorry, what are you doing?"

"Making a cake, we had some spare box mix,"

He hums in acknowledgement, they go back to pouring the mix while Tubbo slides behind them, wrapping his arms around them in a half-hug, the pose would usually put his head on their shoulder, but he's much too short so instead his face is just in their back, they chuckle softly to themselves,

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing," They say, chuckling, "Nothing,"

They tragically have to pull away to do the wet ingredients, Tubbo moves to sitting on an unused portion of the counter and pouts at them,

"What the fuck are you two doing?"

They look over to find Tommy standing at the door, arms crossed,

"I'm baking a cake that could kill god,"

Tommy snorts, walking over and looking at everything, "Doesn't seem too special to me,"

"That's because I haven't added the secret ingredient yet," They state, walking over to a cabinet and opening it, reaching for-

Their hand touches nothing and they blink, looking around to find what they're looking for not there,

"Who took my M&Ms!" They say, pulling themselves onto their knees on the counter so that they are face level with the cabinet, "Somebody took my M&Ms and I'm going to start *killing*."

"Look behind the bag of spaghetti and the cinnamon roll,"

"The fucking what?"

They move the bags to the side, lighting up when they spot the jumbo sized bag of M&Ms and taking them out, they move to get off the counter but then pause, looking at the bag of spaghetti,

"We're not adding the bag of spaghetti," XD says immediately, mentally tugging on them to get down before they make a terrible decision,

"But I really wanna add the bag of spaghetti,"

"But we're not going to add the bag of spaghetti it would taste terrible,"

"But I really wanna add the bag of spaghetti,"

"No."

They sigh pletulantly but get down, walking back to the cake with their prize of M&Ms,

Tubbo and Tommy stare at them in confusion, their ear twitches inquisitively,

"What?"

"Why were you talking to yourself?"

"Oh," They say, tail lashing nervously at their ankles, "Um, XD was talking to me,"

"Oh!" Tubbo says, "Sorry, forgot,"

"It's fine,"

They dump the entire bag into the bowl, stirring it around, wincing a little in disgust as they dye portions of the beige batter, too late now!

They swat Tommy's hand away multiple times to stop him from sticking his fingers into the batter as they pour it into the pan, turning briefly to grab an oven mit,

They turn around to Tubbo and Tommy sticking a finger into the pan each,

"Oh end and aether!" They curse, making Tubbo jolt guiltily and quickly shove the finger in his mouth, laughing, "Both of you are little gremlins!"

"Shouldn't have looked away big man," Tommy cackles, enjoying his prize of raw cake batter,

they glare,

“I hope you both get salmonella,” They state, grabbing the pan and putting it into the oven, closing the door,

Then there is the ding of the oven going off and they are across the room, hand reaching out to grab an oven mitt that they just had on,

Huh?

They shake off the disorientation, grabbing the oven mitt and pulling the cake out, setting it on the counter and waving a little air onto it with the mitt like Niki does sometimes while cooking,

They blink as suddenly their vision shifts to them reaching into the fridge, the light a bit surprising, but they manage to realize they were reaching for the frosting and grab both containers, walking back to the counter they were working on and setting them down,

They sigh, as much as they are used to their memory loss, both the parts they forget at the moment and the ones that fade off later, it is still frustrating (and sometimes scary) to just forget things, and the fear that one day they will blank off to never come back still haunts their nightmare from the first times it happened as a young child,

“Hey, are you okay big man?” Tubbo asks, making them blink back into reality, they gladly haven't lost any time, or at least haven't lost time where they did things, they are in the same spot,

“I- Yeah, I'm fine,” Ranboo says, shaking off the last of their disorientation, “Sorry, my brain is being weird with memory right now,”

Tubbo hums in acknowledgement, frowning at them, “That sucks,”

“Yeah, it's fine though, I'm used to it,”

“That doesn't mean it isn't shitty,” Tommy states, crossing his arms, “I lost my leg a few fuckin' years ago now and phantom pains still suck,”

“I don't think that is equivalent,” They mutter, avoiding looking at him, though they can tell he narrows his eyes at them,

“How? Both suck and we can't stop 'em,”

They don't respond, shifting nervously, they don't know what to say, they feel like they don't know what to say a lot, moving to open their mouth and yet finding no words on their tongue,

Tommy sighs, “I'm not gonna tell you it's terrible or something because I have no fuckin' clue what memory loss is like, but it seems like it sucks and I can *feel* that it's upsetting you, and you can complain about it if you want, or just, I don't know, let yourself think it sucks?”

They nod, looking down at the floor instead of at him, they always forget that as much as the others can make them feel their emotions, everyone else can also feel theirs, always, because they don't know how to control how much others feel of it yet and end up just spilling everything,

They don't wanna bother everyone with their emotions, they know from dealing with them every day that's tiring and annoying, they don't want to give everyone the anxiety they feel whenever someone says their name in a certain tone of voice or when they are a tiny bit out of it and see the flash of a blade,

“Hey, Boo,” Tubbo says to catch their attention, they look over, only realizing that they are trembling and their breath is a bit too fast now that they are brought back to themselves,

He reaches out and they flinch very slightly, but he only grabs their cheeks softly, pulling their head down so he can gently bonk their foreheads together,

They chatter softly at him, even though it doesn’t exactly feel the same as it does for Tubbo, the same feeling as when Ranboo picks up and places a block or something similar, he shoves as much of the feeling back at them, and the affection is enough that it momentarily fights off the rising anxiety,

“You’re both clingy,” Tommy hisses with no actual anger behind it, Tubbo laughs, softly pulling back from them,

“Aw, do you wanna headbutt too?” Tubbo crows, laughing harder at Tommy’s flushed face,

“No!” Tommy squawks, obviously lying,

Tubbo smiles, calming down from his laughter, “Get over here,”

They politely look away as Tommy shuffles over, bonking their heads together softly like Tubbo did for them, looking at others receiving affection is a bit strange, so they avoid doing so,

They grab a spatula, twirling it between their fingers a few times, it is a cool double sided one,

“Did you know spatulas were created by John Spatula?” They say before they can stop themselves,

“What?” Tommy says, pulling back from Tubbo to look at them confused,

“Yeah, he later went on to create the hit movie Justice League,”

“You’re pulling our leg,”

They pour out one of the containers of icing onto the cake, spreading it, most definitely unevenly, “Nope! He saw a flyswatter and went ‘hey we could use this instead of a pancake flipper’.”

Tubbo snorts, not trying to hide his amusement, “What’s a pancake flipper?”

“It was two thin sheets of metal to slide under the pancake and flip it, they were bad because they had a very low melting point so you would get metal flakes in your pancakes, this was actually responsible for about 30% of greek deaths,”

“This- This is wrong, you are just saying wrong things,” Tommy states, looking incredibly confused at what is going on,

“No I’m not, this is all completely true,” Ranboo says, grinning, “So John Spatula used an old-” Tubbo gags, “Flyswatter to flip his pancakes, whether this worked or not we cannot say, but his spatula outlived and actually became a sentient being,”

“What?!”

“That’s a true fact by the way, every single spatula is a sentient being with its own emotions, so think about that next time you use it to scrape burnt food off of your pan,”

Tommy stares at him, jaw slightly slack in confusion, Tubbo from behind him is trying not to laugh, hand over their mouth to muffle it as best as they can,



“Spatulas actually have a lot of historical significance, George Washington actually used spatulas to cross the delaware because he thought they’d be more aerodynamic, boy was he wrong, because aerodynamics have nothing to do with water!”

That’s what finally makes Tubbo break, hunching over his stomach laughing as Tommy stammers trying to respond,

“George Washington’s use of spatula’s to cross the delaware was actually a huge, uh, term in J.F.K’s speech where he said, ‘hey, spatulas are kinda cool actually’,” Tubbo wheezes harder, “Now J.F.K was yet another historical figure that used spatulas, we actually see him use spatulas many many times throughout his career, usually as microphones, because he didn’t know the difference between a spatula an a microphone, because fun fact J.F.K is blind!”

“Spatulas are actually used primarily for pancakes, the world health organization actually put 100% of spatula usage for pancakes”

“You are currently using one to spread frosting on a cake,”

“What is a cake if not a strange pancake?” They dump the second container of icing on,

Tommy opens and shuts his mouth a few times before just shoving his face into his hands and screaming, they laugh,

“Did you know what Alexander Hamilton wouldn’t be able to do,,, whatever he did with treasury I don’t know the musical if it wasn’t for spatulas?”

“Don’t say that you’ll summon Wilbur,” Tubbo says, still giggling to himself,

“Now, spatulas actually had a huge affect on greek mythology, Zeus actually instead of wielding the lightning bolt he weld the spatula until people were like, ‘hey, thats kinda lame’,”

“Noooo that’ll summon Technoblade,”

“What’ll summon me?” Techno asks, leaning against the doorway to the kitchen, they jump, not expecting him to be there,

“I’m telling them cool facts about spatulas,” They say, smiling, Tommy sputters to correct them,

Techno smirks, raising a brow, “Sure,”

“I am!” They defend, “Oh, we also made a cake that could kill god!”

“Any specific one you aimin’ for?”

They grin, “I like a surprise,”

They put down the cake on the middle of the table, humming happily to themselves, tail thumping repeatedly against their leg, they’re almost stupidly proud of themselves, but they are definitely not a baker so the fact it isn’t completely inedible is an achievement,

“It looks shockingly okay,” Tommy states, reaching out a hand to scoop up icing and getting smacked away immediately, he glares at them,

Techno hums, before his eyes light up with an idea, “Ranboo, you have silk touch hands, right?”

They nod, wondering where this was going,

“Do you think you could put the cake in your inventory?”

“Uh, I don’t know, I’ve never tried,” They say, they never even really thought of that,

“Why don’t you try?”

“What if I destroy the cake?”

“You’ll probably just crumble it a bit, the gremlins will still eat it,” Techno shrugs,

They sigh, reaching out and grabbing the cake softly on its sides, picking it up,

It works,

They stare in amazement at the unharmed cake, they really didn’t expect that to work,

“Heh?!”

“Holy shit!” Tommy yells, “Holy fuck!”

They set down the cake, “Okay, okay, now lets see if this works with a slice gone,”

They slice off a piece, putting it on a different plate before picking it up again,

They get a complete cake in their inventory,

They set it back down and look in amazement at the complete cake, whipping their head between the slice and the complete cake,

They’re pretty sure the entire house can hear Tommy and Tubbo’s excited screams,

“YOU CAN CREATE MATTER!” Tubbo yells, “YOU’RE A GOD! GODBOO!”

They laugh giddily, cutting another piece and picking and placing the cake again, it fixes itself again,

“This is amazing,”

The cake is pretty good, slowly people are drawn in by the recent screams to see what is going on,

“You’re a heathen,” Niki says to them when she learns they used box mix, they reach out to the still-complete cake and grab a handful of it, bringing it up to their mouth and taking a bite without breaking eye contact,

The bite is almost all icing and the eye contact grates on them, but they keep going with it because they’re not a coward,

She ends up breaking first, making an exaggerated gagging noise and walking off to make her own cake, they laugh as she flees.

Punz comes to steal a plate at some point with Purpled, taking a bite of it, “This is half icing,”

“I know, it’s the perfect ratio,” They state, grinning, he chuckles, turning around and walking out while Purpled joins them,

Michael comes in at some point, having to stretch out his tiny little toddler arm to hold Wilbur’s finger, clearly waking up from a nap, Ranboo coos softly, rising to pick up the toddler,

“Hey Michael,” They coo, the toddler makes some tired noises back at them, leaning onto their shoulder, they purr happily, the sound is a bit sharper then when a cat does it, or a bit softer then a piglins happy growl, but is similar enough that Michael gets what it means, making a similar sound deep in his chest,

Michael gets his first slice of cake on more of his face then his mouth and they have to place their head in their hands for several minutes to stop themselves from crying at how cute it was, grumbling angrily at Wilbur’s knowing laugh,

It’s a pretty amazing day, honestly, and they’re glad about it, even though almost none of them actually eat any dinner from the sheer amount of cake they have eaten and feel completely sick after, it’s pretty great.

## Chapter End Notes

I’m gonna start doing polls once per week (so either on sunday or monday updates) because soulmark chapters will be a lot more sparsed and I feel like chapters will change results a lot? So here is the new poll!

[https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfsY-1UFwrPuXXMUb3XP6UrQ03ACR7R-8itiZaTGZY8lD6\\_qA/viewform](https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfsY-1UFwrPuXXMUb3XP6UrQ03ACR7R-8itiZaTGZY8lD6_qA/viewform)

# Understanding

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo falls asleep and wakes up 3 days later with no memory of what happened inbetween.

They are, understandably, quite distressed about this.

## Chapter Notes

Fun fact, I think this chapter went through 4 different names until it landed on this one?? I am indecisive :>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wakes up to light filtering into their room, they feel a bit,,, strange, like they're missing something, but they get up like usual and get ready, looking over to wake up Michael and-

Find his crib empty,

A cold spike of anxiety goes through their veins immediatly, they do a quick circle of the room, finding him not hiding under anything and the door isn't open (and he's not tall enough to open and close it yet),

They teleport into Tubbo's room, looking around quickly and sighing in relief when they spot the toddler,

Tubbo turns around and screams, throwing a pillow at them, they catch it,

"What the hell big man!" He yells, "You scared the shit out of me!"

"Michael wasn't with me," They explain, picking up the toddler and cradling him close, trying to calm down their heart which is still thrumming much too quickly in their chest,

"Yeah? He slept with me last night?" Tubbo says, looking very confused, they blink

"No, I remember setting him down to sleep,"

"Boo," Tubbo says, slowly, walking over and kneeling next to them, placing a hand on their back, "What did we do yesterday?"

"Uh, we made a cake and I learnt I could silk touch a cake?" They say, wincing when they see Tubbo's expression drop,

"I think you should look at your memory book Boo," He says, helping them stand with Michael in their arms, both go together back to Ranboo's room and they sit on the floor with the toddler in their lap, opening their book nervously,

They flip to the 'latest' page, it is a brief description of when they made the cake, how they can pick them up and generate matter (which is still stupidly cool), nothing seems abnormal,

Tubbo, slowly so they can pull away if wanted, flips the page, and they find it completely filled with another day they don't remember,

He flips it again and shows another page, and another.

They forgot three entire days.

Their vision is blurry and they hiss through their teeth as a teardrop burns down their cheek, bringing up a trembling hand to wipe it away,

"Hey, hey," Tubbo says, noticing their distress and gently reaching up to wipe their eyes so they don't harm their hands doing so, "It's okay,"

"It's not," They whine, moving to curl in on themselves and being stopped by the sleepy toddler still in their lap, "I forgot three whole days Bee,"

"I know, that's probably really scary," Tubbo says, way out of depth but doing his best to help, while also trying to not be affected by all the anxiety currently coming off of Ranboo in waves,

They nod, whimpering and shifting Michael so instead they are hugging him and can curl up properly, rocking back and forth, trying not to distress the toddler while soothing themselves,

Tubbo frowns, rubbing their back softly, there is not much he can do to help, he doesn't particularly know how memory loss feels besides the few times he's forgotten things normally, he doesn't know how to comfort them,

"Do you wanna go down for breakfast?" He asks, they shake their head, uncurling themselves and having him take Michael,

"I think I'm gonna be staying in here for a bit," Ranboo states, drawing in on himself further, he frowns, nodding slowly,

"Okay, I'll bring you up some food," He says, holding Michael on his hip and leaving the room quietly, they're not good at giving others distance, (clingy is what Tommy calls it, abandonment issues is what his therapist does, he just likes to call himself protective), but he understands that Ranboo needs it,

That doesn't mean he doesn't drag his feet as he makes his way to the dining room, but he manages to leave them alone, putting Michael in his highchair before going to their own, slumping down slightly in it,

A hand comes to rest on their shoulder and they look up to see who it is, finding Schlatt looking down at them, a slightly worried expression on his face,

"Are you okay kid?" He asks, hand a steady weight on their shoulder, they nod, sighing shakily,

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine," They say, "Bad morning for Ranboo, I'm worried,"

He nods, moving his hand so it instead cups one of his cheeks tilting his head up, leaning down and tapping their foreheads together, they relax completely into the touch, it scratches the moobloom part of his brain that likes flowers and sleeping next to others and kinda wants to eat grass, soothing their worries briefly until he has to eventually pull away,

They manage to eat breakfast in relative peace after that, chatting with Tommy and cooing over Michael, though their brain continuously wanders back to Ranboo,

He isn't good at helping with the memory thing, he knows it sucks, has had it described to him by Ranboo (and honestly it sounds pretty terrifying), but he doesn't know what particularly to do about it, he never helped with Karl or Wilbur's memory loss when it was at its height,

Wait, others had dealt with memory loss! He could just get their help!

He corners Will immediately after breakfast, Michael is picked up by,,, someone, whatever, things can't get much worse then when Tommy is allowed to watch him, so it's probably fine,

"Will, I need your help," He says, clinging to the yellow sleeve of Wilbur's sweater with his best puppy eyes, looking up at him,

The brunette raises a brow at him, "What's the problem?"

"Ranboo forgot a lot of stuff and is freaking out about it and I don't know how to help," He explains, voice speeding up more near the end, probably showing his *slight* panic,

Wilbur frowns, "Hey, it's okay, do you want me to talk to them about it?"

He nods, taking Wilbur's hand and leading him up to Ranboo's room, letting him enter alone,

He hopes that he can help.

Wilbur walks into the room, looking around, it is pretty neat as usual and they see a distinctly Ranboo-shaped lump under the sheets, with smaller lumps that are probably their cats,

"Hey Ranboo," He greets quietly, walking over and sitting down on the edge of the bed, they don't respond, but make a noise of acknowledgement, "I just wanted to talk,"

"What about?" They answer quietly, voice slightly hoarse,

"I heard about you losing some time, do you wanna talk about it?" He asks, giving Ranboo room to speak,

They shift around, pulling the blankets off of themselves and sitting up, they look a little worse for wear, braid that Techno put in last night before they slept all ruined and face slightly water-burnt, he holds back a wince,

"I forgot three days," They mumble, pulling their legs up to their chest, looking away from him, "Everything in them, just gone,"

"Did you write them down in your memory book?"

"Well yeah, but thats not- It's not the same, it's not memories, I don't know what was said or what really happened,"

He nods, "I know, but it's better then nothing, right?"

They frown, subconsciously bringing their claws to their wrist and scratching, he softly bats it

away,

“Don’t do that,”

“Oh, sorry,” They apologize, curling in on themselves tighter,

“It’s okay, I’m not mad, it’s just a reminder,” He states soothingly,

They nod, Wilbur thinks if they curl up anymore they’ll start to suffocate themselves,

He reaches out gently so they can pull away, rubbing their back softly, he wishes he could put comfort onto them like he can with the others, but they aren’t soulmarked yet, so he can’t,

(He is only a *bit* jealous that he hasn’t been soulmarked yet when he was one of the first to bond with Ranboo, only a bit.)

They tense up and then melt into the touch, body going just a bit slack and making an almost-purring noise that is mostly v’s, he chuckles lightly, scooting closer,

“Do you just want a distraction?” He asks, sitting next to them now, they nod, leaning into him, he laughs, pulling them into a hug after a second,

It is almost impressive how they manage to curl themselves up so he can basically wrap around them, even though he is pretty tall, they have enderman genes on their side to make them lanky as all fuck,

They clutch a handful of his sunflower yellow sweater with a clawed hand, careful not to rip or tear it, he smiles, rocking them both back and forth calmly, he knows the action is soothing to Ranboo,

“I’m scared of forgetting everything,” Ranboo admits, face hidden, “I’m scared of forgetting that I’m here and in a good place and not back at Hypixel, or forgetting Tubbo, or- or Michael,”

They choke on the last bit, like the thought is unthinkable, horrible. He frowns, he understands the feeling,

“You won’t, okay? And even if you do we’ll all be here to support you and make sure you remember, and get new memories,” He says, the words probably aren’t as soothing as he wants them to be, but there is no way he can just convince Ranboo that their memory will magically get better, that’s not how it works,

“But what if I forget everything and I’m a different person then?”

He draws back slightly, only enough that he can properly look at them, they look away quickly, drawing in on themselves like they expect him to get up and leave,

Instead he softly grabs one of their hands, flipping it on its palm and tracing the outline of Tommy’s mark that’s there,

“These are marks that you’re meant to be here, okay? You’re family, you are one of us, not just for Tommy, you also have one from Tubbo and Techno and Sam and Michael and Niki and Purpled and Eret, this is proof that you’re supposed to be here,”

“But- but what about if it scars? Like the one you have from Sally?”

He winces, the mark on his upper arm twinges slightly in phantom pain, even though it has long

since stopped hurting, Ranboo seems to realize their mistake,

“Oh my end- I’m so sorry, I shouldn’t have brought it up, I’m sorry-”

“Ranboo, it’s okay,” He says, sighing, “It’s okay,”

They go silent, tail lashing nervously, they look almost like they’re on the brink of tears to be honest, and it makes any annoyance he may have had at it being brought up fade immediately,

“You’re allowed to talk and ask about it Ranboo, okay? I’m not mad,” He reaffirms gently, “I’m not mad,”

They relax slightly but don’t believe him fully, that’s fine, he can work with that,

“Can I get up for a second to grab something?” He asks, they nod, a bit unwillingly untangling the both of them from the half-hug they were still in so he can get up,

He walks over to the desk in the room, picking up the jar of blue dye he gave them before and walking back over, opening it slowly,

“When I was at my worst with, well, everything really, right after Sally and raising Fundy alone and running, I used to give everyone ‘blue’, this blue dye that I said started out clear and became blue as it absorbed your sadness,” He explains, swirling a finger through the dye, staining the tip of it,

“But it’s already blue?”

He chuckles softly, “I know, maybe it was a cry for help or something, I don’t really remember my line of thinking, but I was hurting and wanted to help others,”

“And why did you give me some?”

He shrugs, “Good memories, and it is just, something I wanted to give you, as thanks,”

They nod slowly, watching him dip his fingers into the blue dye, the action is reminiscent even if there are no actual memories attached, calming,

“Did you know my soul used to be blue? Back when I was sad, maybe that’s why I gave blue dye out, giving a piece of my soul out when I had nothing to give, and as I got better it eventually changed to yellow.”

“I don’t know where I was going with this, but, I know how it feels to be scared of forgetting everything, and if you wanna talk or something I’m here, but I don’t think you’ll forget everything, and if you do, we will be here,”

He reaches out, grabbing their jaw up to the side of their face gently and lifting it so they are looking at him, though he avoids eye contact,

They blink up at him, their eyes are large, almost like a cats, and he smiles fondly at it,

“We’ll always be here for you, okay?”

His fingers suddenly sting and he suppresses a yelp at the sudden feeling, hand tensing and then relaxing again as a wave of calm goes over him,

He pulls his hand back slowly, fingers slightly shaking, and looks at the skin on his hand, under



the blue dye still smeared across it he can see the red and green, Ranboo's colors marking themselves brightly upon his skin,

They are looking at him in surprise, unable to see their own mark but feeling it just as well, he can see his sunflower yellow stretching from under the blue dye he accidentally smeared across their face, it's almost fitting, both of his colors there, even if one will wash away, one will remain.

Both of them will remain even after the dye washes away.

Ranboo cries, the soulmark finally breaks the dam that was the emotional rollercoaster that the day was and Wilbur holds him, whispering soft comforting words, and he doesn't even care that the blue definitely is staining his sweater and will be a bitch to get out.

He should probably work faster on those water resistance potions, since Ranboo has burnt the fuck out of their face about 6 times within the past few weeks, and anyways, he thinks Ranboo deserves to be able to cry for once without incredible pain.

So he holds them and wipes away their tears with the sleeve of his sweater so they don't burn too deep, says 'I love you' in the most platonic way possible but with as much adoration in it as physically possible, because end and aether Wilbur loves each of his soulmates with every bit of his soul he doesn't give over to them and mark across them, every part possible.

And he thinks Ranboo understands that feeling, that they feel the same, and he sits with them for a while until they calm down and spend the rest of the day relaxing together, basking in a newly formed soulmate bond and a little bit deeper part of their relationship, another bridge of understanding between two amnesiacs.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I love (dsmp canon) Ghostbur's interactions with Ranboo so I tried to recreate the energy of some of those here without, you know, it being ghostbur.

There might be some more Wilbur-centric chapters in the future even though he's been soulmarked, so stay tuned :>

# Soulsick

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo feels terrible, they don't want to let their soulmates know and worry them, so instead they block all of their emotions off.

Of course, that ends terribly.

## Chapter Notes

I wrote this incredibly late with no sleep, I have no excuse, I hope this chapter is good because I don't know if it is and I did not read through it after, goodnight.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo doesn't think they're doing the *best*, if they're being honest. Nothing is particularly wrong, they are just still shaken by losing three days, and everything feels like too much all the time, and they don't know how to deal with everything without their only coping skill in Hypixel which was throwing themselves into endless matches until they passed out from exhaustion.

It's fine, really, the stress that reaches the deepest pits of their soul is an old friend of theirs, infecting their mind since they were a child and the smallest scare made them unable to breathe. They're used to feeling like they're suffocating.

What they are not used to, what makes it even worse, is the knowledge that everyone else also knows how they are feeling, that they are dragging everyone else down with them.

They can block off small emotions fine, and they are learning how to do stronger ones, but they are stuck between constantly using the mental energy to not flood everyone else with their stupid emotions and worrying them with something that they've already learned how to deal with, or doing just that.

So it's pretty obvious what they choose.

And they're *tired*, of faking being okay for days on end and constantly using energy to repress the sadness that they are drowning in at this point, they are tired of XD's constant voice in their head telling them to just reach out for help that they don't need, they're so, so tired.

It becomes a chore to get up in the morning and dress Michael and walk down to breakfast and eat around people, people that they love, people that are just so ender-damned loud that they wanna slam their hands over their ears to block it all out, that they bite down on their cheeks hard enough that they bleed to stop themselves from snapping at them.

They don't like it, and they think others are noticing at this point about how they show away from touch (it makes the task of making sure no one feels what they feel so much more difficult), and stay to their room most of the time (so they have as little sensory as they can), and don't talk unless

spoken to (it is so difficult to form words when so much of their energy is spent on making sure they don't screw this up.)

It's fine (they're tired), It's fine (they're tired), It's fine (they're tired), It's fine (they're tired), It's fine (they're tired), It's fine (they're tired)

They feel like they're on the edge of completely shattering into pieces, XD compared them to shattered glass once, trembling under the stress of trying to not fall apart, and they feel more and more like that recently, they know they'll break soon,

There is nothing they can do to stop it.

They are hanging out in the living room one day, quietly watching Michael play with toys on the floor, when Techno walks up and offers to braid their hair, one of the ribbons they were gifted in his hand.

They nod even though the idea of touch is grating, sitting on the floor and letting him go behind them, resisting shudders of discomfort as his fingers travel through their hair, splitting it into portions.

The lack of emotion is probably more suspicious than if they were uncomfortable at this point, but they feel like if they let him feel anything then the dam will break and they'll fall apart,

So they bite their cheek until blood fills their mouth, feeling him braid together the pieces of hair, even existing in their own body is too much for their senses, making them wanna cry, and someone else touching them just adds to it,

They resist the urge to dig their claws into their wrists or thighs, that's much too obvious, so they instead sit tense and still and let him work,

“Are you okay kid?” Techno asks after a few minutes, hands stilling in their hair, they hold back a whimper at that, the contact just *sitting there*, instead nodding stiffly,

“Mhm,” They say, just for some verballity, though it probably is only more suspicious, though they are pretty sure some of the iron taste in their mouth is actual, real blood that he could *definatley* smell if they opened it and they don’t think they could talk anyways,

They're pretty sure he raises a suspicious brow at them, but he continues anyway, his nails briefly drag along their neck while going through some of the hair not already braided and they almost scream, flinching softly, enough it is barely noticeable,

They can't breathe, keeping their breathing level is such a large task that their vision swims like they're suffocating, body going slack not out of relaxation but out of pure tiredness, they feel like they were shoved out into the snow, chills making them shake slightly even though the room is if anything warm.

Their heart hums loud enough in their chest they can hear it, drowning out the other noise in the room.

They go completely still in Techno's (slight, but so so much) hold, eyes wide and unblinking, staring at a spot in the floor, they can't move, can't think, it's too much, it's *too* much.

They don't even realize that they have unfocused on not letting everyone else feel it when crying reaches their ears, making them flatten to their head as they resist whimpering, they can't do that, people don't like when they make noises, they hurt them then, they can't take that right now, they

think they'll die from shock alone-

Someone is kneeling in front of them, and they briefly flick their eyes up to catch sight of a yellow sweater before looking back down, their vision is blurry, eyes wet, their cheeks are wet too, burning hot, when did they start crying? Why can't they feel it?

A hand reaches out and touches them, trying to give comfort, like a little gift, but the gift feels sharp like when someone tries to give them a blanket with just the *wrong* texture and they flinch back, breath picking up more,

"Hey, it's okay, is touch too much right now?" Wilbur asks softly, the noise grates on their ears and they whimper, pulling up their knees to their chest,

They feel the cool sensation of Wilbur's soulmark, stronger on the side of their face where they are marked, and instead of the sort of comfort that usually comes off of it, it is overwhelming to the point that they bite deep into their lip to hold back a scream, squirming away further,

Their face burns, they are aware noise is around them, people in their surroundings (oh god people are watching they can feel the eyes they need to get away away away), they wanna curl up and fade away into nothing because it'd be better than how overwhelming everything is currently,

It's too much and they can't even process it, they are so fucking stupid.

They only realize after a few seconds of being so that they are curled up softly, someone is trying to comfort them, maybe multiple people, but the eyes and the voices make everything hundreds of times worse, they don't know if they are having a panic attack or disassociating or having a sensory overload, maybe all three at once,

Every breath hurts, and they are forced to choke them down to stop from passing out, even though they would much prefer this,

Someone touches them, pushing as much comfort through the mark as they can, and instead of relaxing they *scream*, spasming away, it's too much, they can't feel anything more even if it's good or they'll *die*, they're as sure of that as they are that they need to breathe and their heart needs to beat and that water hurts.

"Stop, you're overwhelming them," Someone says and they could cry in relief if they weren't already, feeling them all pull back, it makes breathing just a bit easier,

Two people crouch in front of them, they don't feel as overwhelming, they can't feel their souls so clearly, *they haven't marked them yet*.

"Hey, Ranboo, can you look at us? You don't have to make eye contact, we just wanna make sure you're there," One says, they can't process whose voice it is, but they look up anyways, teary-eyed and next to breaking down,

One has black hair and slightly tanner skin with little blue crystals sticking off of it, Skeppy then, and the other is in bright purples and greens and blues, Karl.

The idea of breaking down in front of two people they know so little of makes shame claw at their throat and they let out a small distressed warble, if they had any energy to spare they'd probably have teleported already,

"There you go!" Karl says, though he keeps his voice soft, "We're gonna take you to your room so there are less people crowding you, okay?"

They nod, neither Karl nor Skeppy can carry them (being much shorter) so instead, Techno does, the touch grates on their,,,, everything, but they deal with it, even though it makes them shut down more, curling their arms around themselves as tight as they could go,

Techno leaves them after taking them to their room, incredibly unhappily, but a short glare from Karl and Skeppy (and a glance at his very distressed soulmate) gets him out, leaving them three alone,

“Do you wanna tell us what’s going on kid?” Skeppy asks, sitting far away from them enough that he isn’t intruding on their space but if needed they could reach out and grab him, his tone is casual, not angry in any way,

They frown, “Too much,” They mumble, ears flattening to their head, a few more tears dripping down their cheeks,

“Did you have a sensory overload?” Karl asks, his tone is also casual, but he has a harder time hiding his worry, shifting where he is sitting repeatedly like he can’t find a comfortable way to sit,

They shrug, “Don’t know, too much,”

“That’s okay,” Skeppy says, sighing a bit, “Everyone freaked out all at once when you started freaking out, can you tell us why that is?”

They frown, “I didn’t want to worry you guys,”

Both of them raise an eyebrow, glancing at each other and then back at them,

“Did you do something?”

Oh, so they didn’t know, and they just revealed themselves, they whimper, chirping to try to soothe themselves and curling up,

“Tried to stop them from feeling my emotions, didn’t wanna bother them,”

Karl noticeably softens while Skeppy gets this sort of annoyed look that makes them curl up, this time protectively over themselves,

“Sorry, sorry, I’ll do it better, I’m sorry,”

Karl smacks Skeppy’s arm lightly, “Stop,”

“Sorry, not mad at you,” Skeppy states, waving his hands slightly, they don’t know what that gesture means, “I was just mad at whoever made you feel this way, sorry,”

They frown but don’t say anything, watching both of them quietly,

Karl smiles at them comfortingly, “He’s not lying, I can feel it,” He taps the back of his hand, the bright blue mark over his knuckles, apparently they just brushed hands in the hall when it happened, a pretty stupid way to get a soulmark, they think it’s nice,

Skeppy smacks him on the arm, “Shut up,”

Karl laughs, grinning back at him, there is a sort of lightness to the mood in the room and they relax, they doubt Karl or Skeppy would try to harm them, and there is less sensory here even if small things are making their brain freak out still,

“Do you want to be alone?” Karl asks, surprising them a little bit,

They shake their head, “No, just, I can’t be by anyone I’ve marked? The emotions and stuff just, hurt, right now,”

They nod understandingly, and Skeppy rises to turn down the lights in the room so they are less blinding, even though they are pretty dull already,

“Yeah, usually when you block off emotions and stuff for a while they’ll do that,”

“Really?”

He nods, “It’s happened before, I don’t know why, it will go away soon, it’s like, hm,” He searches for a metaphor, “If a valve that goes both ways has much more flow on one side, it will be really intense and overflow one side?”

They nod, “That kinda makes sense,”

He grins, “It goes away soon though, you just have to, you know, stop doing that,”

They frown, tail lashing anxiously, “I don’t wanna be a bother,” They whisper,

He frowns at them, “You’re not a bother for having emotions Ranboo,”

“Yeah, I feel all my emotions really loudly and no one gets mad at me,” Skeppy states, sitting back down,

“That’s different,”

“How?” Skeppy questions, pushing them,

“Because you’re different than me!”

“Well yeah, I don’t see why that’d make, you know, you feeling things annoying?”

They shove their (burnt, kinda hurting) face into their hands, making a frustrated noise,

Karl sighs softly, “Ranboo, do you know why you feel different from us?” He asks patiently,

They shake their head,

“Okay, can I suggest why?”

They nod,

“Do you feel like you don’t count as one of us because you are not marked by all of us yet?”

They think for a second, focusing briefly on the ‘yet’ before shoving that away, they shake their head,

“Okay, good, do you feel disconnected from us or like you’ll be in trouble if you show them?”

They shrug,

“Do you think that’s the main issue, or do you just also have that,”

“Also,” They say softly,

He nods, “Okay, do you feel like you don’t deserve to feel how you feel? Or like you need to repress how you feel?”

,,,They shake their head,

He nods, “Okay, we can work with that then, you could talk to your therapist about it and we’ll work on that then, so this doesn’t happen again,”

They nod, they kinda feel like crying again, for a different reason than before, they feel supported and cared for, and it is almost overwhelming.

“Do you want something to distract you for now?” Skeppy asks,

They nod again and he grins, even without a soulmark they can feel the excitement humming off of him as his chaotic energy is allowed to come back full force.

“Do you wanna hear the story of how I ordered Bad 72 pizzas?!” Skeppy asks, shaking his hands happily, Karl snorts,

“Oh my god,”

“Sure?” They answer,

He grins, “Well, it all started when Bad told me he was hungry,,,,,”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter title (most likely): Diagnosis

# Diagnosis

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo gets their diagnosis papers back from their therapist.

For once, it goes better than expected.

They bounce their leg anxiously, looking anywhere but at their therapist as she thumbs through paperwork,

“Okay, I have the results of the few tests you did last time, would you like me to read them out to you?” She asks, looking up at them over the papers, they look away, sliding down more in their seat,

“C-Can I read them myself when I get home?” They ask, fidgeting nervously,

She nods, giving them a small smile, “Of course, I’m gonna put these in an envelope for safe keeping, alright?”

They nod, watching her do so and then taking the envelope, hands only shaking a little bit as they do so,

“Thank you,” They mumble, she smiles at them,

“I’ll see you next week, Ranboo.”

“See you next week.”

They leave the room quietly, walking down the hallway into the waiting room where Philza is already waiting for them, rising to greet them,

“Hello mate! How’d it go?” He asks, placing a hand on their shoulder as he leads them out of the building, he has to reach up quite a bit to do so, and it’s almost funny,

“I, uh, got my diagnosis papers,” They say, rubbing a thumb over the edge of the envelope nervously,

“That’s good mate, have you read em’?”

“No, I was waiting to get home,”

He hums, nodding, “Well, then we can read them when we get there.”

They nod, staring down at the papers instead of in front of them as they reach the server portal.

They sit on the couch staring down at the envelope, Tubbo to one side with Michael in his lap and



Tommy on the other, Purpled is in a seat off to the side and others are dotted around the room, not everyone, but most of their marked soulmates are there,

They stare at the closed envelope, trying to get the confidence to open it, kicking one of their legs gently in a repeated motion, it is a bit difficult, as their legs are so incredibly long, but they make it work,

“What are you waiting for big man?” Tommy asks, looking over their shoulder, they sigh, leaning back against the couch,

“I don’t know, it’s just- looking at it makes it real? I guess?” They say, tail curling around their ankle nervously,

“It’s already real,” Techno states and gets elbowed in the arm by Wilbur, who smiles comfortingly at them,

“You don’t have to open it right now if you don’t want to Ranboo, I waited like a week before I opened my diagnosis papers,” Wilbur says, voice the comforting lull it sometimes gets into, they frown, looking down,

“No- I- I want to now,” They state, steeling themselves, going to open the envelope but freezing, unable to do it,

“Do you want me to do it for you?” XD asks, pushing on the back of their mind,

‘Can you do that?’ They think, it is a bit difficult to think *clearly*, but XD seems to understand,

“Yes, it’d just be controlling your arms, the rest of your body would be completely under your control still,” XD states

They frown, thinking for a second, ‘Do it’

The feeling of their hands moving without their own want for them to is incredibly disorienting, and they stare with wide eyes as they slide the envelope open, pulling the paper out and unfolding it.

Autism and Generalized Anxiety Disorder, both positive.

Tubbo who is leaning over their shoulder lets out a little “huh,” when he reads it, while Tommy doing the same on their other side mumbles a little “well that explains a lot,”

Their hands come back into their own control and it is a bit like a less painful version of their hands waking up after falling asleep,

“What’s it say?” Sam prompts gently from where he is leant against a wall, they blink, looking up from the paper,

“Uh- Positive, for Autism and Generalized Anxiety Disorder,” They state, specifying after they realize ‘positive’ is incredibly unspecific,

None of them look all too surprised, they don’t know if that is a good thing or not,

“How are you feeling?” Niki asks, the question surprises them for a second, how do they feel?

“I- happy I think? Having confirmation feels good,” They state, “Mostly I feel a bit weird,”

“That’s understandable,” Eret says, smiling at them, “At least we know now so we can properly help you more,”

They nod, looking back down at the paper, if they got it back at Hypixel, or before that at their old village, it probably would’ve freaked them out, knowing they’re ‘strange’, but right now it is almost comforting.

They look at the symptoms, they probably didn’t need a therapist or a psychologist or anything like that to know it fit them pretty well.

They already knew about the anxiety, but never really *heard* about autism, like it was some unspeakable topic, but it fits them, they have autism, they are autistic.

They are smiling, because it fits, and because they feel a bit less broken, knowing that other people also deal with what they deal with, that they aren’t some random outlier, that they fit somewhere.

They’re happy with this.

They hum, reaching up to grab their candy from a cabinet, they don’t know why people keep sticking it up there, it’s not gonna stop them since they’re a little goblin, chirping happily once they receive their prize,

They jump when they hear a copy of the noise follow from behind them, whirling around to see Dream standing there, apparently just walking in,

They make a confused chirp noise at him, tilting their head,

He copies the noise, it isn’t as accurate, vocal cords not meant for it, but is impressively good, and they chuckle, repeating it again,

He blows air through his lips, making a little ‘brrr’ noise that they repeat, chest still bubbling up small happy chirps,

“Abababababa,” He says, a sort of happy tone to his words,

“Abababa,” They repeat, grinning happily, the noise feels good on their lips,

They both dissolve into repeating noises at each other, Ranboo can’t stop the bubbling chirps and churrs that fall out of their mouth, and don’t really want to after Dream repeats them back,

Eventually, they both are forced to stop, chuckling and breathing heavily from the strain it put on their vocal cords and lungs, Ranboo slumps back, sitting against the counter on the floor, and Dream follows, joining them on the floor.

“I heard you got your diagnosis papers back,” Dream says, still breathing a bit hard, they nod,

“Yeah, uh- I got diagnosed with both autism and anxiety,” They state, fidgeting with their hands, “Not that either of those are really surprising,”

“Not really,” Dream agrees with a shrug, “I thought you had ADHD for a bit, actually,”

“Really? Why?”

“Well I have ADHD and comorbid symptoms and all that, they’re a bit different though,” Dream states, leaning his head back against the cabinets,

They nod, repeating the action, the cool cabinets feel good against the skin of their neck not covered by hair,

“Are you happy with the diagnosis? Like do you think it fits and stuff?” Dream asks, looking over at them,

They nod, “Yeah, I’m pretty happy with it, actually, feels like it fits,”

He hums in acknowledgement, “That’s good,”

They smile softly, “Yeah, it is.”

Techno steps into the doghouse, closing the gate behind him so none of them get over, dogs run up to him, jumping up on his legs and he chuckles, throwing out pieces of steak to them that they gleefully tear apart,

Most of them were raised as attack dogs, ones that were well-trained enough to not attack anyone he cared for, of course, but meant for protection none-the-less, but that’s not what he focuses on today,

**DOG ARMY!**

**doggos**

**DOGGOS**

**dogs!**

Instead, he finds the dog with an endereye attached to it’s collar to mark it, a little gift for Ranboo he’s been training since one of the dogs birthed it a little while ago.

It was perfect for them, not as aggressive or playful as the others, but still not completely submissive and sociable, a quick learner too.

“Hey lil buddy,” He says, reaching down to pet the dog, who moves happily into his hand, “Can you get your vest?”

*Maybe* he taught it a few service dog commands, but Ranboo probably needs it, okay? And he got plenty of practice teaching them while training Steve (which was much harder then training a dog, mind you.) to put to good use.

The dog runs off, nudging open a chest with his nose and pulling a vest out, running back over with it,

**what a good boy!**

**Doggo!**

**dogboo!**

**RANDOG**

“Good boy,” Techno praises, giving the dog a steak for his troubles and putting the vest onto the

dog, after he finishes his meal he sits waiting for instruction.

He could probably give the dog over to Ranboo now, it is definitely well trained enough.

Guess he has a gift to give a certain enderman hybrid.

“Come on, let’s get you on a leash.”

Ranboo sits in their usual chair in the living room, some random book they ~~stole~~ borrowed from Techno in their lap as they read through it,

Their ear twitches as they hear someone walk into the living room, looking up over the edge of their book to see Techno standing there, a long pink braid thrown over his shoulder and in more casual clothing than usual,

“Oh, hey Techno,” They say, smiling nervously and hoping he doesn’t notice the ‘borrowed’ book.

“Hullo,” He hums, “I have something for you,”

“Oh?” They prompt, realizing only a moment after they probably got that vocal tic from Phil and Techno,

He takes a step back, snapping his fingers at something, not in the impatient way, but like a command, and walks back in, a dog trotting after him,

It isn’t a large one, but large enough it would probably reach at least their knees, with black spots on portions of it, marking a significant part of their face,

‘Like me’ They think, slowly sliding off the blanket covering their legs and setting down the book, walking over,

They kneel in front of the dog, “Hey buddy,”

The dog pants happily, wagging their tail,

“Do they have a name?” Ranboo asks, looking up at Technoblade,

“No, I was waitin’ for you to give him one,” He states, they nod, looking back to the dog,

“I’m gonna call you Dogboo,” They state, grinning happily, the dog wags his tail harder, like he is accepting the name,

“Oh, it also knows a few, uh, ‘tricks,’ Task,” Techno says, the dog following the command, getting up on its hind legs to (surprisingly gently) push them from kneeling to sitting and laying across their lap,

“Oh,” They say, petting the dog gently,

“It’s called deep pressure therapy, it is supposed to be calmin’ and groundin’, he’ll also do it if you sit down and pat your lap in case your nonverbal,” He explains, reaching out to also pet the dog,

They nod, staring in surprise at the dog, “Can he do anything else?”

“He’ll be able to tell when you’re anxious, he’ll also stop you when you’re scratchin’ yourself and try to redirect ya’ to somethin’ else,” He states, “He has some other tasks too, I’ll tell you how to use all of ‘em later,”

They nod, smiling at the dog, “Thank you so much Techno,”

He shrugs, “It was easier then when I trained Steve,”

“Who?”

“My emotional support polar bear,”

“*What?*”

They stand on the porch, leaning on the railing and staring out at the drizzling rain, it is a bit too calming for the fact that they are staring at their equivalent of acid raining from the sky, but the sound is comforting, okay?

Dogboo lays at their feet, resting, but they know if they get into enough panic that he’ll awaken to calm them, not that they think they will, they are doing pretty good, currently,

They hear the sound of the door opening and closing behind them and don’t bother to look, someone moving to stand next to them,

“Hey,” Jack greets, staring out at the rain with them,

“Hey,”

“What you doing out here? Doesn’t rain hurt you?”

They shake their head, “If it touches me sure, but it’s not touching me under the porch,”

“Still is probably scary,”

“Not really, honestly,” They state, “I think the other thing, white part, likes water,”

He hums, nodding, “I don’t like water,”

They look over, raising a brow, “Really? Why?”

“I’m part nether mob, don’t know what though,” He states, “I’m not scared of it, I just don’t like it,”

“Ah,” They respond, “I thought you were human,”

He snorts, “No one here is human, I think the only one who is is Karl, and he’s all glitched n’ shit,”

“Really?” They ask, “What about like, George? Ponk?”

“George is a cat, that’s why he sleeps all the time,” Jack explains, “And Ponk is part demon,”

“Oh,” They say, blinking, “That explains,,, quite a bit, honestly,”

“Yeah,” He says in response, “It really does,”

There is a moment of silence,

“Do you know what your other side even is?” Jack asks,

“No, no clue,” Ranboo responds,

“Maybe you’re just an enderman with player data and a texture glitch,” He offers,

“It must have horns though, since enderman don’t,”

“You got me there,”

They chuckle, leaning on their palm on the railing,

“How are you adjusting here, anyways?” Jack asks, “I know it’s been a while for me to ask that, but still,”

They shrug, “I like it, much better then Hypixel or before that anyways,”

“Where even were you before Hypixel? I know you weren’t born there since they don’t allow toddlers and Niki wasn’t,”

They wince, “Uh, little village on a small server, nothing much important,”

“It sounds like you’re lying there buddy,”

They frown, looking away, “Yeah, they weren’t- weren’t the best with hybrid stuff, didn’t like, you know,,,,” The ‘me’ is unsaid,

His face curls up into something like disgust, “Fuck ‘em, stupid fucks, wouldn’t know what hit ‘em if I saw any one of them,”

They blink, a bit surprised at the immediate reaction of anger on their behalf, instead of at them, before smiling softly, “Yeah, I’m glad I got out of that,”

“Sucks you had to go to Hypixel first though, place sucks,” Jack says honestly, “From what the others who’ve been on there say it seems pretty shit,”

“Yeah,” They agree, “Having to kill others, even if respawns are easier, it does things to your brain,”

“I’m glad you got on here somehow,” He says, honestly again, and they flush, ears pinning to their head,

“Thank you,”

“Don’t mention it,”

They both go into comfortable silence after that, staring out at the rain, even though it hurts Ranboo and Jack dislikes it,

Ranboo realizes briefly, in the back of their mind, they have no urge to shove their hand out into the water and watch it scorch and burn, and are briefly proud of themselves.

Little steps.

Ranboo sits at the dinner table, Dogboo is under them since it is a more sensitive day, ready to task if necessary, they have a pair of earplugs in, not strong enough to block out the other's voices but other more irritating things, like the clash of plates and silverware or people tapping on the table,

They slurp happily at their spaghetti, god they fucking love spaghetti, as soon as they tried it it became an immediate comfort food,

"We need to add an extension to the house for Michael at some point," Tubbo says, looking fondly at the toddler, "He's getting big and deserves his own room!"

"I think if we add any more floors the stability is gonna start lessening," Sam states, gesturing with his fork,

Tubbo frowns at that, huffing softly,

"We could just make a new house, we've needed to for a while now," Punz states, shrugging, "This one is just an extended version of the original community house,"

"But we have memories here!" Bad whines,

"We could just make new memories, anyways this place is a bit overcrowded at best," Quackity says, crossing his arms,

Philza sighs, bringing a hand up to pinch his nose, "How about a show of hands, who wants us to build a new house?"

Most of the table raise their hands at that, Ranboo included,

"Who wants us to stay?"

Bad, Ant, Skeppy, and Tommy raise their hands, they're pretty sure Ant and Skeppy only voted that way for Bad, some didn't vote at all, not caring either way,

"Then it's settled, we'll start designing a new house tomorrow," Phil states, clapping his hands together,

"But who'll do it? Because last time we all tried to build something it was a mess," Wilbur asks, looking around the table,

"We could get Foolish to! It'll give us a good excuse to get him back here from whatever project he's busy on," Puffy states happily, grinning, they blink,

"Whose Foolish?"

A few eyes of the table swivel to them and they sink into their seat a bit more, did they forget something important? Oh my god what if they forgot someone completely, were they supposed to know him? Were-

They feel Dogboo scratching at their leg, whining softly, and force themselves to relax, breathing slowly,

Dream drops his head into his hand, facepalming himself, “Oh my god we forgot to tell them about Foolish,”

“Did we even tell them about Hbomb? Hannah?” Karl asks, receiving no answer, which is answer enough,

Tubbo grins at them nervously, “Well big man, I think we got some people for you to meet!”



# New Arrivals

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo meets other members of the household they happened to never hear of, and a familiar face.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hbomb!” Tubbo yells, happily greeting the man who walks through the server portal, all but throwing himself into his arms, “How are you?”

“I’m good! I’m good!” He answers, hugging the much shorter man back in a bone-crushing hug, “How’ve you all been?”

“Good! I got married!” Tubbo states, happily showing off the ring that is on his horn instead of on one of his fingers since it kept falling off while he worked,

“Oh! Who to?”

Tubbo points at them and they do their best not to freeze in place, tail twisting nervously in the air near their ankles as they hold Michael on their hip,

“Uh, h-hello, I’m Ranboo,” They greet, holding out their hand,

The man grins, grabbing their palm, his grip hurts a bit in a way they suspect isn’t entirely on purpose, just strong, “Hello! I’m HBomb, so good to meet you!”

“Uh, good- good to meet you too,” They respond, smiling nervously, Tubbo gives them a thumbs up from behind Hbombs back.

HBomb lets go of their hand, walking off to greet the other members, who are just as excited to see him, they sigh shakily, they *understand* everyone just forgot to tell them, but still not knowing and now having to deal with meeting new people is a lot,

Tubbo slides up behind them on the side they’re not holding Michael with, taking their hand into his, much more gently than HBomb did,

“Hey, it’s gonna be okay, alright?” He says softly, so only they can hear it, “None of them are mean,”

They nod, taking in a shaky breath, in and out, “Okay, yeah, okay,”

Their ears twitch at the vrrping sound of the portal opening again, looking back to watch another man walk through, he has brown hair that slowly turns blue at the tips, and is almost spiky (it reminds them of Skeppy), the clothing he wears is light and runnable, almost like speedrunner clothes,

“Connor! My man!” Schlatt greets, clapping him on the shoulder, “How are ya buddy?”

“I’m good, how are you man?” Connor, apparently, greets back, smacking Schlatt on the arm light enough to seem friendly rather than threatening,

“Good, good!” Schlatt says, it sounds strangely business-like but has some air of familiarity that makes them know Connor is more well known than that,

Connor looks over and makes eye contact with them that they shy away from as Schlatt continues talking, they don’t notice that Schlatt is leading him over by his shoulder until they are face to face,

“This is Ranboo, we told you a bit about them before,” Schlatt introduces on their behalf, gesturing to them with his free hand,

Connor nods, “I’m Connor,”

“Uh, Nice to meet you,” They greet softly, tail winding around their ankle nervously,

Connor gives them a small smile, being led away by Schlatt to see the others again, Tommy looks particularly glad to see him, basically hurtling himself into the hedgehog-hybrid.

The portal vrtps again and this time a woman walks through, vines winding up her arm and circled around one of her lower legs, flowers blooming off of it, some of them growing out of her slightly redder brunette hair,

The more worrying part is that they actually recognize her from Bedwars, on the leaderboards, and pale a little bit, tails squeezing tighter around their ankle, enough it almost cuts off circulation,

“Hannah,” Purpled greets, walking forward first, one of the few not distracted by the other two members,

“Hello Purpled!” She greets happily, ruffling his hair and not reacting as he glares at her, “How’ve you been?”

“Pretty good,” He shrugs, “We got a new soulmate,”

Their heart flutters a bit too much at being called that, a tiny bit of color coming to their cheeks as they swallow down happy chirps that rise immediately,

“I heard,” She says, grinning and looking to see them, almost immediately spotting the very tall enderman hybrid with a child in their arms,

“Uh, hi,” They wave awkwardly, shifting Michael around, the piglin huffs in annoyance at the movement, stuffing his face further into their arm,

“Hello,” She says, walking closer and holding out her hand to shake, her movements are graceful and clean, not in the dainty, soft way, but in the way that they are pretty sure she could very quickly and cleanly slice their head off, “Hannah,”

“Ranboo,” They introduce themselves, shaking her hand, hoping she doesn’t notice the slight tremble in their own,

“I heard, I think I saw you on Hypixel leaderboards,” She states, casually, and they feel their stomach drop, trying to stop panic from setting in,

“Y-yeah,” They stutter, shifting Michael closer again and looking away, “Bedwars and Skywars,”

She nods, “You were pretty good! We’ll have to duel sometime!” She states, grinning, before

walking off to greet others,

They're trembling, trying to calm their breathing, when they hear Purpled approach, tapping on their hand in a steady beat,

"4-4-4" He reminds them, and they nod, trying to breath in time with the taps, it helps, and slowly the overbearing panic cools into just embarrassment over being triggered by something as small as being *complimented*,

That's not what it was, but it still feels like it,

"You doin' better?" Purpled asks, leaning on them lightly, the pressure helps ease the little remaining panic, and they nod,

"Yeah, sorry,"

"Don't apologize," Purpled states, giving them a small glare, they chuckle,

"Yeah, yeah," They say, pushing away the remaining bad feelings as best as they can,

"Foolish!" Puffy yells happily, greeting someone in her arms, they jump, not even hearing the noise of the portal opening,

"Dad!" Foolish greets back, and they blink, none of the actual parents in the house are called 'dad' or 'mom' jokingly, so the term is kinda weird,

Foolish is tall, taller than Sam or Puffy, probably why the roofs in the house are so enderdamn high, he can comfortably rest his chin on Puffy's head, which is a feat.

His skin is metallic, almost golden, with fully green eyes, kinda like emeralds. His clothing is not old-looking, but looks like it was created in older times, maybe ancient Egyptian style? He has gold jewelry (mostly necklaces and bracers) that reminds them a bit of techno.

The more confusing part is the shark cloak that he has on, hiding a good portion of his clothing and on a normal person it would probably touch the floor as he walks, but he, a fellow giant, has no such problems,

"Hey Foolish," Dream greets his brother (and wow that thought is pretty strange, since they only recently learned Dream even had a sister, nevermind a brother)

"Dream!" Foolish greets back, throwing his arms around Dream and practically crushing him, they're pretty sure they hear his back pop, "How are you?"

"Good," Dream croaks, voice small and weak from being crushed, Foolish seems to notice and lets go, Dream sucking in a deep breath from his strangled lungs,

"I forgot how hard you hugged," Dream gasps, leaning over with his hands on his thighs, Foolish laughs,

"You should've expected this," He says, Dream nods, wheezing again,

Foolish perks up suddenly, looking around before laying eyes on them,

"Oh, Hello!" He says, smiling brightly, "I'm Foolish!"

"Uh, Ranboo," They introduce, unlike the others, they aren't particularly anxious, he just seems

so,,,,, friendly, not particularly harmless, but friendly, peaceful,

“Nice to meet you!” He says, smiling, “I heard a lot about you!”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, Dream and Puffy sent me sooo many messages when you first arrived,” He says, tone mischievous and teasing, Dream smacks a hand over his face, like a sibling, they snort, “You have a kid?”

They nod, gesturing to Michael with their head so they don’t have to shift him more the necessary,

Foolish grins, looking at the little child with kind eyes, “We’re dads together?”

They raise a brow at him, not seeing any child (and worried one was left behind or something) before they stare in surprise as a little toddler that looks quite similar to Foolish drops into his arms from his inventory, much more awake than Michael is,

Oh, he’s part totem! That makes sense.

“I didn’t wanna get him sick from the portal so I put him in my inventory, he doesn’t mind it,” Foolish explains, the baby babbling happily and shoving a hand in their mouth to suck on,

Michael looks over from where his face is tucked into their shirt, excitement thrumming when he sees the toddler and Foolish,

“Gold! Gold! Gold!” He chants happily, voice squeaky and still tired, reaching out for them, Ranboo chuckles,

“Sorry, he really likes gold,” Ranboo says, Foolish nods, smiling at the toddler,

Foolish’s child looks over, noticing the other toddler and excitedly babbling, reaching back out towards Michael until they can hold hands,

It is so wholesome Ranboo could cry,

“They’re friends!” Foolish states, “Oh aether this is so cute,”

They nod, smiling themselves as they watch the two toddlers ‘speak’, mostly babbling and gesturing and lots of ‘Gold!’,

Eventually they pull them apart again and Michael tucks himself back into Ranboo’s side, they smile fondly at their son, brushing a hand through his curly pink hair, it’s getting pretty long by now,

The portal vrrps again and they look over, eyes widening as they recognize the person who comes through,

“Oh my god I forgot how dizzy this portal makes you,” Charlie says, laughing as he sways slightly,

“Charlie Slimecicle?!”

He looks up, eyes widening in excitement, “Ranboo!?”

“Oh ender I haven’t seen you in so long!” They exclaim, walking over happily, Michael whines from being shifted around, it is pretty early in the morning, much earlier than the little toddler

usually sleeps in,

“Me neither! Did you have a kid?!” Slimecicle asks, echoing their excitement back as he stares at Michael,

“Yeah! I got married too!”

“Jesus!”

“Uh, am I allowed to ask about this, or?” Tubbo asks, staring between the two,

They look over, blinking, “Oh, I met Charlie while server hopping,”

“Fucking hacker gremlin child,”

They grin, “We beat the ender dragon together!”

Dream blinks behind his mask, “The more I learn about you the more chaotic you become,”

They grin brighter, fangs peaking over their lips, and turn to Slimecicle, “Let’s cause chaos,”

“Hell yeah!”

They sit at the dining table, Dogboo sitting under their chair like usual with Michael in their lap, half-asleep,

“So, what build did you guys want me to do?” Foolish asks, having new people at the table is strange, but the table actually has enough room even with the extra chairs, a bit more squished of course, Foolish Jr (which is what Foolish’s son is named, apparently) is babbling happily in his lap, playing with whatever is in reach,

“Ah, yeah, I forgot,” Phil says, pulling out the plans from his inventory, “I don’t know if you noticed, but we kind of,,, outgrew this house,”

He snorts, looking at the kinda squished table, “I can see,”

“We were planning on making a new bigger house, this is just a basic outline,” Phil states, handing over the papers, “We were wondering if you wanted to do it, since when we made this house it was kinda,,,,”

“Chaotic,” Foolish fills in, looking over the papers with the sort of excitement that Michael looks at gold, or Ranboo looks at dirt blocks, “This is a mansion!”

Phil nods, “There is quite a lot of us,”

Foolish grins, “Am I gonna get paid anything for this?”

They look up, “I could give you a few stacks of gold blocks,” They offer, shrugging,

They wince as heads whip over to them,

“Stacks of gold blocks?” Slimecicle asks, they nod in confirmation,

“Yeah, I mine a lot,” They shrug,

“Oh aether, yeah, I’ll do it for that!” Foolish says, grinning happily, Foolish Jr babbles happily in his lap, as if in agreeance,

“Then it’s settled,” Phil says, smiling himself, “If you need any help with resources feel free to ask us,”

He nods, looking back at the plans and bringing out a pen, already writing out plans for areas that are unfilled and block palettes and other things.

## Chapter End Notes

Character explanations for new arrivals (in the same fashion as the explanatory chapter)

### **Hbomb**

Human

Ruddy Brown, like tree bark

No Family

### **Foolish**

Totem God, possibly part shark?

Gold with green specks

Adopted child of Puffy, adopted brother of Dream and (technically) Drista, father of Foolish Jr

### **Hannah**

Forest Druid

Rose red

No family

### **Slimecicle**

Human/Slime Hybrid

Bright Green

No family

### **Connor**

Human/Hedgehog

Blue

No known family, close with Schlatt

# Catching Up

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo bonds with new friends and catches up with an old one.

## Chapter Notes

I didn't sleep when I wrote this, so if the quality is bad that is why.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The concrete marking out the area to be cleared is in a large yellow square, displaying just how massive the build will be, they stand a few feet away checking over that their shovels and pickaxes are at max durability so they don't have to run over to the spider or guardian farms,

Morning light shines over the field, they have Michael swaddled to their back, out of the way from possibly getting dirtied and still fast asleep, little fist holding a handful of their shirt, they resist the urge to coo at him for the cute action and possibly get distracted,

“Okay, I think we're good to start!” Foolish states, grinning at them, they were the only one willing to get up this early to start with him, others will join them eventually,

“Are we just mining to ground level?” They ask, jumping over the concrete effortlessly, Foolish nods,

“Yep, we're just gonna take this area down, and then we can landscape later!” He says, they nod, getting to work.

They both start with tearing down the dirt, working in pieces, every 30 minutes or so both check on the toddlers strapped to their backs, Michael is content to sleep through the work, probably used to the semi-loud noise from living in the Nether, while Foolish Jr is already awake and babbling happily as he watches Foolish work,

“He's got some energy,” Ranboo states, looking over at the happily babbling toddler, Foolish chuckles,

“Yeah, he's always like that, I think it's being a totem, gives him some more energy,” Foolish states, looking back at the toddler fondly,

They nod, “Is he like, biological? Or,,,”

“Nope, just a totem given player data,” Foolish says, “That's why he's so small,”

“I didn't really notice,” Ranboo says, “If it isn't obvious Michael's basically the first child I've interacted with since I was one,”

“Well, you're doing pretty good if so,” Foolish states, making them flush just a little bit,

"I get help from the others," Ranboo says, brushing off the compliment, "Will and Techno and Phil,"

"You're still primary caretaker, right? It's still hard," Foolish states, "I got a ton of help from Puffy originally and it still was stressful,"

They laugh softly, "Yeah, Tubbo helps me too,"

"Are you two, like, dating?" Foolish asks, making them blush a little,

Are they dating Tubbo? They spoke about it before with him, if they were actually in a relationship or the marriage was a joke, and they never really came to a conclusion, it feels more intimate than friendship, but not particularly like something romantic that Ranboo has read about in books and seen in movies, it doesn't fit either way,

"No, we're married," They say instead of explaining all of that, tapping the ring on their horn,

"Oh!" Foolish says, "Did you have a wedding?"

"No, not really," They state, "We got married because he threatened to divorce me over breakfast,"

He laughs, "Yeah, that sounds like Tubbo,"

They smile at the memories, "We adopted Michael soon after, and then he got some player data," They show off the outline of the mark on their finger, still milky white with youth,

"Aw," Foolish coos, "Jr doesn't have enough data yet to give soulmarks, it works a bit different with items given player data,"

Ranboo nods, "He's a cute kid, Michael likes him a lot, probably because he looks like gold,"

Foolish laughs, "Yeah, he likes me too,"

"Well, you also look like a very big gold statue, in a shark costume,"

"Hey! Don't judge me for having taste!"

"You definitely do *not*,"

"Hey!"

They both dissolve into laughter, working on clearing out the field, later being joined and left by others, but both stay out until deep into the night when mobs are dragging their way out of the darkness and they are forced to return home with two toddlers very energetic from a day spent doing nothing,

Well, there goes the possibility of sleep.

They watch from a distance as Purpled and Hannah exchange blows, laughing and insulting each other all the while, they finished clearing out the space for the future house with Foolish a few hours ago and are now bored trying to find something to do, which led them out to watch the two



The duel has a sort of playful aura even though the blows are more serious, they are clearly actually trying, not to hurt each other, but just to test the limits, they get the feeling, of having to hold back on people not so used to wielding a sword and being put against an opponent just as skilled, though Hannah is currently winning by quite a bit, still much more used to fighting,

“You’re garbage at this!” She laughs, shoving him to the ground with a blow from her sword onto his, he huffs as he falls to the floor, glaring at her, “Have you even been practicing?”

“Yeah, practice is still different than actual matches,” Purpled huffs,

She laughs again, putting out a hand to help him back onto his feet, pulling him up easily, before looking over at them,

“Do you wanna try a match?” She asks, pulling the hair tie keeping her hair up out and redoing it, putting it in a high ponytail,

“Uh, I don’t know if that’s a great idea,” Purpled cuts in, clearly remembering the incident with them wandering off, they wince,

“Why not?”

“Last time I dueled, I, uh, dissociated really badly,” They explain, wringing their hands nervously,

She nods, “Do you have a sword on you?”

They nod, confused why she’s still asking,

“Okay, try something with me,” she instructs, gesturing for them to take a place in front of her as she gets into position, they follow what she says, getting into normal position,

She rushes forward first, blades clanging together, not pushing with her full force, but enough they have to hold back against her,

She looks at them, deliberately not making eye contact but still looking at their face, “Talk to me,”

“What?” They ask, blocking a blow as she pulls her sword back and tries to strike, still holding back, giving them a moment to fall into the practiced motions of a fight, but still making them try,

“Talk to me, you won’t dissociate if you are focused on a conversation,” She states simply, this time aiming for their side, which they dodge easily,

“Uh, okay, what do you want me to talk about?” They dodge another hit,

“Anything,”

“That’s a bit of a broad category,”

She laughs, this time aiming for their too-long legs, “Okay, how about how you met the others?”

“Oh, funny story actually,” They say, finally sending a hit back her way, “I hacked my way onto the server,”

“Really?” She asks, trying to hit them again, “Why?”

“I don’t remember, Niki was on here, and she’s my sister,”

“Really? I didn’t think she had any marks besides us,”

They frown, “We weren’t marked yet,”

“Oh,”

They aim their next hit for their legs, making sure she thinks they’re aiming higher before they strike, and manage to graze her, causing her to stumble back slightly,

She smiles, not holding back anything in her next few swings, easily pushing them back with her much more recent battle training, they laugh as they are knocked to the floor,

“You’re good!” They state, allowing themselves to be pulled back up by her, she grins at them, the flowers in her hair blooming,

“I know,” She states, smacking them on the arm softly, “You’re not too bad either,”

They smile, picking their sword pack up, they can duel again now without completely freaking out every time, and some part of them thrums at the chance to fight again, without the chance of being stabbed through,

“Can we go again?”

“Sure!”

They are used to being one of the first ones awake, they are just an early riser naturally, the anxiety that plagues them usually driving them out early, and in the off days where they are relaxed they just don’t like ruining their schedule,

Though when they walk into the dining room they jump when they see a person there they don’t remember, taking a minute of looking through their memory to know that, *oh*, it’s Connor, the blue spikey one, he is sipping through a cup of coffee, tapping on his communicator,

“Uh, h-hello,” They say, going to their normal seat, nothing is set out yet, no one awake to start anything to eat besides them,

“Morning,” He hums, voice still a slightly sleepy lull,

They look towards the table instead of at him, tapping a nonexistent rhythm out onto the wooden table, not knowing how to continue the conversation past that point, Connor seems to not care to do so, focused on whatever he is doing,

“What are you doing?” They ask without wanting to, resisting the urge to smack their hand over their mouth after, cheeks flushing and ears flattening to their head, they didn’t mean to pry, oh end what if they get in trouble-

Connor doesn’t seem to care, “Just playin’ some games,”

They nod, relaxing a little back into their seat, or at least letting go of the anxiety that built up from asking such a stupid question without thought,

He looks up at them, “Why are you anxious?”

“Huh?”

“You’re tense, and shaking,”

“Oh, sorry,” They apologize, “Uh, I have anxiety,”

He nods, “Don’t you have a service dog? Do you need them to task?”

They blink, smacking themselves on the forehead, “Oh my god I forgot about Dogboo,”

Connor laughs, not in a mean way, not at them, “You should go get him,”

They nod, teleporting up to their room where Dogboo sits in their bed, having woken up just recently, getting on his vest before going back downstairs and to their seat, now much more calmer with their dog in tow,

Connor smiles at him when he walks in, “Do you do that a lot?”

“Do what?”

“Forget,”

“Yeah, kinda,” They laugh softly, “I have short term memory loss, so, little things just kinda go away for me,”

He nods, “That probably sucks,”

“Yeah, but I also sometimes forget a book I read and get to reread it like I first experienced it,”

“Well, that’s a plus,”

They nod, “But usually they become long term memories, so it’s rare,”

“Is it caused by anything?”

They shrug, “As far as I know, no, but it gets worse with stress,”

“That probably doesn’t mix well with anxiety,”

“You think?” They laugh, “It got a lot better moving here, not many stressors,”

“I would beg to differ, every minute I’m here Tommy takes 5 minutes off of my lifespan, I am in the negatives at this point,”

They burst into laughter, shoving a hand over their mouth to muffle it and not wake up the whole house.

They curse themselves sometimes for being spineless, but they have to admit they had complete agency over their actions when they suggested committing chaos with Slimecicle, and commit chaos they shall,

They start with a few simple ones to fuck people up, like flipping doors the other way so they’ll reach for doorknobs that aren’t there or open doors the wrong way and end up smacking themselves,

they bask in the chaos of it until someone notices what happened and all the doors are flipped back,

They bake a batch of 'chocolate chip' (oatmeal raisin) cookies and leave them out on the table, making sure to stay just in view of it so they can watch as people take a bite and become immediately disappointed.

While Tommy is out and won't be back for a while they teleport into his room, carefully moving all the items to the exact opposite placement in the room, sliding the bed across until it is at the opposite wall, even rearranging the items the same that are thrown all over, before teleporting out like they never touched a thing,

They don't think they've ever seen Tommy come back downstairs so confused,

While they are celebrating their wins with Charlie they wince, turning at the sound of a faked overly high-pitched voice, watching in a mix of disgust, shock, horror, and amusement as they see HBomb in a,,, maid dress?? With cat ears and a tail on follow Fundy around, clearly annoying the fox who is holding his ears flat to his head to block out the noise,

"Charlie, I think we are being shown up in chaos energy,"

"Yeah, yeah I think we are,"

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry we got no true HBomb bonding, it will come up I swear-

# Past

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Slimecicle have a talk about the past.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter was a bit of a challenge to myself on creating a chapter that (technically) only takes place in one area, with very little moving (besides memories/flashbacks), and this was the result!

It kinda didn't work for the ending, but I ran out of stuff to write.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A lot of the next few days is settling into a new routine, with new people, quite a few who are,, louder, but it's nice, and it's nice to see Charlie again, one of the few friends they made after leaving their original server, and everyone is helpful, gives them space when they need it and tries to stick as much to the original routine as they can to make it not as harsh as a switch,

And all of them are nice, they click like Ranboo did with everyone when they originally got on the server, they spend time watching Foolish build and helping when they can with collecting the materials, they dual with Hannah and she helps them get over the anxiety they still get from holding a sword to someone, they prank people with Slimecicle whenever they're given the chance (or just go along with his chaos),

HBomb takes more of a backseat, but they have the time of their life watching him annoy Fundy with the catmaid bit, and they even cash in an iron ingot for a few more hours of it (that they got from,,, something, they don't remember) to laugh at his suffering.

It's stressful, but it's nice, and they feel accepted, and they can't deny the giddiness that bubbles up and threatens to pour out of their chest whenever they are referred to as one of the soulmates, as one of *their* soulmates,

The others avoided it, mostly fearing their possible anxiety, and it probably would've freaked them out before, but hearing it feels good, makes the marks they have feel less fake in their brain, makes the unfulfilled ones feel less unfulfilled, more like they're on stand-by, waiting to be colored in,

It is a quiet night and they are sitting on the porch, it became a bit of a habit after their talk with Jack, the area lit up enough that it isn't a danger, and it is calming, close enough to all of their soulmates they feel safe, but far away enough it is less overwhelming, a perfect balance,

Their ear twitches at the sound of the door opening, looking over to find Slimecicle there, who goes and joins him looking over the railing, the outside bathed in darkness and starlight,

“Hey Charlie,” They greet, looking out upon the landscape, “Why did you come out?”

He laughs softly, “Contrary to popular belief, I also sometimes need an escape from people,”

They nod, looking back out over the landscape, the wind makes the grass wave a little bit, back and forth, and they can only see the closer bits, the rest molding into the landscape,

“You know, I was really surprised to see it was you here,” Charlie states, “Like, of everyone, I didn’t expect it to be you,”

“Really? Why?”

“You were just, I don’t know, jumpy,” He bounces in place, going higher from slime dna, they smile at the stupid pun, “and you told me you didn’t have any soulmates,”

They wince, “Yeah, sorry, at that time I was,,, not in the best place,” They rub a thumb soothingly over the mark on their palm, “Everyone helped though,”

“Yeah, they tend to do that,” He states, placing a hand on the railing and swinging over it so he is sitting instead of leaning on it, “Did you really get on the server from hacking?”

They laugh, nodding, “The funny part is I don’t even remember it, but I was pretty badly injured, so, I can catch a break for that one,”

“Memory still all fuzzy?”

They nod, “It’s gotten worse over time, but it’s better here, since it’s mostly triggered by stress,”

He nods, “It was pretty bad when we first met, you like, remembered 2 minutes of the first day, got all confused when you saw us again,”

They sigh, “Yeah, well, I was really stressed,”

He laughs, “Oh, I couldn’t tell,”

“No, definitely not,”

They both fall into quiet laughter, the scene is almost nostalgic of when they first met and interacted, but also so different, so much more comfortable,

“Why were you server hopping, anyways? You never explained it to me,”

“Well, I was on Hypixel at that point, and you don’t get a dorm until you get so good, so it was either that or sleeping on benches I guess,” They shrug, like they didn’t just admit to being homeless at some point,

“Why didn’t you just get a solo server?” Slimecicle asks, sounding just a tad bit worried,

“Even if I had the money for that, I- I don’t like not being around people,” They wince, that’s not the explanation, “Well, I like being alone, I just- I need to be able to reach people, or that’s scary,”

He nods, “I get that, like, its the same thing as wanting to be alone in a crowd of people,”

“Right,” They agree, nodding, “Except I don’t like that because it’s loud and overwhelming,”

He nods sagely, “Like ballpits,”

They nod back, “Like ballpits,”

Both stay silent for a few seconds before bursting into laughter, unable to hold it back anymore,

“Why was a ballpit the first thing you went to?!” Ranboo asks between laughs,

“I don’t know!” Slimecicle sputters through his own laughter, leaning back and almost slipping off the railing, barely catching himself,

They laugh harder, curling over their stomach, and Charlie grins proudly at it.

When they first meet Charlie, it is an accident, hacking into another server, glitching their communicator to not state their arrival, a practiced thing,

But it is ruined, because the world is fucking chaos and while they are raiding a village Charlie walks straight into the house, staring at them in confusion then shock and then just laughs, dragging them out to meet whoever else is there,

It isn’t like when they first met the others, no comfort, they don’t eat in front of them so they don’t have to pull down their mask, they keep their glasses covering their eyes and gloves over their hands, they swallow every enderman warble that threatens to come out of their mouth, *they still think they’re a boy*.

And none of them care anyways, especially Charlie, who just jokes and laughs and is shockingly comfortable near them, it feels like it fits, and it scares them, it scares them a lot.

They leave at 3 days time, leaving only a note and some diamonds as payment, they hope it is worth anything to him, they hope he isn’t hurt by their actions.

They think that if they stayed longer it’d only sting more.

“What was even going on with that server, anyways?” They ask, looking over at him,

“What server?”

“The one I hacked onto originally,”

“Oh! We each got a piece of the world to fuck with and make absolutely terrible! I got crafting and smelting,”

“Oh, so that’s why nothing worked,” They state, glaring at him jokingly,

He laughs, a sound never so terrifying, “Oh, you only saw the beta version!”

“*What.*”

They are standing on the porch of a house on the top floor, one of their claws scratching the soft skin on their wrist thoughtlessly while they stare out, they hear the click of a door opening before someone joins them,

“Oh, hey Charlie,” They say nervously, they don’t have their mask on, they didn’t think anyone would come out, and they feel stupidly exposed because of it,

“Hey man,” Charlie says, seemingly not even paying attention to it and just joining them at the railing, “Pretty night, huh?”

“Y-yeah, there are no clouds, so, um, the stars are really visible,” They say, pointing slightly up to the sky, he nods, looking up,

The silence feels awkward, at least to them, and they lay their hands flat on the railing to stop themselves from fidgeting, it vaguely works,

Charlie looks over, apparently noticing the movement, damnit, “You can stim, dude,”

“What?”

“Like, uh,” He waves his hands, “Or I do this,” He jumps on the porch, his natural bounciness from being a slime making him repeat the movement as if on a slime block until he lands flat finally, they blink,

“Oh,” They say, moving their hands so they’re together, wringing them, more of just rubbing the palms over each other and the backs of their hands, it’s a more normal one, but it feels good.

Charlie frowns at some point, a very small movement, but an out of character one, if not played up as a joke,

“Can I ask you something buddy?” He asks, looking over at them, he doesn’t make eye contact, he never really does, with them at least, something they are thankful for,

“Uh, sure,” They answer nervously, tail swishing anxiously at their ankles,

“Why did you leave?” He asks, and they wince,

They’ve had to explain why they’ve left someone a lot, they think,

“It’s not your fault, actually it’s kind of the opposite, you felt safe and I- That scared me, a lot, at that point, heck, the only reason I stayed here is I was too injured to leave,” They state, frowning,

He nods, he doesn’t look angry at the answer, accepting of it even, that kinda makes them feel worse,

“You’re Niki’s sibling, right?” He asks, they nod, “Why did you leave her then, since you knew her when you were young,”

“Our,, mom, wasn’t the best, she had a pretty old-fashioned view of hybrids, and wasn’t too happy about, well, me,” They frown, and they think Charlie looks a bit angry at it, though he keeps his



more calm facial expression, "I left to Hypixel for safety, she looked human enough to not have to, I felt it was best for her to stay and me to leave,"

"That must've sucked, being separated from a bond, I only left for a few months and I am sooooo glad to be back," He laughs softly,

"We weren't bonded then,"

He looks over, "What?"

"I didn't, really, like the idea of soulmarks then?" They say, "I felt I didn't deserve them, and it is like the same reason I left, attachment was scary, because everyone besides Niki hurt me,"

"That's sad dude," Slimecicle says honestly, but not in a judging way, not like he's telling them to stop talking, just stating the truth,

They sigh, nodding, "But I'm better now, I'm getting better at least. I'm going to therapy and I got diagnosed recently,"

"Really? Can I ask with what?"

"Uh, Anxiety and Autism, they're still testing for some other things," They state, admitting it feels less awkward then before, it is just stating something about themselves, it doesn't have to mean anything important,

He nods, "That's sick, dude,"

They laugh, "I don't think that's how I'd describe getting a diagnosis but it is definitely my favorite reaction,"

He laughs, "What else am I supposed to say?"

"I don't know, 'oh im glad you know now,' or something!" They state, laughing harder,

He grins, "I'm only diagnosed with certified funny dude disease,"

"Ahh, ADHD,"

"Who told you that?"

"No one, I just knew,"

He laughs, "Terrifying, we will use this ability," He states, pausing, "For evil,"

"I don't think flipping doors is the exact definition of 'evil', Charlie,"

He shrugs, "No, but the raisin cookies were,"

"No yeah that was pure evil, I'm surprised any of them forgave us,"

He grins, "That's the secret, none of them did,"

They laugh again at that, leaning over the railing, "This is gonna start a prank war, isn't it,"

"Probably," He shrugs and they smile again, leaning tiredly on the railing.

The door opens again, and both of them look over to see Schlatt, leaning against the doorframe

slightly,

“Not to distract from whatever the fuck is goin’ on here, but dinner’s ready,” He states, looking between the two of them, they nod, getting up to walk in,

“What are we having?” Charlie asks, following him into the house,

“Breakfast for dinner,”

He grins, “Well that sounds pretty egg-cellent,”

They burst into laughter.

They go to bed normally that night, tucking Michael in before laying down themselves, half-curved around the toddler protectively.

They lay there for a while, like they do often, insomnia is an old friend, but it is also just relaxing, to be able to just rest,

At some point the door opens, the light from the hallway casting a short silhouette with horns across the room, signifying who it is,

They don’t even say anything, just lifting up the blankets to allow him in, and he scrambles over, sliding under the blankets and curling close to them,

“You okay?” They ask softly, to not awaken the toddler,

“I had a nightmare,” He whispers back, gently reaching out and taking the sleeping Michael, holding him carefully,

“Wanna talk about it?”

He frowns, with their slight night vision they can see he is teary eyed, and resist the urge to reach out and wipe them away, instead just wiping under the eyes to make them fall, so they don’t burn themselves, it gets the message across, Tubbo leaning into their hand,

“It was when you first came onto the server, we didn’t move fast enough and you died,” He says, a slight whimper to his tone, “You respawned back on Hypixel and we never saw you again, I never got to-”

They shush him softly, leaning down to bonk their foreheads together, Tubbo likes it more than them, but any affection is really accepted by them at this point, “It’s okay, I’m here, alright? I haven’t died at all yet, and if I do you all will be there for me, right?”

He nods, relaxing slightly, distress still clear but lessening, “Right,”

Their curls their tail around his ankle, petting through his hair until he falls asleep, a method that works on both him and Tommy, and lay there for a while until they doze off too into peaceful slumber.

Writing slimecicle is hard, it's hard and no one understands /lh

seriously it is so hard to try to be funny with his brand of humor, only he can do it, I am suffering.

# Respawn

## Chapter Summary

*Ranboo fell from a high place.*

## Chapter Notes

TW for this chapter for mentions of death (temporary, with respawns), mentions of suicide (with respawn), and derealization!

Shoutout to the person last chapter who called this one, I have nothing to give you but sometimes the price is winning.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's a normal day for Tubbo, harvesting honey from hives while cooing over the bees that float around him calmly, none of them mind him taking it anymore, he only takes the excess, and they trust him, and he repays them by sprouting up as many flowers as he can in the surrounding area,

It's a normal day, a happy day even, a good one, and he mulls over what to do later, maybe he could go relax with Michael, or talk to Schlatt a bit, they haven't had some good father-son bonding,

The pain that suddenly lights up down his skull and in a pit in his chest, where his heart resides, is unexpected enough that he yelps, dropping to his knees and shattering the bottles he collected, spilling honey across the grass,

It hurts, aches in a way he's felt before but no matter how many times it never gets better, it isn't particularly painful, he's definitely felt worse, like a firework accident, but nothing can be as painful as the feeling of his stomach dropping, like when he trips and falls, followed by an intense emptiness that goes over his soul, his chest feels like it is full of ice water,

He scrambles weakly for his communicator, looking across the screen, fear striking through his heart the second he reads the words he already knew would be there,

Ranboo fell from a high place

He sobs, it is involuntary, the cold mixed with the fear of something happening wrong with the respawn mixed with the anxiousness of if it *hurt* bringing them to tears much too quickly,

He pushes himself to his feet, stumbling off in quick steps back to the house, he can see the chaos going on inside from a good distance away, the worried shouts and scrambling, and rushes inside.

Someone pulls him from the hallway of bustling people into the living room after seeing his state, the living room is not much calmer, but there is less movement at least that could knock him off balance, mostly full of those marked and not dealing too well with the pain of them respawning

currently.

Slimecicle is sitting on the floor trying to comfort a sobbing Michael, he doesn't know what's going on, or why he feels cold, and Tubbo frowns, reaching out and being given over him by Charlie, holding the toddler close,

"It's okay," He hums softly, rocking back and forth, Michael makes an almost whimpery noise, more pig-like, but settles a bit,

Purpled and Tommy both sit on a couch next to each other, leaning on the other for support, Purpled is staring at his communicator, tapping on it with his finger impatiently, probably watching for a possible glitch that could show up or a terrifying 'Ranboo has left the game', though none come up,

Fundy is sitting on the floor leaning against the couch instead of on it, pulling on his ears and making this sorta whiny-noise, more dog-like than fox-like, Eret has joined him, clearly trying to calm him down, from what they can tell she probably just got finished helping Tommy, who is probably the most sensitive to this sort of thing of all of them,

Sam, Wilbur, Niki, and Techno are nowhere to be found, probably collecting medical supplies for when they respawn, respawning usually comes with at least some aches, if not actual injuries, so it's best to be ready for that.

He sits on the floor, trembling a little all over, and waits impatiently for the warmth to return.

Ranboo has died and respawned many times, but it is never an enjoyable experience, probably to dissuade people from doing it repeatedly, it hurts, a phantom ache all over, or, if they're unlucky, actual wounds to care for.

They don't know why they're experiencing it, though, they were just wandering around, it was a normal day, so why are they now in the endless black void between death and respawn?

It doesn't matter, because soon enough they feel brief blinks of reality fade in, they are in a bed, like they always are after respawn, they can feel the soft cushions under them, and then their hearing fades in, they can hear the shout of 'They're awake!' followed by murmuring of someone telling them they'll be okay,

They can feel themselves be lifted from the bed by someone, they can't tell who, and carried somewhere, they feel the bobbing of them being carried down a flight of stairs and hear the click of a door opening, but they still can't move, their eyelids staying shut and blocking out the world from them to see what's going on,

They are laid on a different bed, it is stiffer, straight and they can vaguely see bright lights behind their eyelids, if they could do anything they'd wince, but they remain limp,

Words pass them, they sound worried, but none of them properly process to try to figure out what they say, they try to move, to tell them that they're okay, but find themselves unable to do anything,

They forgot how terrifying this part of respawn was, the periods of time where they couldn't move.

Their breath is falling faster than it should and they can't move their body to try to put it back into a normal rhythm, a hand laces with their limp one, it is familiar, soft with calluses on the pads of the fingers, a bit dry, Niki?

“Hey, it’s okay brüderlein, we’re just checking you up to make sure the respawn healed you up, okay?” She says, squeezing their hand softly, they can’t move to confirm they even hear her, but they think she understands,

She sits there while they feel hands check over their pulse, for broken bones, or general injuries, either just talking or when their breath starts to pick up again soothing them, slipping between two languages easily,

They manage to get their fingers to twitch, holding onto her hand a little tighter, she squeezes back, showing she noticed it, and they focus on moving everything, from their fingers and their toes to twitching their ears to finally opening their eyes,

The light immediately scorches their retinas and they hiss under their breath, closing them immediately, and they hear Niki giggle softly,

“Can you turn off the surgical light?” She asks someone and the light clicks off a moment later, letting them open their eyes properly,

They are in the medical room, staring up at the surgical light that explains why their eyes hurt a bit now, everything is still a bit bleary and distant but they can see Niki next to them and people bustling around to help them, someone presses a bottle to their lips and their eyes flick over to see Wilbur,

“It’s just a regen,” Wilbur explains and they open their mouth to drink, almost choking a bit but managing to get it down, when the bottle empties it is pulled away from their mouth and is replaced with a bottle of water, which they drink down, managing to only burn their lips a bit in the process,

“W-what happened?” They croak, managing to turn their head to Niki, she pales a little bit,

“You don’t remember?” She asks softly, they shake their head, wincing as it alights a headache,

She frowns, “We were hoping you knew,” She says, “None of us were there, we just saw the message, and the, well,” She trails off, they blink,

“The what?” They ask weakly,

“When someone you’ve soulmarked dies and respawns, it hurts,” She explains in the tone a mother would tell a sad story to a child, a good mother anyways, theirs never did that for them,

“Oh,” They say, softly, “I’m sorry,”

She smiles at them, leaning over and kissing them gently on the temple, “It’s okay, it’s not your fault,”

They don’t know if it is or not.

As soon as the others get news they are awake and aware they burst into the room, Tubbo having to be stopped short of launching himself onto them by Techno, who instead sets him down and makes him walk forward carefully to see them,

Before he prompt throws himself into their chest, making them ‘oof’ softly and wince at the general ache in their bones,

“I was so worried!” He says into their neck, they realize he’s trembling a bit and frown, limply bringing their arms up to wrap back around him,

“M’sorry,” They mumble into his shoulder, they really didn’t mean to distress him, they don’t think so anyways, they don’t think they’d try to worry him.

“Stop hogging him,” Tommy says, shoving Tubbo and almost making him fall off the bed, instead Tubbo unclings to them, pouting, and steps to the side so instead Tommy can throw his arms around them,

They can feel that he’s worried for them, he’s easy to read at the best of times even without a soulmark, and they do their best (with the little control or practice they have) to comfort him, to push as much ‘im safe, im okay’ through the soulmark as possible,

Apparently it works because he relaxes quickly, pulling away from the hug and grabbing something from someone, they don’t know what until a weight is placed on their chest and they look down to see Michael laying against them,

His face is redder then usual, blotchy, and they frown, pushing down the guilt they feel so it doesn’t pour into the toddler and instead leaning down to nuzzle into his cheek,

He snorts happily, curling up into them further, they’re glad he at least got over it quickly,

Purpled punches them in the arm, ‘lightly’,

“Ow! What was that for!?”

“Dying,” He responds, before also throwing his arms around them, careful not to crush the toddler laying on their chest, they pause briefly before carefully wrapping a free arm back around him,

They really didn’t expect him to have that response to them dying, sure, they know he cares, but he just seemed separate from things most the time, they more of expected him to shrug it off,

They kinda expected everyone to shrug it off.

Purpled pulls back and hits them in the arm again, softer this time, before leaving for the next person to take his place,

Fundy is standing behind him, shifting from foot-to-foot, the fur under his eyes is damp, they open their arm for him and he dives into the hug almost as harshly as Tubbo did, careful not to rub his face into their neck and end up burning them,

They can feel how worried and sad he was, they wonder if this is how they make everyone feel constantly and have to fight off feeling guilty about that as well,

“I was worried you’d respawn glitch and wouldn’t come back,” Fundy admits, he feels shockingly small in their arms, even though they always knew he was shorter then them,

“It’s okay, see? I respawned,” They say, smiling weakly at him, “I’m alright,”

He nods, pulling back and wiping at his eyes with the sleeve of his hoodie, they push down another wave of guilt, no one blames them here, they’d feel it if they did, they’re fine.

“Do you think you could eat something light?” Eret asks, they jump lightly, not expecting her, but nod,

She nods back, turning and leaving the room, they frown, the mark on their shoulder from her stings a little, not with anger, but something else, and they don’t really like it,

Maybe they would of also liked a hug from her, but that thought is dumb, they just got tons of affection from others they don’t deserve it from for hurting them, they don’t deserve to complain.

They wait for the food.

They get to move back to their room as soon as they can walk, but don’t find much time alone, different soulmates filtering in and out, along with others unmarked who just want to check on them,

“So, how’d you die?” Charlie asks at some point, he is leaning against their bed, casual, like they didn’t die, they honestly prefer it to the worry everyone else is giving them, even though they hope he is actually worried, just hiding it,

Maybe that’s a bit selfish,

“Is it too in-character to say I forgot?” They ask weakly, Charlie laughs in response,

“Ah, man that sucks,” He states and they laugh weakly, “Well, we know you fell,”

“Really?”

“Yeah, the message said that, on the coms,” He states, “and unless you hacked that while dead, I think we can rely on that,”

They nod, “The last thing I remember is just wandering around in the forest, and then I blanked out and just, the void,”

He hums in response, “Well, at least it wasn’t bears,”

“Bears literally don’t exist on this server Charlie,”

He grins, “That’s just what they want you to think.”

They are pulled into one of the infamous ‘sleepovers’ in the living room that night, sprawled out on one of the couches, the movie that was playing has long since stopped and they think they’re the last awake, staring blankly at the ceiling,

You’d think after the exhausting experience of respawn they’d be tired, and they are, but they just can’t seem to sleep,

Michael is curled up against their chest while they’re on their side, clutching their shirt tightly as if daring them to pull away or move, Tubbo is on Michael’s other side, sleeping peacefully,



Tommy is sprawled out on their other side, taking up much more space then necessary, with Purpled on his other side, sleeping much more respectfully curled up with his hands still stuffed into his pockets.

On the floor of the pulled out couch is Fundy who is curled up, they don't know what he has against sleeping on surfaces that are meant to be slept on, but he seems to take personal offence to the idea, they've never even see his actual bed set up, instead choosing to lay on the pile of comfortable items in his room,

Others are sprawled out in the room, they know Niki and Puffy are somewhere nearby curled up around eachother, other couples in similar states,

Phil, Techno, and Wilbur must be close, they never stray too far from Tommy (or them).

No matter how relaxed they are near everyone, or how much of the content sleepy feelings they get from the multiple soulmates literally touching them, they just can't sleep.

They keep wandering back to thoughts of how they died, and why they forgot, usually they don't forget something that important, at least not immediately after,

So why?

It doesn't matter, does it? They died and they're back, and it's fine,

But it does matter, because they died and they don't even know how, was it on purpose? They have purposefully let themselves get hit in battle or jumped into the void before when matches weren't going well or to void before but they've never-

Never on a server where respawns took a long time, where respawns hurt, a lot.

~~Never that they remember,~~

Breathing is a bit too hard for them, the people around them usually so calming instead being overwhelming, they didn't want to hurt any of them, they didn't know it'd hurt any of them-

Did they not know? Did they think about it? Were they aware of their death before it happened?

They don't know if they prefer the idea that they were, that they were conscious of it, or not.

They carefully remove Michael's hands from their shirt, instead moving them to Tubbo's, they both curl into eachother immediately and they carefully slide off of the pulled out couch and over the back of it so they don't have to step over sleeping bodies, leaving the room and walking into the kitchen, just for a glass of water, to clear their head.

They flick on the light to the dining room and then the kitchen, opening up a cabinet and pulling down a glass, filling it with water at the sink, a splash swishes over the side when they pull it back and they wince as it splashes over the back of their hand, burning it,

They'll just rub some burn cream on it before going back to bed, yeah,

They grab a straw and move to the dining room, sitting in their usual seat and sipping through it,

They look over at the window, it is still inky black, and even with the lights set up around the house they can't see anything out of it, and-

They blink.

The light from the early cracks of dawn peak through the window, shining across the floor, lighting up the room still dark from the lights being off.

What????

## Chapter End Notes

For people who were confused, brüderlein means 'little brother' in german (this is the only time my general knowledge of German has ever come in handy.)

Fun fact the ending is based on an actual event where I woke up in the middle of the night, looked over at my window to see what general time it was, blinked, and it went from pitch black to early morning.

I also wrote most of this while getting off the adrenaline high that was the red banquet stream so-

<https://discord.gg/QWyFEvjmeQ>

oh also here's a link to a discord about this fanfiction and other dsmp related stuff haha

# Coffee

## Chapter Notes

TW for general themes of derealization, death, and description of some injuries, also mentions of things that have happened in previous chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo leaves the dining room, wandering quietly back to the living room, it is early enough no one has fully risen yet, but late enough it is abnormal to have done so, not incredibly, just a more relaxed day,

Eret is awake and sitting up, rubbing at her eyes tiredly, someone (they can't discern who) who decided to claim him as a teddy bear still wrapped around their waist,

"Can you give me some help?" She asks quietly, gesturing to the person, and they nod, carefully walking over as to not step on anybody and helping her out of the small pile of people,

Both of them manage to get out of it without awakening or stepping on anyone (besides Skeppy, who just grumbles and rolls over.), going to the kitchen and starting some coffee for when people eventually awaken.

"Why are you up so early?" Eret asks, digging around in cabinets, most likely for sugar,

"Just couldn't sleep well," They say, not mentioning the fact they don't know if they slept at all,

She hums, nodding, "Want some coffee?"

They raise a brow, "I thought the kids weren't supposed to get coffee,"

She shrugs, "Purpled does all the time, and anyways, it's a special circumstance,"

They nod nervously and she pours them a mug of it, handing it over to them, "Wait a minute, it's hot,"

They nod, blowing over it softly while she stirs her own coffee, grabbing a straw and trying a sip,

They almost gag as the bitter flavor assaults their tastebuds, drawing back immediately and sputtering,

She looks up, laughing at their plight, traitor,

"You're supposed to add sugar," She states, still chuckling lightly, "and usually milk or creamer,"

"You could've told me that before I drank it!" They hiss, glaring at her,

"I thought you knew!" She defended, laughing,

"I've never had coffee before! How would I know?!"

"Wait you've never had coffee? At all?"

“No!”

“How do you stay up so much?!”

“Spite,”

She laughs, smacking a hand over her mouth to muffle it and not wake up the rest of the house a room over,

It apparently doesn't work because they hear a muffled “Shut the fuck up!” from the room over followed by a smack from someone who is probably mad at them for being loud, making Eret laugh harder,

They glare at her, pouring a frankly atrocious amount of creamer and sugar into their coffee before taking another sip, much better,

Someone stumbles in and they look over to see Purpled, still half-asleep, hair sticking up in every direction and hoodie disheveled, they keep themselves from laughing,

“Morning,” They greet, pouring him a cup and handing it over, he throws the entire thing back without pause, not even adding anything, disgusting.

Once he resurfaces for breath, slightly more awake, he pours himself another cup and hops up onto the counter, sipping it like a normal human being this time,

“Why are you up?” They ask,

“Tommy decided to scream and I like being up early,”

“I think that is a lie,”

He shrugs, “Well, I don't like being up early, but I like being one of the first awake,”

“Why?”

“It makes me feel more powerful than the others, also I don't have to wait for another cup of coffee because it keeps getting emptied by everyone else,”

They nod, watching as he takes another sip of his bitter drink with a slight grimace.

“I fear you,” They state, taking a sip of their own coffee,

“What, why?”

“You didn't add anything,”

“You do?”

They put their head in their hands, “I don't even know how someone is supposed to drink coffee at this point.”

People wake up slowly throughout the morning, Phil wakes up just a bit after their breakdown over

how someone is even supposed to drink coffee to start breakfast, shooing them all out of the kitchen to the dining room.

They go to their room to get ready and feed their cats and come down to many more people awake, arguing over the dining room table and kicking others feet under it, pretty normal morning they'd say.

They go to their normal seat, reaching for where their glass of creamer with a dash of coffee was and grabbing thin air, looking up and finding Tubbo had snatched it,

"Tubbo," They say slowly, he looks over at them, not even looking guilty over it, still sipping the glass,

"Yeah boss man?" He asks, setting down the cup in front of him, just out of where they could reach and grab it back,

"You stole my coffee," It isn't a question,

"Yep," He takes another drink,

They sigh, standing up and rolling their eyes, "I want another divorce,"

They laugh at Tubbo's indigent squawk from behind them followed by others laughter, walking into the kitchen, reaching up for another glass and-

*They are in a forest, just wandering, they like wandering, being alone in a server where they could run into someone at any time, it feels less threatening then when they would do this on servers they shouldn't have been on,*

*It's nice, just walking, there is a grass block in their hands, weight relaxing, it fits nicely, and they switch it out for others whenever they find a spot, just picking them up and placing them back down,*

*There is a ravine, and as they wander over and look in they see the bottom is full a good few feet of water from a river that probably poured in, it is almost strangely pretty, some coral grew at the bottom, probably not in the right environment, but making it work,*

***and then they are falling.***

"Ranboo, Ranboo mate, it's okay," Someone is saying and they gasp, opening their eyes, they see glass, there is glass on the floor, they see a handle in the shattered remains, did they break a glass?

Someone grabs their hand and it hurts, not because they grab hard, it just hurts, and they only realize a second after it's because there is glass in their hand,

They are holding onto glass,

They don't even know what they are doing, their head swims, they feel like they are plunged underwater,

Water, water, water.

"Ranboo, kid, come on, stay with us, okay? You're okay,"

*They wonder what hitting water feels like for people who don't have bodies that treat water like acid, boiling away skin to muscle and then to bone,*

*They've heard it feels nice, from some, fun, though no one can offer any description that they could ever make sense of, because they can't touch water, even in armor it doesn't feel great, makes them feel shaken and disoriented and their brain really doesn't like water,*

*They hit the water, the shock takes away the sting for a few seconds of them sitting there, not fighting, just sinking to the bottom, they can't move, they realize, they can't move,*

*If someone falls too high into water it doesn't cushion the fall, sure, there are work arounds, but if they fall into water not deep enough from high enough, it can't save them,*

*Why are they down here in the first place?*

“-still not responding,” Someone says, they are staring at their hand, their hand is full of blood, red and dripping, and still clutched tight around the glass, someone should probably have unlatched their hand from it by now,

“Ranboo, can you hear me?” Someone else asks, at their side, and they think they nod, their vision bobs up and down, but they can't process the movement,

“Good, that's good, just stay with us, okay? Try to find 5 things you can see, if you can tell me,”

They are trying, but they can't move their eyes, they're bleeding, they're bleeding,

They don't know why they're bleeding.

Yes they do, they're bleeding because there is glass, and it is making them bleed,

Why is there glass?

Because they dropped it, like an idiot.

*Why-*

“No! You can't zone out again big man, stay with us,” Someone else states, louder, higher pitched, and they wince, but don't fall back into it,

Every second not falling back into it is exhausting, they feel like they want to sleep, is that sleep? Are they drifting in and out of consciousness? Are they even real?

“Of course you're real,” Someone says, their voice is weirder than the others, it doesn't sound like it comes from somewhere as much as it just is there, like the thoughts in their head, so many thoughts, “They're helping you, okay?”

They nod to no one, vision bobbing again, but their eyes stick to their hand, their hand, the hand that is theirs, it is connected to their body, they should control it, and yet-

“Fuck!”

*Their limbs don't move, they want their limbs to move and they can't, they stare up through the water at the sunny sky, shining through the liquid, as they drown and burn and fall*

*It is not the fall that kills you, but the sudden stop.*

There is a weight, on them,

“Are you sure that's a good idea?”

“I have no other ones! And Michael always has helped before!”

“What if the blood freaks him out?”

“Tommy i’m doing my best!”

Michael, Michael and Tommy, they know Michael and Tommy.

Their hand is bleeding, the hand has a mark on it, they have marks from their friends, from their family, from their loved ones.

From Tubbo, from Tubbo too, they remember Tubbo, and- and Fundy, they remember their loved ones, who else?

There is Eret, Eret is there, Eret was there earlier, wasn’t she? Eret is always nice, she helped them learn their identity, she paints their nails, their nails are still painted.

“They’re awake again,”

That’s Phil, Phil is also their friend, their family, he has wings, they’re black, like a crow, and he is so nice, and he makes breakfast most the time and says it’s okay to call him ‘dad’, even though they’re too embarrassed to.

“Give the kid space, talking keeps making them fall back,”

Techno, they know Techno, Techno is quiet and doesn’t like showing his emotions but he cares a lot, he gave them Dogboo, Dogboo, Dogboo?

“Get them their dog, they’re asking for him!” Someone demands, and the voice makes their mind swish again, thoughts underwater,

*Coral is against them as they die, they wonder the death message, death messages always screw up when the cause of death is weird, or sometimes there are funny, rare ones.*

*They barely ever touch coral, a block stuck under the sea while they are stuck on land, as a child they would go out to creeks and stare in, never wandering too close, too afraid to, but just close enough to look at the fish and if they travel further out the stranger things, like sponges and coral and shipwrecks,*

*Sometimes Niki would catch them and tell them to be careful, and they promised they would be, some years later they fall into the same icy creek she warns them of and have their first death, there is frozen coral deep under the water, probably pushed in from some sea.*

No, no, they can’t fall back asleep, they’re so scared of never waking up, they wanna stay,

Who, who else, who else.

There’s- There is Charlie! Charlie is so funny, he was friendly when they were still drawn back and he missed them when they were gone, they beat the enderdragon together in a world that didn’t matter, they’re friends.

Tubbo, they thought of Tubbo before but god they love him, he’s their husband, they still don’t know- they don’t know how to feel about that, particularly, but they feel good, they love him, in some way, and that’s enough, Tubbo calls them ‘Boo’ and they call him ‘Bee’, he steals their coffee and they pretend to be annoyed.

Who else, Sapnap! Sapnap is nice, they don't talk enough, he likes fire and duels and is friendly with almost everyone, and he doesn't like pineapple on pizza, they remember that, he doesn't like pineapple on pizza.

There's- There is Foolish, Foolish is also a dad of a little toddler, a little toddler that Michael adores, he is a builder and they hang out with him while he does so, he is making them a new house to live in all together, as a family.

Jack, Jack is nice, he thinks that them picking up blocks is cool and doesn't like rain, he asked how they were adjusting even after a few months because he cares and is terrible at showing it, he is in a prank war with Niki and Tommy over something dumb.

Who- Schlatt, he has the horns, they are curved in circles and they gave him a flask with marks like them engraved onto it, he's Tubbo's dad, and he threatened them when they were first on the server that if they hurt Tubbo he'd do,, somethin' to them, and the thought is funny now, because they ended up marrying Tubbo.

The person in their head, that's XD, XD was in their dreams and now he isn't, the details don't need to be more specific, he made them pass out a few times, actually, that's kinda funny looking back on it, maybe their head is all fuzzy and that's why everything is funny to them.

Purpled, Purpled talked to them earlier, right? He changed his name to a color because he liked it that much and his eyes also glow in the dark and his emotions are loud even though he doesn't physically emote much, they prefer that, they've always been bad at facial expressions.

They're slipping- They're slipping again, *like they might've slipped and fell, or maybe they didn't, did they step off?*

No, no, no, they have to focus, they have to just- just focus.

Antfrost, Antfrost has the little beans that cats have on his hands, they're soft and squishy and nice to touch, he doesn't ask them questions and instead is better at listening, or helping them avoid something they need to ignore for the second.

Techno- Back to Techno, his hair is pink, and he gave them Dogboo and they looked up to him as a stupid young teenager in Hypixel and now they live with him and he braids their hair while they watch Michael-

Michael, Michael is their son, they saved him from the nether and he has enough player data by now that he has cute little curly pink hair growing in on the top of his head, he is quiet and doesn't cry and likes to sleep clinging to them or Tubbo.

Roses, flowers, Hannah, Hannah is an amazing fighter, if they knew more about her they would've looked up to her too, they duel with her and she teaches them to not fear it anymore, she keeps them grounding and knows when they need to stop, she is deadset on planting a garden at the new mansion, they promised to help her with it once after a duel.

Someone is talking- the voice is muddled, but deep and nice and soothing, it's Eret, Eret paints their nails, she complimented their first skirt and dresses, she paints their nails, she paints their nails, she paints their nails.

Phil is talking, Phil has the wings with the feathers, he has crows follow him and sometimes land on his shoulders, he doesn't like being called 'old man' but laughs anyways, he let them call him dad, they couldn't get the courage to but it felt nice to be offered.



*They've never called somebody 'dad' before, and they haven't called anyone 'mom' in a long, long while,*

No, stay grounded, stay awake, stay awake.

Who- Hbomb! HBomb is new, they didn't know about him but he is nice and funny and he has the stupid fucking maid costume that makes them laugh so hard their stomach hurts, he called them a good kid, he congratulated them on their marriage to Tubbo, he is nice.

Quackity, they don't think he likes them much, or at least not originally, but when they were gonna relapse he brought them out of the house and talked to them about dumb things and didn't reveal the reason they came with them to everyone else, he has 2 fiances and will talk to anyone about them if given the chance.

Bad, Bad is nice, he doesn't like swearing and makes muffins and is driven insane by Skeppy and is attached by the hip to him anyways, he knows some medical stuff and helped them when they first arrived, when they relapsed he stitched up their arm.

Niki, she's their older sister, she protected them when they were younger from stupid things like eating poisoned berries and wandering into lakes that would certainly injure them and killing stray zombies that managed to wander into the village, she was so excited when she saw them again, they still feel guilty for leaving her.

Fundy, Fundy has a nest (a burrow) in his room that he uses instead of his bed, they will relax with him on it and sometimes talk and sometimes they won't, they went mining together when Ranboo was still new to the server and had a competition, they made him call himself a furry.

Punz was there when they woke up for the first time without immediately passing out, he is Purpled's older brother and is nice and great with a bow or a sword or any weapon really, he gifted Tubbo a bee.

Connor, he is a hedgehog hybrid with blue quills and he is a bit calmer than everyone else and somehow just as chaotic, he talked with them one morning when everyone was asleep, he reminded them that their service dog existed when their brain was being dumb and made them laugh.

Their head swims briefly and they fight it off, breathing slowly, who else, who else.

Skeppy, they haven't spoken to Skeppy much but he's nice, and he's calmer once you get to know him, only playing it up for laughs, he likes to annoy Bad but pouts when Bad ignores him because of it, he has diamonds growing across parts of his skin that they never really questioned.

Ponk, he's close to Sam and doesn't like cats but theirs are growing on him, he is the doctor of the essemipi and likes running experiments and is nice when checking on injuries they have, they wonder if he'll be the one to help with the glass still in their hand.

Wilbur, Wilbur plays the guitar and wears his yellow sweater whenever he can and also had something bad happen to him but he healed from it and wanted to help them heal, wants to help them heal. He has a sheep he dyed blue named Friend that he spends time caring for.

Puffy, Puffy is taller than them and nice and set them up with their therapist, she is dating Niki and Niki is so happy with her and they are so happy that they make each other happy. She got them their weighted blanket and stim toys and earplugs and helped them when they first got overstimulated.

Callahan, he teaches them sign language and doesn't take anything too seriously and usually likes staying in the background, he likes making others laugh even if he's making fun of himself, he is

the one with reindeer antlers.

Tommy, Tommy was their first soulmark, they helped him when he was panicking, and he apologized for them getting burnt for him, he marked a place right over his heart on their chest, his emotions are loud both physically and emotionally and he hugs them when he gets the chance even if he plays it off as anything else.

Karl, he is one of the fiances and is funny and says ‘honk’ instead of swears and always seems a bit out of whatever is going on, and they think both of them can bond on that. He also has memory issues and he wears bright colors and always seems to know them a bit better than what they’ve told him.

Dream is connected to XD too, he will copy their stims back at them until both of them get too tired to anymore and wears a mask with a smiley face on it, he feels like the protector of the essemi and they have no doubt he would be willing to fight for them aswell, that knowledge feels nice.

Sam, they don’t know how they haven’t thought of Sam yet, Sam does redstone, he invites them along even though they’re pretty bad at it and worried about them going through water, he is intelligent and nice and he felt bad for overwhelming them, that feels like so long ago.

George, they have barely spoken to George, he sleeps constantly, but whenever they do get the chance to see him he seems nice, they aren’t close with him, but they care for him, in a weird way, and they think he cares for them back, when they are panicked and everyone is dragged downstairs for a sleepover he gets up to join them even when he normally won’t wake up for anything.

There is no one left to remember after that, no one that matters in their brain, and the grounding fades, so do the muddled voices they weren’t listening to, maybe they should’ve focused on that, their hand full of glass squeezes tighter,

“No, no, you’re doing so good, come on,” Someone says, one of their soulmates, there is cold tile beneath them, have they been breathing?

Are they dying or are they sleeping or are they even real? They don’t know.

They know they are loved, though, maybe that’s enough, they think this might be how it feels to drown for people not burnt by water, fighting to surface, but being unable to break through the water.

They can look up, *they can see the stars in the sky, they can see it, they can see the air, but they can’t surface, no matter how they struggle, they can’t surface,*

*Their mouth tastes bitter, like coffee, and the glass from the mug digs into their hand, and someone is holding their face, trying to get them to wake up fully, they don’t know how long they’ve been on the ground, a few minutes or a few hours,*

They fall asleep surrounded by people they love, like they should’ve last night.

*They stop fighting against the waves and let them instead push them under into the depths.*

Their mouth tastes like coffee.

Sorry for a bit of a late upload, I narrowly managed to update it on time to stay on schedule! Some personal stuff happened (a friend's death), so I ended up accidentally forgetting to write for like, a day.

Ranboo is not dying (or at least permadying, I won't reveal if they're respawn-dying yet), do not worry, also this is not the last chapter, there has been chapters like this mistaken for the end before so I wanted to specify!

If you want some chapter easter eggs look up some items mentioned on multiple occasions in the chapter and their significance in dreams :>

# Rememberance

## Chapter Summary

Sleep gives Ranboo a good opportunity to process some things in their life.

Or all of it.

## Chapter Notes

TW for domestic violence/abuse, child neglect, and a lot of other stuff I'll probably remember to tw later!! Be safe!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They are born on a cold day, rain drizzling outside. The doctor wraps them in blankets immediately, taking them from their mother to be washed and cleaned while they feed her healing potions,

It's fine, it is until they are handed off to their mother, and she opens the little wrappings of the blanket and screams,

The doctors barely stop her from tossing them, her screams haunt their dreams to this day even if they don't know the context, just her horror at their existence,

The little newborn, crying in distress from the yelling, is set down in a little crib while the doctors try to calm their mother,

Niki, freshly four years old, toddles in from the chaos, looking around and walking past the doctors to the crying child, peaking in at them,

They open their eyes to look up at her, the first thing they ever see, tears scorching their face, making them cry harder, scarring the baby fat on their cheeks, and she rushes off to get them something to help, grabbing one of the unused regens and placing it on their cheeks, cooing at them and trying to calm them down.

She pulls herself up and into the crib, sitting them in her lap and soothing them as best as she can, still a baby herself, and they end up falling asleep with her, curled up around each other, and their mother finds them like that later,

They are not named, their mother has words to refer to them, but none are a name, they are usually insults, things that their young brain can not yet understand the meaning of, but they think it is supposed to hurt,

Niki calls them many things though, many little things, though not like their mother does, she calls them bubu and brüderlein and sweetheart and little brother, she teaches them to speak under the covers with a torch being the only light, she teaches them to read the same, but she never gives them a name,

The enderman that they have to hide talking to, that teach them to talk a language so different from common in the shadows of the forest and trees and other places people don't check, no torch to reveal them, also call them names, enderling, starling, young one, hybrid, but enderman rarely have names either, just titles they gain when much, much older, so they don't get a name from them either,

They choose their own name, one day while outside, swallowed up in a cloak hiding away the worst of their hybrid features and looking up at the sky, the ground is wet with rain still and it makes their heart jump whenever a kid running past them makes it splash, threatening to scorch them,

They look up at the sky, eyes widening as they see light shining in a half-circle, red and orange and yellow and green and blue and purple, all the pretty colors they can think of,

They grab onto Niki's coat and tug repeatedly, pointing up at the sky, "What's that?"

She smiles at them, "That's a rainbow, they appear after it rains!"

They have stars in their eyes as they stare up at the rainbow, having to be tugged away to continue shopping by Niki, and they think about it for days after,

They sit in their room late at night, repeating the word to themselves until it doesn't sound like a word anymore, what a lovely thing, a rainbow, something to follow rain, they like rain and are scared of it, but a rainbow, like a little bow for the sky after the rain comes, so pretty and colorful,

"Rainbow, Rahnbow, Ranbow, Rainboo, Ranboo," They whisper to themselves, muddling the pronunciation, blinking at the last word as it processes in their mind, "Ranboo, Ranboo, Ranboo,"

They like that, Ranboo, it sounds good, rubs their brain in a good way, and they whisper that instead.

They whisper that until they walk up to Niki one day and tug on her skirt softly, making her lean down, and whisper into her ear that they want to be called *Ranboo*, and she nods and listens, referring to them by that since then.

They only ever talk to Niki for a long time, until they are almost ten, for a while people think they can't speak at all, they always tug her down and whisper to her, it probably doesn't help them seem any more trustworthy to the town with very old views on hybrids.

They don't like how everyone speaks of them like a monster as they trail after Niki, they can see how she grits her teeth when they praise her for *dealing with* them or curse her for keeping them around, they're treated like Niki's pet rather than her younger brother, and even the kids who were nice when young soon gain the same ideas as the adults around them,

Their mother, the few times they even see her, is spoken to the same, but gets much more of the praise, due to how she speaks back about them in kind, they wince whenever she calls them a demon, a monster, when she pokes at how strange they are, how her *own son if they can even be called that* doesn't even look her in the eyes, how they can't take a bath, how they never stop fidgeting.

They don't like how they are spoken about and looked at, they don't like how kids push them around or how adults curse them or how they can see Niki deal with it, they don't want to cause her more worrying.

They are still young, eight or nine, when they learn what a soulmark is, when they point out the

outlines on their cheeks and Niki can't see them.

She explains to them it will be where someone will mark their soul on them, and that someone out there has marks somewhere else from them, and instead of excitement or joy, they are terrified, because they don't want to mark someone, they don't want someone to be attached to them, that'd be dangerous for them, that'd be terrifying.

They burst into tears when she tells them they'll get one from her, how she has a mark that's for them, how they have one around their stomach and on their arms too, they sob and beg her to never mark them, please please please to never mark them, and they think she cries too, but she agrees.

Their mom only solidifies it when she, maybe hours, maybe days, maybe months later hisses into their face, breath smelling strongly of alcohol, that they don't deserve soulmates.

Their memory is always terrible, they notice when very young, learning to read and write and talk, they forget words a lot, or what things mean.

They forget people in the village, or what foods are or how they taste, or what they did the month before, or the day before, or a few hours before.

Or what they were just doing.

It becomes more worrying when they start blanking, spending periods of time without any memory of the between, the first time it happens they freak out, running and crying to Niki, who doesn't know how to properly comfort them.

She goes to the library and researches all she can, and they get worse, they hate losing periods of time, it is terrifying, so Niki gives them a journal.

They write down everything they do in it, originally it is every little detail, the butterfly they see while walking down a path, entire conversations, but slowly they minimize it after they go through a book a month.

They write down everything they generally do, even the bad things, they don't like looking back and reading over the bad things, but they are more scared when someone mentions something they forgot, so they think it is worth it.

They keep the books hidden as best as they can while carrying them around after their mom throws out the first few, she even tosses one into the fireplace when they walk around with it in their arms, and they watch their memories burn.

~~*They forget about that later,*~~

They get hit the first time at nine when they talk back against their mom (they don't think it's talking back, but she calls it that and that must be right), she smacks them across the face and they run off and hide under their bed until Niki finds them hours later, still trembling.

They avoid their mother even more after that, they're never in the same room as her if they can be, but they hear Niki argue with her, and they don't like that, so they block out those memories with everything else.

The village kids get meaner and nicer, allowing them to play but not ever treating them the same, they are still just a cool pet, not another person, and when they fall and scrape their knees or yelp

when water splashes them they get laughs instead of worry.

It's fine, the price for being liked.

They are peer pressured into walking onto ice with the rest of the kids, walking out further than everyone else, they walk down the river, the first in the line, until it must've gone feet, maybe miles down, the vertigo from the idea making them dizzy,

And then Niki comes, and then they fall, and they burn before they drown.

*And they burn before they drown*

Niki cares for them through their first respawn, like she cares for them through everything, and they apologize so much to her through it, and she whispers to them that it's okay, and they cry more than they'd ever admit.

They start growing their fangs at some point, it makes their jaw ache like nothing else, and they spend days in bed whining and trying not to cry, with their sister trying desperately to get village doctors to help them, who don't know what's happening either.

They wake up with a mouth full of blood that they spit up into a sink, gagging on the iron taste, and they know that they're growing fangs then.

They spend days unable to eat anything but broth from the pain and soon after that while their sister is out to get more painkillers for them, they are dragged from their room by their hair.

The feeling of metal clamping onto their jaw makes their heart stop, and they scramble at it, trying to unlock it.

They don't even hear what their mom says, their mom calls them, because they are so panicked, and Niki walks into them having a panic attack on the floor, unable to take off the muzzle keeping their jaw clamped shut.

They eat a lot of broth from then on and get used to a jaw that aches and their mouth tasting of iron, enough that once they eventually learn how to break it off they only do because they're scared of starving to death, not that their mom would probably care.

They take a while to adjust to eating normal food again, and their jaw never stops aching, and they think maybe it's messed up for life from being trapped like that.

She only hits them again badly when they are thirteen, she grabs them by the throat, they don't know why, and screams at them, and then she hits them, and then she hits them, and then she hits them.

They squirm and then go still, curled up, she usually stops, why isn't she stopping? It hurts very, very badly, in a distanced, empty way. They want her to stop, and yet can't try to stop her, they could probably physically overpower her, or at least convince her to stop by swiping at her, but they don't, they just sit there.

They died for their first time to a river, and they died for the second to their mother.

After that they are aware that they need to leave.

They panic pack through the next few days, they learn of Hypixel and aim for there, they train as best as they can with fighting by mobs and by listening to elder enderman and they are sure they

need to leave. They take almost a year to do so, a barely-fourteen year old.

And then they are stopped at the server portal, by Niki.

“What are you doing?” She asks, staring at them with worry, and they frown, forcing themselves to look away,

“It’s not safe for me here, Niki, I need- I need to leave,” They state, taking a step backwards towards the portal, “It’s not safe for you, either,”

“What do you mean?” She asks, and they could cry,

“Niki, I- Mom killed me, Niki,” They state, and she frowns, they think she’s gonna cry, they know she knew, but neither of them ever talked about their mom.

It was an unsaid topic, they don’t know if she really dislikes their mother, their mom always had a clear preference towards the older girl.

“Where are you going?”

“Somewhere, I don’t know,” They lie, of all places they don’t want her to have to go to Hypixel, she is human enough that she would be accepted on a normal server,

“D-do you have everything you need?” She asks, “Will you visit?”

“Yes, and,,, I don’t know,” They state, looking at her, sadly, and they make eye contact, they will grant her that, even as it makes every part of their skin crawl,

She looks at their eyes and then at them and reaches out, “Can you- Please, I need some confirmation I’ll see you again,”

They draw back from the touch, “No, Niki, No,” They can’t stop the distress that rises, they don’t wanna mark her.

“Please,”

“No!”

She draws back, not expecting them to yell, and tears are spilling, and everything distorts to them, and guilt poisons their lungs,

“I’m sorry,” They say, and they leave.

Niki drops to her knees and cries behind them.

They are stuck between server hopping and Hypixel for a while, not good enough to be on leaderboards and to get a dorm, and not enough money for a private server.

It’s not nice, it’s the opposite of it, but the danger they know is better than the danger they didn’t, and they feel more in control of these deaths, even though every one adds another nightmare to their mind.

There are good people, though, there is a nice lady who teaches them to hold a sword correctly, someone who gives them a tip that with the extra reach pickaxes would work well as a weapon for them, someone who stops when during a match their mask falls off their face and lets them put it back on before continuing.



There are also people like the person who gave them their first Hypixel death and left them to bleed out, people who focused on immobilizing them before killing them slowly since they were so commonly last alive, people who aimed for them once they were on the leaderboard to kill them in a way that would 'put them in their place'.

As they slowly rise the leaderboard, they refuse to be one of those people, ever, they kill as quickly as they can even with a weapon that works better for slow deaths, for a better show, they kick bodies into the void where respawn will be easier, they do everything they can to be nice.

Sometimes it is repaid in kind and sometimes it isn't, they don't care either way, they want to have as little nightmares about their morality as possible.

They adopt three cats.

They start to self harm.

They learn how to deal with their panic attacks better.

They have nightmares every night about what they said to Niki.

They don't know if they're doing good or bad anymore.

And then they are walking to get fixed up after a bad match and they are targeted by fighting traffickers, an interesting hybrid who is high on leaderboards is a high price, and they are just alone enough that they are almost caught.

They manage to teleport, with an arrow breaking their collarbone and many other scratches and knicks, and then they hack into a server as fast as they can and teleport in.

It is raining, and they stumble around, for a long time, immediately blanking everything that previously happened, and they only catch a glimpse of purple eyes before they pass out.

They are found by Techno and Dream and Wilbur, and the rest is history, they guess.

That is the story in their books, anyways, how much have they forgotten? How much has been burnt in the books thrown into fires or ripped to shreds? The incident were they got drunk wasn't written down, what else wasn't? What else do they not know about themselves?

They are terrified of losing all of their memories, they are terrified of losing a book, they are scared all the time, of a lot of things.

Wait, what were they doing?

There was the kitchen, they needed a glass- and then there was the floor, and glass in their hand, there was glass in their hand.

They're asleep, they don't want to be asleep, their soulmates are worrying, they can feel it, their soulmates are worrying.

Where is XD? If this is a dream then where is he? He is always here for if their dreams get too bad, they want XD.

They shout, they try to shout, it is silent, they don't even know if they have a mouth to move here.

They can't move to walk, it is just darkness, unfeeling darkness.

They wonder why they're not panicking, maybe they're unable to, they wonder if they'll ever wake up.

They wanna wake up, they wanna drink hot chocolate at 4 am with Wilbur and Techno and Tommy and Phil, they wanna sleep curled up with Tubbo and Michael, they wanna rebond with Charlie, they want to talk to their sister, they want to duel with Hannah, they want to talk to all the people they barely got the chance to, like Punz and Hbomb and George.

They are terrified of never waking up, they want to be awake so bad.

They call for XD again, wishing for anything, any sign they're not alone here, they don't want to be alone, they don't wanna be alone again.

But there is only them.

*Who are they, even?*

**They are Ranboo, a name they picked themselves.**

*Do they deserve this? The love everyone gives them? This worry?*

**Of course they do, or they would not have it.**

*Why can't they wake up?*

**Do they truly want to wake up?**

*Yes, yes they do, they want to wake up,*

**They didn't before, what changed?**

*They're loved now, they don't want to sleep like this anymore*

**Then wake up.**

Their eyes open blearily to a ceiling, not a light like last time, and they shift around, groaning, their head hurts, so does their body in general, especially their hand.

"They're awake!" Someone says and they hear a lot of shifting, probably a few people falling to the floor, but then someone is over them, someone with something red on their face, maybe Ponk?

"Hey, it's okay, stay still, stay with us," He says, and yeah, definitely Ponk, their mind swims as people check on them, at some point a light is shone into their eyes?

They stay awake through it, somehow, even though they still feel very tired, and at some point Dogboo is set in their lap while they lay down to give them deep pressure therapy, and people talk to them in hushed soft voices.

They don't really know what's going on, still, or why everyone is so careful, or even how long they were asleep, and they can't ask, their mouth feels like it's full of cotton, but they fall back into the care of their soulmates easily.

Someone sits them up and helps feed them stew, Techno and Wil, maybe? One is pink, so probably Techno, and then someone else helps them drink a bottle of water.

One of the ones with longer hair, maybe Hannah? It feels like there are flowers, puts up their hair,

not in something particularly fancy like Techno will do, but to keep their hair off their face, which is burning up.

That is something else they realize, they feel like they're on fire, and if they could sweat (which they're glad they can't, because that'd hurt bad), they're sure they'd be dripping buckets at that point.

The bad part of that is that they can't sweat, which doesn't help the probably fever, and there are few ways to cool them down that don't involve water.

They think they are given Michael, at some point, and someone short with horns, definitely Tubbo, asks them to be okay, and they can't respond in a way that matters but they try to comfort their husband, weakly bonking their heads together.

They fight against sleep as it slowly threatens to reconsume them, but someone tells them it's okay, it's Niki, they think, and she says they'll wake up, and they should sleep, rest up, wake up better, and they nod off before she even finishes.

## Chapter End Notes

I should specify that Ranboo doesn't remember all the things that happen in this chapter, and won't once they wake up, it is not often that people remember their dreams in detail.

# Sleep

## Chapter Summary

The past few chapters from everyone else's POV.

## Chapter Notes

Uncreative title is uncreative

Sorry for any mistakes, I am Tired.

This chapter is also a bit later then usual, it is also much longer then the last few chapters so you can probably guess why.

I hope you enjoy it :>

Eret wakes up early from sleep, blinking awake to the uncomfortable limb pile that everyone became while sleeping up, they manage to sit up, looking at whoever has decided to use them as a human teddy bear and finding Antfrost there, nose twitching in his sleep.

She sighs, looking around and seeing Ranboo at the doorway to the room, looking a little worse for wear.

They help her out of the pile (and Antfrost's grip) and go to the kitchen, where she gives Ranboo a cup of coffee, thinking they probably need it.

She doesn't particularly believe them when they claim they got a few hours, and she knows well they can go a night without sleep and act fine.

They don't even know they need to add anything to it so it isn't disgusting, and she watches with a sick sort of joy as they take a sip and sputter.

She laughs hard enough she wakes a few people, and ends up dragging Purpled in, who just confuses Ranboo further.

Phil is still in the kitchen when Ranboo walks in grumbling about Tubbo stealing their coffee, reaching up for a mug, he doesn't really pay attention to them, focused on finishing up breakfast for everyone, everything is already done, he's just plating.

He hears a shatter and turns quickly, finding Ranboo staring down at the floor where pieces of the mug are scattered, the boiling hot liquid spilled, probably harming their feet quite a bit, and possibly a bit of their front from how they dropped it.

The weird part is they don't react to it, they don't jump away from the thing that must be harming them, they just sit still in place trembling all over.

He takes a step closer, he sees blood drip from their hand.

"Ranboo, Ranboo mate, it's okay," He says, and they gasp, jerking slightly.

He reaches out, taking his hand, it is bleeding, he can see glass still held tightly in it, and he gulps.

Techno walks in, probably hearing the glass break and than him talking, and looks over the mess, walking over aswell.

Ranboo's legs shake a little like they're gonna fall out from under them and Techno grabs onto their shoulder lightly,

"Ranboo, kid, come on, stay with us, okay? You're okay,"

Ranboo drops and is only just caught by the both of them, who carry them a bit away from the mess of coffee and glass and now a bit of blood to set them down on the floor.

More people come in, probably to check what's going on, and it quickly becomes a rush of people freaking out and trying to get everyone to calm down while also trying to figure out what's going on with Ranboo.

They keep vaguely responding, but every time they try to get them to respond further they just pass back out cold, none of them can manage to unlatch their hand from the glass without risking tearing open their palm, so they stop trying.

"Are they okay?" Eret asks at some point, looking at Ranboo worriedly, she has taken Techno's place at their side when he got up to try and get things to help,

"They're still not responding," Phil answers, looking at them, and watches as their bleary eyes suddenly become clear again,

"Ranboo, can you hear me?" Eret asks, they make a noise, somewhere between a hum and gibberish, "Good, that's good, just stay with us, okay? Try to find 5 things you can see, if you can tell me,"

They watch Ranboo try but their eyes quickly start slipping closed again, unfocusing,

"No! You can't zone out again big man, stay with us," Tommy says, snapping them back awake, they twitch and whimper, warbling softly to themselves, they grip their hand tighter around the glass.

They stare blankly for a few seconds before their head bobs again, passing out cold against Eret's shoulder,

"Fuck!" Tommy curses, "I thought they'd stay up that time,"

"It's okay, they'll stay up next time," Phil says hopefully, looking back at the passed out teen, staring blankly in front of them.

Tubbo walks in, holding Michael, and brings him over, carefully setting him down in Ranboo's lap where their legs are out in front of them,

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Tommy asks, staring nervously at the toddler, who is still half asleep and probably not processing what's going on, leaning back against his father,

“I have no other ones! And Michael always has helped before!” Tubbo defends,

“What if the blood freaks him out?” Tommy asks,

Tubbo seems to break, they can see that he’s tearing up from frustration and worry, “Tommy i’m doing my best!”

“They’re awake again,” Phil states, watching as Ranboo stares at their palm, he thinks they’re looking at the blood for a second until he sees their gaze on the soulmark there, the outline usually there filled in gold.

Tommy looks at his own palm, marked in by their red and green.

He reaches out as if to touch them but is stopped by Techno placing a hand on his shoulder and pulling him back slowly, “Give the kid space, talking keeps making them fall back,”

“Dogboo,” Ranboo murmurs, voice incredibly weak, “Wheres??”

“Get them their dog, they’re asking for him!” HBomb calls to everyone and someone rushes off to get the service dog,

Ranboo almost immediately after passes back out, dropping back onto Eret’s shoulder.

“Fuck, sorry,” HBomb apologizes,

“It’s fine mate,” Phil says, smiling at him, only a bit strained with worry,

Ranboo drifts in and out of semi-lucidity after that, almost opening their eyes, they open their eyes for quite a while at some point even though unresponsive, before slowly drifting close again.

“No, no, you’re doing so good, come on,” Fundy says, almost begging, Ranboo is laid down on the tile, and their eyes drift shut again.

Philza sighs, “Let’s get them to the medical room, then we can also try to fix up their hand.”

Tommy sits at Ranboo’s bedside with Michael in his lap, the toddler half-asleep.

Ranboo hasn’t been asleep for long, a few hours most? But they’ve stopped stirring into full lucidity, sometimes twitching or moving, but never fully awakening.

It is scary, the others, the adults, are worried they’ll go into a coma, which is a fuckin’ terrifying idea, not that they told him, he just eavesdropped on them talking.

“You better be okay, boob boy,” He hisses, blinking away tears furiously, he’s not going to cry, for all they know Ranboo is just asleep, it’s fine.

Ranboo will be fine.

Tubbo sits next to Ranboo, tears dripping down his cheeks as he smiles sadly.

Ranboo looks peaceful, it reminds him of when they have sleepovers and he gets to wake up to them still asleep sometimes, looking peaceful.

Tommy told him what the adults thought might be going on, and he is so, so afraid, but he sits at Ranboo's beside and gently holds his hand.

"You're going to be okay," He whispers, mostly to himself, "I promise."

Eret slowly brushes through Ranboo's hair with her fingers, the kid has been asleep for quite a while now, through lunch, dinner being started already.

She feels guilt for not telling everyone about them acting weird when he first woke up and talked to them, even though she knows it's not her fault.

She knows that they'll be fine, she just doesn't know how they'll get to the point of being okay, and the between time is what worries her.

Will they actually go into a coma? Will they wake up in just a few minutes perfectly fine? She doesn't know what's even wrong with them, all the more booksmart people in the house having already dug out every book they could find and currently reading through them.

She sighs, leaning over and kissing them softly on the temple, "Please be okay, Ranboo,"

They don't respond.

Phil digs out every book with any sort of medical anything in it out of storage and libraries and bookshelves immediately after Ranboo is stabilized, reading through them with the sort of speed (and slight desperation) that he's only done before for his boys and other members of the household.

He thinks Ranboo deserves this worry, who has worried for the kid, properly, their entire life? He knows Niki must've, but who else? What adult?

From how Ranboo acts, none, probably, that thought pisses him off a bit more than it should.

Actually, it pisses him off the exact amount it should.

He continues his search, reading through all the books and finding nothing that fits.

Techno is with Phil immediately when he starts taking out all the medical and diagnostic books he can find, but instead situates himself with a pile or two at Ranboo's bedside, definitely to watch for possible symptoms, not because he's worried.

The books feel brain-rotting to read through, but he fights through the worry of any of these things being what Ranboo is going through.

He refuses to believe the kid just fell into a coma and won't wake up, he refuses, that is not what is going on.

It is not, and he will find what is going on and fix it.

Charlie doesn't really know why he wandered into the little medical room, well, technically it is the room just off of it, bed a little more comfortable, lights a bit dimmer, but still easy to take in if something happens.

He feels bad for the kid, whose clearly gone through a lot, and is healing, and now is passed out, and he doesn't particularly know what's going on? But he isn't stupid, no matter how much he is a jokey funny guy, he knows something is wrong.

The kid shifts, whining softly, and he walks over,

"Hey, it's okay," He soothes, about to reach out and touch them before realizing his hand is a bit more slime then usual, yeah, probably not a good idea, slime is mostly water.

He pulls back, frowning, but continues to talk, "You're gonna be okay little dude, I promise."

He stays there and talks, for a bit, about nothing after that, joking and laughing to himself, something he can do easily.

He doesn't know if he imagines the small quirked smile on Ranboo's face or not.

Sapnap doesn't know Ranboo well, at all really, he likes them, he'd consider them a friend, and funny when they're less nervous, and talented at things they're good at, he's seen enough recordings of their Hypixel battles to know that,

He still doesn't like anyone in his weird, large family being in such a state, and he kinda wishes to just burn something down to relieve his rage, but decides against it to not cause more chaos,

Instead he goes and curls up with his fiances, helping comfort Karl who is much more worried, and waits it out, it will probably be okay, and he can't help much anyways.

Foolish has grown quite fond of Ranboo in the small time he's known them, they are nice and like working with him and spend hours collecting materials for the mansion when they're also technically paying him (which was a joke in the first place, which they still insist on.)

He is worried when they pass out randomly, more about their hand being pretty badly injured then them being asleep, being asleep for a few hours is not really the most worrying, he's seen a lot worse, and at worst he knows ways to deal with a coma.

None that he wants to try on someone who is possibly just passed out for a few hours, so he doesn't, and instead helps Tubbo and Tommy take care of Michael along with Foolish JR.

He has gladly kept Foolish JR. from knowing what is happening, which is good, he never wants to worry the little toddler.

Michael is calmed significantly from his small crying fit by the golden toddler, and it is quite cute watching them play, even with the sad context of why they're together.

Jack remembers their talk a few nights before during the rain with Ranboo.



Looking at them passed out, it feels like a long time ago, since they last talked, and maybe he's being dramatic, but he knows of people dying, like, perma-dying, and he is incredibly worried of that possibility.

Are there cases of someone respawning just to perma-die the next day? Is that a thing?

The others say it's not, and he is inclined to (and prefers to) believe them, but he's still worried.

The idea his last conversation will be that one haunts him a little.

He should talk to them more, they're close to Niki, who Jack thinks he's pretty close to, and they just seem like a cool kid, a bit quiet, but so is Niki, and her personality just gets louder the more you interact with her.

He tries to convince himself they'll be fine.

Schlatt would not admit he has grown a soft spot for the kid, definitely not, he just doesn't like how worried Tubbo is and *that's* why he's worried, yeah, definitely,

He also won't admit the soft spot has started long before now, or long before he was even given the very tasteful flask that he usually just uses for water nowadays, stretching to when they first were found in the rain,

It's just extended worry for Tubbo and *maybe* Niki that makes him worried.

It doesn't matter anyways, he is not the person to help, he instead takes over helping with dinner while other adults are busy and tries to keep the younger ones distracted and checks on the kid whenever possible.

They'll be fine, the kid is tougher than they look.

XD is in a panic, it is not often he is shoved out of somebodies brain, so when Ranboo started collapsing randomly and then he was suddenly pushed out of their head, he sorta panicked.

He can see that they're stuck asleep, he just can't reach in past the barrier and pull them awake, he tells Dream as much, who doesn't enjoy the information but thanks them anyways.

It doesn't narrow down the search for the issue as much as it should, as 'can be helped with dream demon' is not a criteria often written down, he thinks it probably should be.

He continues to try to pull them awake, they stay asleep, peacefully or not.

Not knowing if it is peaceful or not is an annoying experience for him.

Purpled doesn't want to pay attention to the fact that Ranboo is asleep, he sits in one of the chairs for a while, watching people come in and out, playing on his communicator.

It's fine, Ranboo is just napping, and he's here to make sure that they're fine while doing so, that nothing bad happens.

Yes, that is what he is doing, yes definitely.

Punz comes in eventually to fetch him for lunch and finds him instead of playing on his com just looking at Ranboo, knees pulled up to his chest.

Weird phantom hybrid things makes him like looking over people who sleep, mixing with his normal protectiveness to make him have the urge to protect them while they do so, but right now it's different.

Punz walks over, placing a hand gently on his shoulder, making him jump lightly,

"They'll be fine," They say, voice uncharacteristically gentle.

His cheeks feel hot, he doesn't realize he's crying for a few moments, flushing in embarrassment.

"Hey, it's okay to cry," Punz says, kneeling down, "It's okay, they'll be okay, I know you're worried, but they'll be okay,"

"What if they don't wake up?"

"They will, I promise," Punz says, as easy as breathing, how easy they can lie annoys him a little, but he mostly just likes the comfort.

He throws himself into Punz and cries for the first time in a long while.

Antfrost sits at Ranboo's bedside at some point, staring at them,

They look restful, peaceful even, laying there, like they're just sleeping like normal,

He can almost convince himself of it.

He reaches out to their hand, slowly lacing both of theirs together, the little pads on his palm squish against Ranboo's palm and he smiles, remembering their conversation when Ranboo first learnt about them.

The reaction was just so excited, the closest to childlike wonder he thinks he's ever seen the poor kid, so instead of the usual annoyance he'd get from someone touching the paw pads he humored them.

He doesn't regret it for how it cheered them up.

Michael doesn't really know what's wrong with Boo, he's been sleepin' a while, which is strange, Boo usually wakes *him* up, not the other way around.

But that's fine, he can do it for once.

"Boo?" He says, shaking his shoulder lightly, "Boo,"

Boo doesn't respond, laying limply, his heart skips a little,

"Boo, Boo?!" He asks, growing more distressed, is Boo gone? Boo looks fine, they don't look burnt like the ghaists leave people or have any of the cuts or anything that the other piglins leave.

“Oh Michael,” Bee says, picking him up, he squirms, trying to get back to Boo,

“Boo? Boo gone?!” He asks, squirming, Bee frowns,

“No, no Michael, it’s fine, Boo is just asleep,” Bee says, Bee’s face is red, Bee’s been crying.

“Boo gone,” He whimpers, clinging to Bee,

“No, Boo’s just asleep,” Bee says again, he feels a teardrop land on his head.

Hannah is bad at this sort of stuff, she’s not really the kind of person for this. She’s nice, she’s kind, she can help Ranboo with learning to duel without having panic attacks and she can talk to him and make him laugh and she can kick Purpled’s ass, but she is bad at this,

She is not a very ‘wait around and see’ person, and she feels viscerally uncomfortable looking at Ranboo’s sleeping form, enough that she’s glad she is inside since she’s pretty sure she’d wilt most of the flowers if not, she can already feel the ones growing out of her hair doing so,

She is not angry at them, in any way, she just doesn’t like being unable to help, this is not the sort of situation she can help with, at least until she knows what it is, in which maybe she could grow plants for natural remedies, but that is it.

She doesn’t like that feeling, so instead she sighs and picks herself up and focuses on doing what she can, she makes sure everyone is okay and comforts who she needs to and does her best that she can at the moment.

HBomb is understandably worried, and not quite sure what’s going on, and he’s barely talked to the kid in the first place,

Tubbo likes them, they’re married apparently, and they have a kid, and both of them have cried over Ranboo a few times now, so they must really care, and he is worried what’s going on, he just really doesn’t know how to help.

Instead he focuses on being the normal functional one, with people like Schlatt and Bad (Bad who is barely holding it together), and calming down people when he can, and just doing his best.

Quackity didn’t like Ranboo when they first joined the server, he is a nice person, he thinks, but he is also a suspicious one, and he doesn’t just trust people who appear randomly in the rain,

But Ranboo has definitely gained his trust over the months they’ve been here, enough that he is worried a lot about them being in a possible coma *or worse*.

He focuses on his fiances, Karl is a lot more tied up about it, always a very caring person for others, and he jokes with them to try to calm them down,

Sapnap is also worried, he can tell, even without the soulmark he could tell, so he talks and jokes with them and pushes down his own panic, because Ranboo would probably be fine, they’ve recovered from worse.

They might take a bit, but they’ll be fine.

Bad is worried a bit sick, trying to busy himself with helping care for Ranboo and helping Schlatt with dinner and trying to calm down others so he doesn't burst into tears,

He is just a tiny bit sensitive to this sort of stuff, and that's fine! He needs to go and sit by someone to calm down more than a few times, mostly Skeppy, who catches on very easy to his state, and asks him if he needs to go step into a different room then everyone for a second to calm down,

He says no every time he's asked, he'll probably cry from worry later, but for now he does his best to help everyone with whats going on, and make sure Ranboo is as okay as they can be while passed out.

He probably spends a ridiculous amount of time making sure they're comfortable, setting them up with a few too many pillows and blankets and tucking them in, but some part of him is worried they can feel everything right now and are uncomfortable.

At some point he is dragged from the constant cycle by Skeppy who sits him down on the floor of the living room, keeping him there until he eventually bursts into tears and is comforted by him and a few others who come to tell him it will be okay.

Niki feels a lot like she did when they first arrived and she spent days watching them, stuck in the same spot, staring at her brother again, as they sleep, and don't wake up,

They were okay then, they will be okay now, of course they will be, they're strong, they told her once when she called them that that they got it from her, they probably forgot, it still makes her happy,

She basically raised them, and seeing her little brother like this still tugs at her heart strings uncomfortably, but she knows they will be okay,

She kisses their cheek and leaves the room.

Fundy doesn't like seeing one of his most recent soulmarks like this, he doesn't know what 'this' is, but he doesn't like it,

He has had sleep issues before, being unable to wake up, or having insomnia, or just very strange nightmares that kept him up for nights, some of those still shake him to this day,

He hopes Ranboo doesn't have the same, but also hopes they're not different enough that no one knows how to help,

Some dumb protective part of his fox brain wants him to drag Ranboo off to his burrow, even though he knows it's a dumbass idea to take them even farther away from the medical stuff, so he ignores it and how tempting it is.

He'll just drag Ranboo into one when they wake up.

Punz is not too happy about how freaked out Purpled is by Ranboo being asleep, even though he

understands, he just doesn't know Ranboo too well, and doesn't want Purpled to be panicked,

He only talked to him directly he's pretty sure when they first woke up, and they were a lot different then, they've become less anxious and louder and they laugh more, and he likes their personality when he does see them, he just isn't really the kind of person to start conversation.

He focuses a lot on distracting Purpled rather than focusing on Ranboo, enough people are doing that, and he is a bit focused on his brother.

He's sure the kid will be fine.

Connor is kinda new to the current relationships of the house, it changes every time he leaves, and he doesn't really mind, it's just part of how they are.

He also, really is confused on what is going on when someone passes out and everyone is worried.

He doesn't know if it's bad, or if 'coma' is an overstatement or not, so he just stays out of it and hopes everything ends up okay.

Skeppy knows he often is thought of to be a comic relief, and he tries to be a lot of the time! But he knows when to be serious, and he knows something is wrong, and he knows that people are panicking, and he knows he can't help with Ranboo, so he focuses on everyone else.

Most of all Bad, who is running himself in circles trying to distract himself, a few times just walking over and clinging onto someones hand with the look on his face that he's about to cry,

When Skeppy finally catches him he drags him to the living room, sitting him on the floor, keeping him there,

He sees how his lip wobbles and he rocks softly, and he bursts into tears eventually, the stress building up.

He pulls Bad into his arms after he starts crying, comforting him softly, a few people help at some point, Niki, Ant, Eret, and he slowly calms down.

Bad cries a bit more then normal people, but that's okay, and he knows it helps him calm down, release pent up emotions.

Bad's cried more then a few times over Ranboo, and maybe it's caused Skeppy to also get a small soft spot for the kid through association, but he knows if they were seriously hurt it would probably break Bad, so he kinda has to.

He visits Ranboo later, he hopes they're okay.

Ponk is mostly there for the medical stuff before focusing on actual remedies to try and wake them, they seem to be physically fine besides the hand.

He really hasn't seen anything like this, and it is worrying, and he pushes down the part of his brain that thinks it's interesting because this is his friend and family member, not a random patient.

A speed potion might work or might just give him a panic attack in his sleep, maybe watered down???

Wilbur is worried enough that he thinks he might just go Ghostbur again because of it, he has to keep himself from biting on his fingers again, a nervous tic he never fully got over.

He feels like he did when Fundy was small and got flus and was bedridden, he thinks he was this worried then, or maybe he is more worried now, all those memories are fuzzy,

They look peaceful, but he knows looks can be deceiving, and he wonders if they're having nightmares right now, or if they're dreaming at all, technically they could be braindead and none of them would ever know.

He almost smacks himself, since they don't have a heart monitor or anything, so they would all definitely know, he is just worried.

He sits at their bedside a bit longer than he'd like to admit, taking his guitar and playing for them, songs they probably don't remember, but he's heard music is good at this sort of thing, getting people to wake up, jogging memories.

Puffy is caring, she is called 'mama Puffy' a lot for a reason, and she does her best to balance helping with research and trying to keep everyone calm and checking on Ranboo,

They don't deserve all the stress they go through, all the time, their life just seems to be a lot of downs at this point, and she wants to help them get better, she has done their best to help them get better, and she will continue to.

She helps everyone else since she can't talk to them right now, and plans for if the sleeping sticks.

Callahan can't talk to Ranboo like the others can, can't do anything that would possibly get recognized by the sleeping teen,

He doesn't really mind, though it is one of the few instances he still wishes he could talk, it doesn't bother him much most of the time, other people's reactions do more, but this is one of the times he wishes he could,

He reaches out to their uninjured hand, grabbing it and gently folding it into an 'I love you', it looks a bit like the devil horns symbol people make, and he always found that funny,

He holds it like that for a few seconds before letting it fall flat on the bed, hoping that the message gets across, or they felt it at all.

Karl knows how this ends up, he's seen the future, of course he does, but seeing his soulmates ever in a worrying state is well, worrying.

He knows how this ends up, it will be okay.

He just has to keep reminding himself of that, and keep reminding himself not to tell the others

that, because fate fucking hates when people say it's gonna happen, and he doesn't wanna jinx something worse.

They'll wake up when they're ready, and they'll be weak and tired and groggy but they'll be *fine*,

He can only do the correct things and wait for that future to come, this is one of the instances where he can't try to stop something or speed the process up, he just has to wait.

Gladly, he has slowly learnt patience, so it is not the best feeling, but it is easy at least.

Dream doesn't like the information XD gave him, or how unhelpful it is, or the fact that Ranboo is like this in the first place,

But it's fine, and he combs through the code of the server more than a few times searching for a respawn glitch or anything like that that could've caused this, and finds nothing.

It's fine, it's fine! He almost would rather a glitch, he can fix that, he can't fix it if it is an issue in Ranboo's coding, that would be much more difficult to fix, and much more dangerous.

But it's fine, because he'll figure it out, because he's not letting one of his soulmates be in danger, and he doesn't fucking care what he has to do, Ranboo *will* be okay, he's sure of that.

Sam doesn't know why he took so long to see Ranboo besides when he was helping set them up or helping Ponk fix their hand,

He just doesn't like looking at an issue head-on if he doesn't know how to solve it, things like redstone are easy, he knows how wires work and he can put them together in the right order to make what he wants.

This issue is harder, because he can't really help besides helping Phil, Techno, and Dream research, helping the others feed Ranboo broth if necessary so they don't starve, and other things like that.

He doesn't like that, he doesn't like feeling helpless to whatever is going on.

"Please be okay,"

George really does not know Ranboo, he sees them at breakfast, and at lunch, and at dinner, he sees them in the living room when he decides to nap there by people instead of in his room, the only notable time he thinks he ever talked to them was when he accused them of helping burn down his room.

He doesn't like that much really, thinking about it, the kid seems nice, a lot quieter at least than Tommy and Tubbo, less chaotic if not counting their first days, which he can let slide, he's let a lot more slide.

He thinks that when (and if) they wake up he's gonna try to be better friends with them, talk to them more when he's awake.

They're probably soulmates, he has an outline unfilled that matches the colors that they've already

marked on the others, not every mark is ever fulfilled, but he doesn't mind the idea.

He leaves the room as quietly as he entered, making a silent promise to himself.

They wake up about 2 days after they passed out, weak and groggy and not feeling great but still alive, and they all basically celebrate their moments of consciousness.

After some checks Ponk lets them go back to sleep, says they probably should so they heal more, and Niki slowly soothes them into it when they struggle against it.

Ranboo is okay, they're okay.

All of them breathe a small sigh of relief at that.



# Sick

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo slowly heals from the illness that has befallen them physically.

Fever dreams are a bit strange.

## Chapter Notes

TW for minor themes of derealization, child abandonment (mentioned), arguments, and probably other stuff I'm forgetting about.

I call this chapter "I knew what I needed to write for the story but I also wanted to write sickfic, so I compromised"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo drifts in and out of sleep after that, a lot less of the oppressive pull that was there originally and more of exhaustion, whenever they're awake they don't process much besides someone always being there,

The person changes between members of the household, and they can usually recognize them, but who they were fades from their conscience as soon as they drift back off.

They feel hot, unbearably so, but at the same time chills go down their body, their head hurts and the very slight light shining from behind their eyelids burns their retinas,

To put it short, they feel terrible.

They are pulled out of unconsciousness and warble as the pain in their skull returns, curling in on themselves, trembling lightly,

"Hey mate," Philza says softly from somewhere to their side, "Not feeling too good, huh?"

They shake their head, wincing when it makes their headache worsen,

"I have some stew for you, I'm gonna sit you up now, okay?"

They nod and let Phil pull them upright, shifting the pillows so they can lean back against them, they open their eyes, blearily looking around,

They realize for what must be the fiftieth time, depending on how many times they've woken up, they're not in their room,

They're in the little room off the medical room, they remember waking up here originally, it's a bit nostalgic really,

“Do you think you can do it yourself mate?” Phil asks, placing a bowl of stew on the little table above their lap,

They nod, reaching out and shakily picking up the spoon, almost dropping it before getting an actual grip and managing to get a spoonful into their mouth,

It is warm and creamy and good tasting, Techno’s potato stew, they relax significantly, it soothing the hunger they didn’t know they were experiencing,

Phil sits down on the edge of the bed next to them, a hand moving to their back to rub small circles into it, they chirr comfortably, even through the fabric of their shirt the hand is cooling,

“Does it taste good mate? I bet you’re hungry, you’ve barely eaten over the past few days,” Philza states, they don’t really remember if they’ve eaten or not, so they’ll take Phil’s word on it,

“S’ good, Techno’s,”

He hums, nodding, “It is,”

They finish the bowl as quickly as they can without upsetting their stomach,

Phil takes it away when they finish, “Do you want more?”

They shake their head, “I’ll get sick,”

He nods, “I’m gonna take this back, try to stay awake until I get back, okay mate? We’re gonna keep trying to get you able to stay up for longer,”

They agree with a soft warble, watching him leave the room, yawning and slumping slightly,

They try to stay awake, they really, really try, but it’s difficult, and their eyes slowly drift shut,

They’re out before Phil returns, and he huffs softly, tucking them in.

*They open their eyes to a dark landscape, stretching out far, far past what they can see visibly, and they do a slow circle, looking around,*

*”XD?!” They call, out to the empty void, “**Where are you?!**”*

*There is no answer,*

*They huff, walking slowly, as they take steps the surroundings slowly transform, bleeding away from black to cool white colors, on the ground and surrounding the landscape, trees, dead greenery, a forest, a house,*

*They are in a house,*

*It is quite large, to be honest, but also cozy, lived-in, and they wander through it, drawn to muffled voices that sound like they’re through several walls, or underwater,*

*They walk into a room, which they find to be a dining room, with four seats around a table, it is one of those rooms that richer houses have so that families can have private dinners that aren’t in*

*the bigger dining room,*

*Their eyes widen in surprise at the people in the seats, it's Phil, and Wilbur, and Techno, and Tommy,*

*Well, not current Phil, Will, Techno, and Tommy, all seem quite a bit younger, minus Phil, who is old enough he won't age significantly anymore, Wilbur and Techno seem about Tommy's current age, older teenagers, while Tommy must be twelve at oldest,*

*They're yelling but no words process, and they can tell that Philza is trying to keep peace while the kids argue,*

***"Dad only took you in because he pitied you! He doesn't actually love you!"** Wilbur yells, the sort of meanspirited thing that falls from someones lips without thought, and they see him regret it a second later, and even their eyes widen in surprise, but it's too late,*

*A lot happens at once, Phil turns and yells "Boys!" at Techno and Wilbur while Tommy bursts up from his chair, running off out of the dining room and up to his own room, they're pretty sure Phil is chewing the other two out, but they follow Tommy instead, not much by choice,*

*He slams the door to his room and they go to open the door and find their hand fades through the handle, so instead they just walk through the wall,*

*He is curled up next to his bed trembling, a position they take often themselves, and they join him, leaning on him softly even though he definitely can not feel it,*

*He rises quickly and they fall to the floor, watching as he quickly stuffs a bag full of belongings, they remember doing similar, a few years older than him, when their mom first killed them,*

*Even though one situation was much more grave, he thinks they both felt similar in the moment,*

*He walks over to the window, opening it and placing a booted foot on it, glancing back towards the room,*

*They expect him to decide the decision is stupid, because Tommy is with them all now, and going out into the snowstorm raging outside as a twelve year old with a bag of useless belongings is a death wish,*

*Tommy looks back outside with a newfound courage and jumps out into the snow below, it breaking some of his fall, and he disappears into the blizzard.*

*About 30 minutes later Wilbur shuffles into the room, guitar held limply in one of his hands, to give his little brother an apology,*

***"Tommy?Tommy, this prank is dumb, stop hiding,"***

*He catches sight of the open window, snow blowing into the room, and they feel his heart drop,*

*He drops his guitar, it clattering to the floor,*

***"Tommy!"***

They open their eyes again, this time to the medical room, and groan, their mouth full of cotton, trying to turn over and failing, much too tangled in the blankets,

“Hey, it’s okay, let me help,” Niki says from somewhere beside them, helping them untangle from the blankets, smoothing them out over them, “That’s better, right?”

They nod, warbling softly and reaching out, grabbing her hand, she smiles, squeezing it softly,

“How are you feeling?”

“Bad,” They croak, “Weird dreams,”

“Wanna talk about them?”

“There was one, with Wil’ and Tom’y and Tech, n’ Phil, but they were younger, it was weird,”

She giggles, “I bet that was strange, did anything bad happen?”

“Arguin’, didn’t like it, loud, bad mem- memories,”

She frowns at that, reaching out and smoothing their hair back, “It’s okay, we don’t have to deal with that anymore, either of us,”

They nod, “Love you,”

“Love you too, Boo,”

They manage to stay awake for longer this time before falling back asleep.

*They open their eyes again, this time not in the void, but to another house, this one much smaller, dusty all over, not well-kept, with little fingerprints everywhere,*

*”I’m home,” Someone calls, making them jump, they look over, seeing a teen, probably fifteen, kick off their shoes,*

*They take a ridiculous amount of time to realize the teen is also covered in blood, and looks familiar, they think for a second it’s Purpled, before realizing that it’s Punz,*

*A child rounds the corner, eyes wide and Purple, and they think that’s Purpled, who goes to greet Punz, a little alien plushie clutched under his arm,*

*”Did you get money?” Purpled asks, being lifted up easily by Punz, he was so small back then, at this point barely eight,*

*”Yeah, yeah, I got money,” Punz says, chuckling lightly, “Did you take care of yourself?”*

*Purpled nods, “I made potatoes! And the nice lady at the market gave me bread for free!”*

*Punz gives him a look, “You’re not supposed to use the furnace by yourself,”*

*Purpled scoffs, on a child it isn’t that threatening, “I didn’t burn the house down, and I was sick of eating carrots raw,”*

***"Sorry for taking so long, little man, I wouldn't take such a far job if it didn't pay well, we'll have enough to last a while with this,"***

*Purpled nods, shuffling his feet slightly when he is set down on the kitchen floor, "Are we still leaving?"*

*Punz sighs, not in the annoyed way, but in the way a doctor sighs before telling a patient they have cancer, "Yes Purp, we're still leaving,"*

***"But what if mom and dad come back?"***

*Punz frowns, "Go put on your shoes, we're going to the market, I'll buy you a treat,"*

***"But-""***

***"Now."***

*Purpled frowns, running off to put on his shoes while Punz slumps against the counter, absolutely exhausted,*

*It reminds them of them and Niki, and they really, really don't like it,*

They wake up whining, writhing around, their fever burns, it feels like it scorches their brain, dissolving everything,

They don't even recognize the burning also on their face until there is a hoodie sleeve wiping at their cheeks so the tears don't burn them,

"Hey, hey, big man, it's okay, whatever happened was just a dream," Someone says, and they look up to find Punz there, he looks older, not the fifteen year old he was in the dream, that's probably good,

They lean back, their eyes are still watering and Punz wipes any stray drops away with his hoodie sleeve,

"I have some water here, I just need you to sip it and then you can go back to sleep, okay?"

They nod, sipping the straw placed at their lips, it is just plain water, but their mouth feels less unbearably dry.

When the bottle is empty it is taken away and Punz wipes at their face again, their breath is a bit hard, wheezing,

"Just go back to bed, okay? The water had a tiny bit of regen in it, you'll feel better when you wake up,"

They nod, fading back into unconsciousness.

*It is raining, and they watch a cloaked figure walk through the rain, clutching it tight to them to try to block out as much as possible while holding something under it, they hear the faint crying and realize that it's a toddler,*

***"It's okay bubu, it's okay, we're almost there,"** The person soothes, voice soft, almost melodic, and their eyes widen when they realize it's Wilbur, that must mean the baby is-*

*He pulls back the cloak slightly to reveal a sobbing baby Fundy, must be about four, wrapped up as tight as he can be, his hair is a chopped, wet mess, and Wilbur coos, they think they see tears in his eyes aswell,*

***"It's okay, it's okay, we're so close,"** Wilbur says, and they realize his cheek and eye is a bit bruised, it will probably transform into a black eye later on, that also means it's new, that's more worrying,*

*His voice manages to soothe the toddler and they hear him gasp as he approaches a house, stumbling up the steps and knocking a bit aggressively,*

*They hear grumbling and stumbling inside before it opens, revealing Schlatt, who looks more then a bit confused,*

***"Wilbur? What are you?-"** He looks over him, and then the still sniffling child, and how soaked they are, and that Wilbur is bruised, **"Nevermind, get in here, go to the couch and try not to drip everywhere, virgo, I'll get you some towels,"***

*Wilbur snuffles, stumbling in, smiling softly, even though it looks more then a little stressed, **"Thank you, blades,"***

*The nickname is more then a bit dumb, but Schlatt grins anyways, **"Your welcome, virgo,"***

They open their eyes again and feel more then a bit better, their vision isn't bleary,

"Oh shit, hi,"

They look over, finding Sapnap standing there, shifting from foot to foot awkwardly,

"Hey," They say, voice a bit hoarse, sitting up,

"I wasn't expecting you to wake up with me here,"

"Why?"

"I don't know! I just am not really the 'care' person!" He defends, they laugh softly, fever still making them loopy,

"That has nothin' to do with me wakin' up, stupid," They laugh, falling back onto their pillow and oof-ing when it jostles their head, he blinks,

"Are you okay?"

"Whaddya mean? I feel great!"

“Okay, you are definitely out of it, I’m gonna go get,,, anyone but me,” He runs off,

He comes back a minute later with Fundy, probably the only person free, who feeds them a sleeping potion and has them out in a few seconds.

*Puffy is a captain for a long, long while before she encounters Dream and Drista, two little kids she finds sneaking into their supplies when her and her crew were out,*

*”Well, **what do we have here,**” She says, tone slightly teasing, Drista turns to her, squeaking as she drops an apple she already took a bite out of on the floor, that thing is probably worth it’s weight in gold on the sea, but here on land it is next to worthless,*

*Dream pushes her behind him, pulling out a netherite blade, gleaming brightly in enchantments, and pointing it at her, ”**We don’t want trouble,**”*

*She holds up her hands in surrender, “**Neither am I, I just saw you going through our supplies,**”*

*”**What are you, some deckboy?**” The young boy hisses, glaring at her,*

*She laughs, “**Yeah, somethin’ like that,**”*

*She gets the children to stay and talk with the promise of supplies, and then she gets them to stay for the night, and then a trip across the sea, and a few months later, with a new mark on both of them, she gets them to stay.*

They wake up, their headache significantly increased but the loopiness and fever down, sitting up,

“Hey, take it easy honey,” Techno’s voice says, pressing them gently back down onto the bed, “You’re just gonna get a worse headache like that,”

“Sorry,” They mumble, “Sorry,”

“It’s okay,” He says, “You slept through the night, it’s mornin’ now,”

They nod, that makes sense,

“Do you want me to grab you some breakfast?”

They nod,

“You think you could stomach some bread?”

They think for a moment, then nod tentatively,

“Okay, I’m gonna get you a bowl and some bread, stay awake,” He states, rising and leaving the room,

They relax back onto the bed, managing to stay awake until the food arrives and then long enough

to eat, and even after, managing to stay awake for almost an hour or so before finally falling back asleep.

It's progress.

XD is technically able to get back into Ranboo's mind, not that it is particularly interesting at the moment as they got incredibly sick immediately after waking, but that's not what he's worried about anymore.

What he's worried about is why he was forced out in the *first* place, the only way he's been forced out of someone's head before was with Dream, and Dream *wanted* him out, and Ranboo didn't want him gone!

The only way besides that he could be forced out was another dreamon, which is what he is checking for currently, it would've been obvious if one showed up and forced him out, but he finds no sign of anything.

The only other way he could be forced out is if Ranboo-

No, no, that idea is stupid! And anyways Bad, or Ponk, would've noticed when they first arrived, and someone else would've noticed by now, the idea is far-fetched, idiotic, completely unfeasible!

Yeah, yeah, it's something else.

He'll need to have Dream look through Ranboo's code later for anything strange.

## Chapter End Notes

I am absolutely shocked no one has guessed what is happening yet, I have hinted at it VERY STRONGLY.

Anyways I loved the theory it was just an allergy to coffee.

CHAPTER 50 POG!!!



# Spinny Chair

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo is understimulated having to stay in bed all the time and escapes to go stim.

## Chapter Notes

I will probably add something later but for now I am too tired

Something Ranboo never remembers about being sick but is torture during it is how boring it is to just lay in bed, unable to get up and move and do things,

You would assume that they are the type to not *want* to go out and do exciting things, and you'd be mostly right, they don't enjoy doing things that are loud and sociable and things like that, it makes their anxiety skyrocket,

But they don't like just sitting around either, every second spent not moving makes the energy in their bones build until they are left twitching and shifting and uncomfortable, unable to rest into the sheets while like this,

It's irritating and annoying and they really, really don't like it.

The other's while they are sick have taken to doing shifts on who watches them, lasting a few hours, they haven't caught onto the schedule of who will be there yet, not helped by their time blindness from sleeping constantly, but currently the one there is Bad,

He is reading some sort of book in a language they can't read (probably some nether language?), legs crossed and one bouncing, occasionally humming or flipping a page,

Honestly, his excess energy is not helping theirs go down in the slightest,

They bite back a whine, shifting around again, their tails looping tight around their thigh and squeezing, hands shifting around for somewhere to sit and finding nowhere comfortable, ending up holding themselves tightly,

They just wanna get up and *move*, they don't particularly care how, they've barely been out of the bed in the last few days besides getting checked they can still walk,

They bite back another noise of discomfort, hands unclasping from their death-grip on their arms to wring uncomfortably in front of their chest,

They let out a growl when it doesn't help at all, bringing their hands up to smack their head repeatedly, helping a lot more than the wringing,

"Hey!" Bad scolds, reaching out and grabbing their wrists to stop themselves, "You might have a head injury! What are you doing you muffinhead?!"

"I'm boredyyyy," They whine, flopping limp back onto the bed, the action doesn't help the slight headache they still have, aggravated by hitting themselves,

He sighs, "You're still incredibly out of it,"

"You're out of it," They defend, glaring at him half-heartedly, he doesn't seem to believe them,

"You're not going anywhere right now," He states, crossing his arms,

"Come on, please? I don't wanna leave the house," They say, slurring their words slightly, "I just needa moooooooooove!"

He stares at them for all of five seconds before breaking, weak, "Fine! But you have to stay in the house, no teleporting or running and if you feel bad you come back immediately!"

"Okay!" They agree happily, sitting up out of bed, before Bad can argue that they are already not listening they are already out of the room, stumbling up the stairs,

They hear footsteps behind them and turn to see Dogboo following, tail wagging happily behind him,

"Hello," They hum, "Come on, follow me,"

The dog follows them as they stumble up the stairs, looking around at the floor their room is on before continuing, they don't particularly know *where* they're going, but they are just sorta wandering currently,

The floors are all generally the same, just leading up to the few rooms on each floor, but the doors are usually decorated, they wonder if they should decorate theirs, or if there is even a point since they're moving houses soon,

They step up another flight of stairs and look around, gaze drifting to a purple door with space stickers on it,

They've never been into Purpled's room, even though they'd consider themselves relatively close with him, they just usually spend time with him in the living room, or outside at the dueling range,

They walk (stumble) over to the door and knock on it, leaning to the side slightly, Dogboo sets herself at their side, which helps them balance a bit even though they doubt she could hold their full weight,

"Who is it?!" Purpled yells from inside,

"Ranboo!" They yell back,

There is a moment of silence before footsteps and the door swings open, revealing Purpled,

"Aren't you still on bedrest?" He asks, giving them a confused look, though he avoids direct eye contact, they thank him mentally for that,

"Yep," They reply, "Can I come in?"

He raises a brow but shrugs, stepping to the side to allow them (and Dogboo) into the room, kicking it shut behind them with their heel,

"So why are you here?" He asks, leaning against a wall, painted light purple,

The room is actually strangely detailed, the roof spotted with those little sticky stars that glow in the dark and stretching down the walls a bit, his bed is pushed into a corner, not made, the purple sheets spilling over onto the floor,

There is a desk pushed into a different corner, a lamp on it and a place to set his communicator so he doesn't have to hunch over and hold it, and-

"You have a spinny chair!" They say instead of answering his question,

"You can use it if you want?"

They next to fling themselves into the chair, giggling as they spin themselves around in it, "Wheeeeeeee,"

"You are super loopy," He states, going and sitting down on his bed, watching them spin around in circles,

Dogboo decides to join Purpled instead of trying to join them, sitting at his feet and receiving scratches as a reward,

They use their foot to spin themselves in circles, chirping happily to themselves and flapping their hands as they do so,

Purpled leans back in his bed, taking out his communicator and opening up whatever game he always plays on it, they never really asked, they've never had much of an interest in them, they didn't even get a communicator that could support it until they got popular on Hypixel so the interest never struck,

The uncomfortable buzzing under their skin fades slowly as they spin around, at some point they grab one of their tails (both wrapped around their leg to not risk hitting something or getting wrapped up in the chair) and fidget with the feathery haired tip of it, the rest is almost completely hairless, only covered by a thin layer of fuzz,

They can't really feel it much (besides when people accidentally step on it or slam it in a door, in which it *hurts*), the skin of it doesn't have many nerves due to being so thin, so it feels a bit like tapping on their fingernails,

However the texture is good and the fluffed hair on the tips of them are soft, so they fidget with it by running their thumb over it repeatedly, chirping and purring,

They rock back and forth, mostly on instinct, just another stim they do, and tense, waiting for the chair to fall, and realize that it is one of the ones they can sit back in,

SICK!

They rock back and forth repeatedly, chirping louder, and hear Purpled chuckle, something that'd usually embarrass them and make them stop, but they're loopy and it sounds (and feels) more fond than annoyed or mocking, so they continue,

They chirp happily, rocking again, this time too far, and yelp as they are thrown to the floor, head bonking against the floor and knocking them dazed, groaning and holding it,

"Oh shit, are you alright?" Purpled asks, standing over them, Dogboo is also over them, licking their cheek and panting worriedly,

“Yeah, got too excited,” They state, sitting up and rubbing their head, “M’ head hurts more now,”

“I bet,”

They frown, “Can I lay down here? I don’t wanna go back downstairs, makes me feel all trapped,”

“Sure, you can use my bed if you want, if anyone comes up I’ll tell them to fuck off,”

“Thanks purp,”

Purpled slightly helps them go to the bed and lay down on it, it is shockingly long enough for their incredibly long legs, and Purpled sits down at the end of it, his own legs laying across theirs,

“Where are you gonna sleep?” They ask, looking over,

“You’re probably gonna leave before night time, and anyways we’ve literally slept on a couch together, which is much smaller then, you know, a bed,”

They nod, humming, “Cuddle with the homies,”

He laughs, “Oh my prime, you are so out of it, go to bed,”

They grumble, curling up into the pillow more, they’re out in a few seconds.

*They open their eyes again to the void, sighing, it’s been a bit of a routine recently, since they woke up from their mini coma, weird fever dreams,*

*They walk for a few steps, watching as the darkness instead gets hotter, scorching red netherrack and open blocks, they’re in the nether,*

*”Wait up Bad!” Someone calls and they turn to see,, Skeppy? He looks much younger, fourteen to fifteen, his skin is barely crystallized, the only bits mostly being on the tips of his hair, they wonder if it’s a thing that progresses with age,*

*”Walk faster! I wanna get home!” Bad calls back, walking ahead across the netherrack, Skeppy sighs, speeding up slightly,*

*”How are you not tired?” Skeppy complains, dragging his feet,*

*”I actually have a tolerance to heat”*

*”You’re literally a demon! That doesn’t count!”*

*Bad chuckles, speeding up almost out of spite, and then pausing suddenly, slightly pointed ears twitching,*

*”Why’d you stop? Heat finally get to you?” Skeppy asks, going to walk past him and being stopped by Bad putting an arm in front of him,*

*”Just listen,”*

*Skeppy raises an eyebrow, ”I’m not hearing anything,”*

***"Well listen harder!"***

*Skeppy sighs, but actually listens, pausing for a few moments before his eyes widen,*

***"Is that-"***

***"There's a kid crying,"*** *Bad finishes, looking around, ears still twitching every which direction, before he seems to realize where it's coming from and follows after the noise, Skeppy following after him,*

*It doesn't take long until Bad stops again,*

*"They're below us,"* *Bad states, a pickaxe dropping into his hand from his inventory as he starts digging, no sputtered words from Skeppy stopping him,*

*The sound increases in volume slowly until Ranboo can also hear it, the small hiccing sobs, and eventually the floor breaks away to a little opening in the netherrack,*

*Inside there is a small child, eleven to twelve at most, clutching his hand to his chest tightly, his hair is dark and matted, face dirty with soot and dust and general debris the nether brings, and his clothes are all burnt,*

*Bad takes a small step forward, "**Hey, what's wrong?**"*

*The child jumps, looking over with wide eyes,*

*Bad smiles, trying his best to be unthreatening, "**It's okay, we don't wanna hurt you,**"*

***"Who're you!?"*** *The child demands, scooting back further against the wall,*

***"I'm Badboyhalo, but you can call me Bad, and the muffinhead over there is Skeppy,"*** *Bad states, pointing to Skeppy, who whispers 'Hey!'*

*The child looks between them, before apparently deciding his wound was worth the risk and holding it out, they grimace at the sight of a wound on his forearm, withered and slowly rotting and decaying the skin around it,*

*Withering wounds are never good, especially on a kid,*

*Bad also looks quite worried at the wound, "**Can you come back with us and then we'll deal with that wound?**"*

*The child thinks for a moment before nodding, probably knowing not getting treatment would be a death wish,*

***"What's your name?"*** *Skeppy asks as Bad carefully picks up the child, still quite a bit taller than the growing little boy,*

***"Sapnap."***

*Ranboo gasps awake, the image of Sapnap's withered arm still burnt behind their eyelids, the*

*room is significantly darker, the lights are out and none shines through the small cracks in the curtains,*

*Someone shifts next to them, sitting up, "What happened?" Purpled asks, voice sleepy, his eyes glow slightly in the darkness,*

*"Nothing, just a dream," They say, clasping their hands together to stop the trembling, "Just a dream,"*

*They think he frowns, they can't really see in the darkness, "Do you wanna talk about it?"*

*"It's fine, go back to sleep Purpled," They say, moving to get up out of bed and leave, Purpled catches their wrist, stopping them,*

*"Ranboo, sit back down," He states, glaring at them in the darkness, and they freeze, slowly sitting back down onto the bed,*

*"What's wrong Ranboo? I know you're sick, but you haven't woken up calmly since you passed out," He states, they think his gaze is slightly worried, but they avoid it,*

*"It's nothing Purp, just weird fever dreams,"*

*"Okay, what are these weird fever dreams about?"*

*"I don't know? I- They usually have one of you guys,"*

*He raises a brow, "Like one of us in the house?"*

*"Yeah, and everyone is younger, and it's weird,"*

*"Do we do anything,,,, bad in those dreams?" He asks slowly,*

*"Not to me, I haven't been in one yet, I just kinda, watch," They state, "Sometimes you do mean things, but nothing like, bad,"*

*"Huh, that is weird,"*

*They nod, "Sometimes, a lot of the time, one of you gets hurt, and I don't like it,"*

*"Well all of us are safe, okay? Now lets get back to bed, you look exhausted,"*

*They nod, laying back down, Purpled lays across from them, pulling the blanket over the both of them,*

*"Goodnight,"*

*"Goodnight,"*

*They close their eyes, and open them to the empty void again.*

*Well, fuck.*

# Shenanigans

## Chapter Summary

Normal sickfic shenanigans.

## Chapter Notes

Hello! Sorry for the late chapter, but I also have an announcement for that in that vein.

I am going to be less harsh with scheduling for this fic (it has so far stayed on being posted every 2 days since it was originally made), it has made me really stressed about posting and given me not much free time to work on other fics or real life responsibilities.

This does not mean I am taking a break OR it will update rarely, I still love writing this fic, and it is just as much a comfort fic for me as it is for others, this is more so so I feel less guilty if I miss a day updating.

*It is dark, and they (he) is in a box, he is small, and mom said she'd be back, but she hasn't come back yet,*

*He is cold, it started to rain, and he started to cry at some point, where was mom or dad? He wanted mom or dad.*

*The box opens up, but instead of the eyes of his mother instead big blue eyes stare at him,*

*"Uh, dadza!" The boy calls, "It wasn't a puppy!"*

They wake up in the middle of the night again the next night, this time in their own bed (well, in the medical bed, but whatever), they sit up, looking around.

Skeppy is asleep in the chair near the bed, he probably passed out while watching them, they snort, getting out of bed quietly, dragging off one of the blankets and wrapping it around their shoulders, leaving the room.

No one is awake, a rarity, and they go to the kitchen, humming as they look around for something to eat,

Their eyes drift over to a box of craft mac n cheese on the shelf, they remember having it a few times in Hypixel, it is pretty good actually, they'll just make that.

They dig through the cabinets for a pot, filling it with water what they assume is high enough

(halfway should do?) and setting it on the stove, lighting it and waiting for it to warm up.

After a little bit of waiting they remember they're supposed to add some salt and oil to it and scramble to find those ingredients, adding a tiny bit in, that's probably enough, right?

Eh, it'll be fine.

They add in the noodles when the water starts boiling, barely remembering to take out the flavor packet before they dump it into the water, and stir it with a spoon, probably a bit more than necessary but they're scared of accidentally burning part of it.

Wait, they need a strainer.

They search through the cabinets until they eventually find one stuffed into a random one in the corner, huffing and taking it out, managing to strain the mac n cheese without burning themselves while half asleep and very sick.

They dump it back into the pot, putting in some butter and then the packet of flavoring and some sliced cheese, stirring it until it melts and then pouring in milk until the consistency is what they think is normal.

They manage to find a bowl big enough to put a bit more than half in and sit down on the floor against the cabinets, blanket still wrapped around their shoulders, and dig in.

It is shockingly good, and they end up eating the entire pot before passing out onto the floor, exhaustion and sickness finally forcing them to go back to sleep, only to be found in the morning by Niki and Phil, who have to work together to carry them back to a bed (after checking they're not in a coma again).

They are sitting on the couch with Dogboo laying across their lap, scritchng at his neck gently, others are around, doing their own thing, they are mostly just here because if they have to stay in the small room off the medical room any longer they think they'll go insane.

Slimecicle and Schlatt are talking a bit away from themselves, they aren't paying attention to the conversation, only noticing what is even going on when they hear a laugh and Schlatt slaps Charlie on the back, splattering slime across the floor.

The first thought they have when they see that and Charlie disappearing is 'holy fuck he died', followed by 'wait there is no message in chat' and a weird,,, chittering noise? Not a natural one, like they or Fundy do, but more of a joking one.

"Little baby man!" Wilbur shouts, hopping over one of the couches to point at,,, something on the floor, "Lil baby man! Lil baby man!"

"Huh?" They whisper, looking over, eyes widening at the sight of Charlie but,,, smaller, on the floor.

He doesn't look younger, just like they opened ms paint and dragged the slider down on him until he was shorter,

"Huh?" They say, louder, and he looks at them,



“Not you too,” He groans, looking at them,

“Oh my god he’s so cute!” Niki squeals, apparently noticing him, and he yells, flapping his hands and bouncing annoyedly, they chuckle, their head only hurting a little from the yelling,

“So, you short often?” They ask, sitting down on the floor, and he shrieks in rage, making them laugh harder.

“Oh it’s raining,” Phil states, not paying attention to whatever they’re doing, and they look over,

Wilbur walks over and they follow suit, mostly robotically, looking out at the drizzling outside, it is dawn, making the water shine,

“It’s pretty,” They state, and they hear the little patter of the (now shorter?) Slimecicle running up, jumping repeatedly to look out the window and getting nowhere,

“D-do you need any help?” They ask, looking down at him,

“Please,”

They lift him up under the arms, as he is about half of his original height now, and set him on the small ledge of the window so he can look out,

“Dadboo pog?” Wilbur says from next to them and they laugh,

“Dadboo pog!” They repeat back,

“We literally already have a son,” Tubbo says from behind them,

“I can have two,”

Tubbo blinks at them, “He’s literally older than you?”

They look over, making eye contact for intimidation points for the bit even though it kinda sucks, “If you think I care about the legality of this adoption you don’t know me half as well as I thought you did,”

They preen a little at the laughter they receive, along with Techno’s agreeing whoop, Tubbo crosses his arms, glaring at them,

“I want another divorce.”

They are laying on the living room couch, it isn’t a complete sleepover night, but the other kids have joined them.

Calling them ‘kids’ feels weird, they know they’re a minor, of course, legally, but they have already lived alone and supported themselves and been an ‘adult’,

But also they feel less mature and less healed and younger than others in the household, even the other kids, so it feels weird.

They shift around a tiny bit, stopping when Michael huffs and curls up further against their chest,

He's been a bit clingier since they've woken up, they feel bad, they feel like they stress him out a lot, and they don't want to end up like their mom was.

Their mom is?

They shake off those thoughts, they don't wanna think of her anymore, all that matters is that they are by their friends, and they are safe, and they are happy.

They curl up closer to everyone, stealing their warmth (and blankets), and fall asleep.

The next day, unlike usual, they feel worse, their migraine stabbing at the side of their skull. They groan when they open their eyes, curling up further on themselves to try to block out the light.

"You okay?" Tommy asks groggily, and they hear the fabric shift as he sits up, they nod weakly,

"Head hurt,"

"I'll get you some water and a straw,"

They nod, mumbling a thank you, and hear him shuffle off the bed and stumble off to the kitchen.

He returns a few minutes later and they are forced to sit up to drink it, the liquid helps their parched throat, and eases up just a tiny bit of the headache.

"Thank you," They mumble, handing back the empty glass, he nods, smiling at them,

"No problem big man!" He says and they wince, "Oh, sorry, no problem big man," He says, quieting down,

"It's fine," They say, curling up again under the covers,

He snorts at them, "Just rest it off big man, that's usually what Tubs does,"

"Mhm," They hum, closing their eyes.

They drift between consciousness and unconsciousness throughout the day, never completely falling into sleep, where they'll be greeted with void and weird dreams, but never awake enough to be truly aware of what is going on,

They go closer to the 'conscious' side as someone sits down near them on the couch, and peak out of their blanket cocoon to see Phil sitting there, a book in hand,

"Hello mate," He greets, "How are you doing?"

"Tired," They respond groggily,

He chuckles, "Feel free to go back to bed mate, I'll wake you up for dinner,"

They nod, humming, and curl up further, feeling Phil lay a wing over them gently. They make a sound half between a vwoop and a purr, curling up further,

His wings are very warm, even through the blankets, almost acting like another one, and they shift

closer,

They peak out of the blankets again, “Can I touch your wings?”

He looks at them, blinking, “Do you know how to preen?”

They nod, “Basically,”

He shrugs, “Sure, be careful,”

They shuffle out of the blankets enough that they can actually use their arms, reaching out and running their fingers gently over some of the primaries, they twitch slightly from the touch,

They flinch back as pain starts blooming at their fingertips, making a noise of discomfort, and at the same time Phil’s wing twitches back, hitting the couch,

“Ow,” He hisses, wing fluttering slightly, enough to not smack them (gladly), and they watch as red and green shines across the feathers,

They blink, “Oh my god, I’m so sorry,”

“Hey, it’s okay mate,” Phil reassures immediately, “You don’t apologize for this sort of stuff, okay?”

They nod, wincing again as the pain in their fingers slowly subsidies, with it goes some of their migraine, the soulmark soothing them naturally, and they lay back down onto the couch, a wave of tiredness going over them,

He huffs, shifting closer and putting a hand in their hair, running through it, “You can sleep again mate,”

They nod, “G’night Phil,”

“Goodnight mate,”

A wing lays over them and they fall asleep, for the first time in a few nights, they don’t have any dreams at all.

XD pulls Dream into a, well, dream, as soon as he can, he doesn’t care to make it a very important place, a simple field, ending off into an empty void after only a few yards.

“Hello?” He asks, looking around until he sees them, “What’s wrong?”

“Do you know what’s going on with Ranboo?” XD asks, cutting to the chase,

He winces, “I thought you did,”

“I thought I did! I thought originally it was a different dreamon, or any type of demon really, but I looked and there was nothing!”

“Could they just have evaded you? Or be hidden?”

“No! With how bonded I already am to Ranboo it would be virtually impossible to hide that sort of thing! I looked everywhere, the only person in their head is themselves,”

He frowns behind his mask, “Wait, I’m going back on this, you think it’s a dreamon?”

“Or any demon, at least I thought so, I got pushed out of their head when they fell asleep, completely blocked off,”

“We thought it was a normal medical issue, our best guess currently was more hybrid traits are being unlocked, this is just a more aversive reaction to it,”

XD pauses, all this information locking into place into the puzzle he has slowly been unlocking within the past few days.

The only person in Ranboo’s head is Ranboo,

Whatever pushed him out had to have been a dreamon, or some sort of demon or demon-descendent

Hybrid traits often don’t form properly under stress and will form later in life, Ranboo is unlocking a lot of those recently,

Forming demon traits often has aversive effects especially if not allowed to form while young.

Ranboo is a-

“Dream, I need you to look at Ranboo’s code.”

# Dafodills

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo has some time alone to question what's going on.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking a bit to get to this chapter, I took like, a mini-break so that I could catch up on Boring Normal Life Responsibilities that I was putting off to write, but school's ending soon for me which means I will have more time to write :>

I hope you enjoy this chapter, I actually like it a lot.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*She sighs, staring at blank white eyes in the mirror as he fixes his hair, placing their crown on their head, careful to put it in a correct position so it doesn't tilt off,*

*Usually servants help them dress, but she shooed them off for today, nothing against them, she actually is quite friendly with most of them, she just doesn't like all the hands on her, he only has them help him with outfits that take more care and he can't just put on himself, usually for balls and the like,*

*Her mind pulls her eyes to the reflection of the door in the mirror and she sighs, already knowing who will come through,*

*It's some royal advisor, he doesn't know whatever their name is, just that they're annoying and an asshole and refuse to call them anything but 'prince', so yeah, he's a dick*

*"**Prince Alistair**" He says as he comes into the room, they pointedly don't turn, just looking at him through the mirror's reflection, "**Are you almost done?**"*

*"**Sovereign Eret,**" She corrects,*

*"**Yes, erm, Sovereign Eret,**" The man corrects, tone almost mocking, she narrows her eyes at them, still refusing to turn and give them the respect of talking to her face to face,*

*"**I would suggest you are more respectful of a future ruler if you wish to keep your job,**" She says, keeping her tone casual, calm, if they raise it they will only be giving in, and proving themselves less mature than their position deserves,*

*"**Apologies, sovereign, I did not wish to come off as rude,**" He says, tone toeing on the edge of panicked, she smiles calmly,*

*"**Please leave my quarters, I will come down at once,**" She says, not accepting the apology, she watches him gulp,*

***"Yes, sovereign,"** He says, slinking out of the room quietly,*

*She sighs, fixing up her outfit once again, they can't wait until the day they can leave this place, or at least get someone to liven it up a bit.*

*They watch through the branches of the trees, balancing still on one as to not make it shift and attract attention,*

*There is a podium set up a bit away, twenty-or-so blocks, with an audience watching quietly, a hit on some stupid politician on a server nobody knows about, easy and pays well,*

*They don't like how long it pulls them away from Purpled, even though they know that he's long since been able to care for himself, they are paranoid someone will be hired against their family for their own hits, it is part of why they are so careful to not get caught,*

*They raise their crossbow with a silence perfected over time, aiming it directly at the politicians head, waiting for just the perfect moment and then-*

*They shoot, not even taking the time to watch the arrow connect, they know it does, and jumping to the ground of the tree, taking off,*

*They know some try to follow them, but none are fast enough to be any sort of a threat, and they quickly get to the server portal, jumping through.*

*Skeppy winces as he wakes up to the sun shining through the window above his bed, sitting up with a small pained noise,*

*Chronic pain is an old friend of his at this point, having diamonds growing out of your skin doesn't particularly feel good, even if it is sort of his natural state, sometimes it just feels worse, he's used to it,*

*He manages to roll out of bed, stumbling over to shove a hoodie on and staggering out of his room, every step hurts, like a bunch of glass shards are under his skin, which he guesses there are, but that isn't all of why the pain is there, he thinks anyways, he's spend hours before trying to dig at whatever sharp pain is under his skin and finding nothing,*

*He slumps down into a seat at the table, the house he and Bad are in at the moment is small, just something to stay in for a bit until they decide to continue on through servers, or decide to build something bigger,*

*Bad places a plate in front of him, setting a warm palm against his cheek over where the red soulmark is, **"Are you doing okay?"***

*He curses Bad in his own mind for reading him so easily, but at the same time is incredibly happy for it, it's hard to tell someone 'I am in pain today', so he's glad that he picks up on it so well,*

***"Just tired,"** He says, leaning into Bad's hand,*

*Bad gives him a short glare with no actual malice, more worry than anything, "Get better at lying,"*

*He snorts softly, "You just read me to well,"*

*"I have to you muffinhead, or you'd go out to the nether or something like this," Bad gestures at him generally, he tries not to take too much offence to it, "You're staying in today"*

*"Fine," He says, an underlying thanks in his tone,*

*Bad smiles at him, fangs pulling back the edges of his mouth slightly, "Now eat some breakfast."*

Ranboo wakes up aching all over from sleeping curled up against someone who is no longer there, sitting up and stretching, looking around them.

It is night, yet again, and they sigh, slowly standing, already accepting that they won't be able to go back asleep again yet.

Their sleep schedule is completely messed up from being sick, they are not excited to have to fix it later on.

No one is awake in the kitchen, but there is a mug left on the table with a drink of hot chocolate left, implying someone (or someones) were at insomnia club and have just already retired to try to sleep,

They sigh, bringing it into the kitchen and dropping it into the sink, slightly more careful than usual to not splash themselves, they've done that quite a lot recently and don't wanna make it a habit.

They aren't hungry or thirsty, or particularly wanna do anything, but they can't sleep, what do they even do right now?

Do they just,,, think?

They go back to the couch, curling up with their blanket around their shoulders, staring off into nothing.

They don't know how everything has been recently, they've been less anxious, much too tired to be, but some fear still lingers in the back of their mind, as it does every moment of every day.

They don't know what's going on, this isn't a cold, their nose isn't stuffy and they don't have a cough or anything, no normal 'sick' symptoms,

However, they also aren't,,, *not* sick, their head hurts, constantly, almost worse than when their horns were growing in, they're loopy and feel just, weird, out of place,

Oh, and the recurring strange dreams about their housemates, that seem increasingly real, and increasingly like they *are* the person in the dreams instead of just watching them, it's weird, they don't like it,

It feels like they're invading someone's privacy, which doesn't make sense, it's in their head, but they've given up on thinking dreams are just things in their own head since they learnt XD was a

person.

They miss XD, he hasn't been in any of their dreams recently, they hope they didn't do anything to make him angry.

Their mind drifts back to whatever they might be sick with,

The only thing that really comes to mind as feeling similar is when they got their fangs and horns, but the pain isn't centralized in any way, like how those were, just their general brain hurting, and sometimes their full body aching.

They wave off the idea of it being something like scales, they would've just been born with those,

They've heard of hybrids developing powers and stuff, like their own silk touch hands and teleportation, like this, as a feature that grows in instead of just being there until noticed, but they doubt that unless enderman have some other power they don't know about,

Or their other half, but they don't particularly like thinking about their other half,

Such a large portion of information on themselves just,,, not there,

They have hints, Enderman don't have tails, or horns, or many features at all really. Whatever it is is *probably* white, and has red eyes, unless that half is just albino, or a texture glitch, but they don't wanna think about that and make it even more confusing.

They sigh, resting their face in their hands.

They know what it probably isn't, people guess Ghast a lot, but it doesn't feel correct, they don't feel for Ghasts, they can kill Ghasts just like anyone else can, they can't do that with Enderman,

They've gotten other guesses, like Killer Bunnies, before the horns grew in of course, so that knocks them off the possibilities.

It's just, confusing, and nothing makes sense, every mob they could ever think of never clicks correctly, not Sheep or Cows or Pigs or even more humanoid ones like Piglins or Skeletons! Nothing!

They bring their hands up to tangle in their hair, yanking hard, pain stabs their scalp immediately, intensified by their migraine, and they whimper, letting go slowly of their grip, instead combing their fingers through their hair.

It's a bit knotted and they yank on a few with their fingers, combing through them, it's pretty long at this point, reaching their shoulders, they wonder if they should cut it.

They don't really want to, it would be harder for Techno to braid it then, and they like the length it is at now, they'll probably not grow it out that longer, but this is a good length, out of the way but still able to style better than before.

What were they thinking about?

It doesn't matter, they should get back to bed if they want to get any more sleep at all anyways.

They sigh, curling up on the couch again, this time in a more comfortable position, the blanket wrapped around them like a little cocoon, and slowly doze off into unconsciousness.



*They wake up in the void,*

*This time, they walk and are not greeted by a made up memory from someone else, instead, their surroundings slowly brighten from the pitch black into an almost blinding white,*

*Their footsteps are loud and echoing, but also strangely muffled, like wearing noise cancelling headphones and knocking on the side of them, they test a few times and find that every sound has that effect,*

*They look down and find that the white floor is reflective, aren't reflections supposed to not work in dreams? They think they heard that somewhere, whatever,*

*They kneel down, staring at their own reflection on the floor, they aren't in the clothes they fell asleep in, instead in their usual suit without the jacket, there are flowers tucked behind their ear and they slowly move to pull them out, staring at them in their hands,*

*They're daffodils they think? Not the usual bright yellow ones but paler, basically white,*

*"Huh" They say softly, tucking them back behind their ear and standing, patting themselves off like there was any dust here to get on their clothing and walking further,*

*Trying to figure out if they're moving at all is a challenge, with nothing to compare distance to, all they can depend on is putting their feet in front of each other,*

*There is a destination they are trying to reach, they just don't know what it is.*

*A building slowly comes into view, far in the distance and slowly moving closer with every step they take, it takes them an almost embarrassing amount of time to realize that it's the house they and their soulmates live in right now,*

*They walk up to the porch, their steps on the stairs making the same weird, echoey noise, and slowly walk over to the door, twisting the handle and opening it,*

*It looks strangely realistic, the inside, like how it looked when they were walking down the hall just a bit ago, or was that a long time ago? They walk into the living room and blink when they find,,,, themselves there,*

*They are curled up under a blanket on the couch, face a bit flushed with fever, hair messy and knotted, in the clothes they actually fell asleep in,*

*It feels strange looking at themselves, only ever seeing themselves in mirrors or reflections, never just, them,*

*They wander over, kneeling in front of the couch to look at themselves,*

*They look a lot worse than they felt, is this really what they look like? No wonder everyone is worried,*

*They slowly bring their hand up, as if afraid of awakening themselves, adjust their own sleeping form into a better position, a more comfortable one, and brush out their hair with their fingers until knots no longer remain in it, after a second of thought, pulling the flowers from behind their own ear and tucking them into the hair of their sleeping form,*

*Once satisfied they look a bit better, they leave the room, walking up the staircase,*

*They peak into Tubbo's room, smiling fondly when they see their husband fast asleep with Michael curled up close, walking forward to kiss both of their foreheads before leaving,*

*Tommy is fast asleep in his own room, sprawled out like a starfish, his prosthetic discarded next to the bed, they tuck him under the blankets a bit more before leaving,*

*They leave the room and look over when they hear footsteps, much duller, Philza walks past down and then turns to go to the kitchen, he's probably waking up to cook everyone food,*

*They peak into Fundy's and when satisfied he's okay, move onto the next floor,*

*Both Karl and Sapnap's rooms are empty, and they're worried for a second until they look into Quackity's room and find them all curled up on the bed together, Bad and Skeppy are also curled together in Skeppy's room, and they leave them all alone,*

*The next floor has everyone generally awake and getting ready, Wilbur, Techno, Schlatt, and Phil who is already up,*

*They open the door to Dream's room, eyes widening when they see XD sitting next to the bed,*

*"What-" They say softly, attracting his attention,*

*XD stares at them with what must be a shocked expression, rising and going to talk, but being cut off by-*

*They flinch awake as their shaken, gasping repeatedly, a hand goes to their back, rubbing it soothingly,*

*"Hey mate, sorry if I scared you, but you were looking like you were having a nightmare and I wanted to wake you up," Philza's voice registers in their brain, somehow it feels weirder for it to not be all echoey and weird,*

*"It- It's fine," They stutter, "Thank you,"*

*"How about you get up and come help me with breakfast?" He suggests, "or do you wanna just stay in bed today,"*

*"I'll come help, just give me a second," They say, waving him off, and he nods, smiling at them and walking off,*

*They take a second to calm down their breath and heartbeat,*

*The dream was weird, not scary just- realistic, too realistic, and XD was there, why-*

*Something drops from behind their ear and they look over, eyes widening in shock,*

*It's a daffodil.*

## Chapter End Notes

Since somebody was interested and asked me if I would be interested in making a

discord, I am gonna say again that there already is one!

<https://discord.gg/QWyFEvjmeQ>

# Self Discovery

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo learns something about themselves.

Making breakfast with Phil is something Ranboo always finds calming, often in the early parts of the morning where no one is up, or at least no one is being particularly loud,

They also enjoy making something for everyone, even if this wasn't really a gift, they just enjoy giving presents, and seeing everyone enjoy something they helped create makes them feel all giddy,

They do less than usual, because as much as they think they don't feel loopy anymore, Phil doesn't really wanna test how good they'd be right now at carrying a pitcher of liquid (which they don't really wanna test either, anyways.)

People slowly filter into the dining room next door, waking up slowly with the help of coffee and Tommy talking much too loud for how early it was,

Their ears perk up when they hear the quiet sound of toddler babbling and peak out of the kitchen, laying eyes on their child,

"Hi Michael," They hum, walking over and taking him from Tubbo gently, who gives over the child willingly, yawning,

"Mornin' boo," Tubbo says, reaching up to pull them down and bonk their heads together gently,

"Morning bee," They smile, shooing him over to his seat and walking back into the kitchen to grab his plate for him, resting Michael on their hip, who curls up against them tiredly,

They manage to balance Tubbo's plate with one hand to bring it out, setting it in front of him,

Tommy looks at them, and in a glorious moment of having no filter, says,

"Ranboo, you are both a girlboss and a malewife,"

"Excuse me???"

"You're like, inspirational and powerful and whatever,"

They blink, "I don't think that's what a girlboss is?"

"Is now."

They're eating breakfast already when Dream comes downstairs, much later than usual but also more awake, and he acts,,, weird the whole time,

They don't know what particularly points them towards it, but it just feels like he's watching them the whole time, which makes the enderman part of their brain viscerally uncomfortable,

They eat quickly so they can leave, they know he probably means well, or is doing it accidentally, or maybe they're just imagining it, but the feeling of eyes on them just,, it makes their brain feel like static, makes moving difficult, it is hard to explain, just,

It's just bad.

They put their plate in it's correct spot in the kitchen to be cleaned later (not by them, of course, since that'd be literal torture) and escape back to the living room, calling up Dogboo onto their lap,

The pressure of him laying across them is calming and they take a few minutes to just sit there, running their hands through his fur, until the buzzing feeling of eyes on them fades,

They sigh, scratching him behind the ears, "Good boy, good,"

They hear steps and look over as Tubbo walks into the room with Michael in his arms, joining them on the couch,

"Are you okay?" He asks, leaning against their arm,

"Yeah, being looked at is just a bit much today,"

"Was someone looking at you?"

"Dream,"

"Ah, okay,"

They lapse into comfortable silence after that, just enjoying eachothers company, until another person joins them in the living room,

Dream.

"Hey Ranboo," Dream greets, "Can we talk?"

"Uh, sure?"

"Not here," He specifies, "alone,"

Ranboo looks over at Tubbo, who nods at him, and gets Dogboo off their lap before standing, "Okay, where are we going?"

"Just somewhere private, your room or mine,"

"Mine,"

He nods, leading the way as they follow after nervously, some part of themselves scared they managed to do something wrong while sick,

He steps into their room and lets them follow him in before closing it behind them,

"I think I figured out what happened, but I'll need to check your code to know for sure," He says, apparently jumping into this immediately, they blink,

“Uh, okay, sure,” They say, drawing out the words, “How would we do that?”

“I just need your com,”

They nod, pulling it out and handing it over.

Coms, while a physical object people can pull out, like one pulls an object out of their inventory, are connected to someone's physical body in some ways, most of all it can teleport it between servers, and be used to hack into them, but it also has a chip behind someone's ear for calls, so that only they can hear it, and a part connected to someone's spinal cord, which tracks things like health, hunger, and holds someone's code.

Ranboo, while quite good in the ‘hacking into servers’ category, never really understood code, so they have no clue what any of theirs meant, and never really cared to ask, but maybe they can ask Dream things later.

He scrolls through it quickly until he gets to some specific lines, and they see him pause,

“Ranboo, has anybody ever checked through or edited your code before?”

“No, why?”

Dream turns the com over to show to them,

There is a large branch of it completely distorted, glitching between different things, next to something that they can *generally* figure out means ‘enderman’, so this is probably species,

“Huh,” They say, “Is that bad?”

“Maybe? The only person whose code I’ve looked over and looked like this is Karl’s and well, he’s Karl,”

Ranboo nods, not really knowing what that means, or is trying to imply, but just going along with it, taking their communicator back,

“So did you figure out what you needed to?”

“No, it’s what’s distorted, so I’ll have to look into how to unglitch that, or at least how to figure it out without checking your code,”

They nod, “Sorry,”

“Not your fault,”

He leaves and they stay there for a few minutes, staring at the glitching code like it will reveal itself to them,

They forgot to ask what he was even looking to be there.

They go through the rest of the day in a bit of a haze, they act normally, or as normal as usual

while sick, they talk to people and move around and do things, but their mind just feels distanced, almost dreamlike,

It's annoying, their brain feels like it works better *while* dreaming nowadays,

They don't know what the glitched code means, but some part of their brain nags that it is something wrong with them,

Glitched code can be a few things, they know that much, it could be a medical issue, but Dream didn't seem too worried, so they don't think it's that, it could be something someone else messed with, glitching their code to hide parts of it or something similar, or-

Sometimes, code being glitched can be a sort of mental thing, from someone not knowing a part of themselves, or hiding it, they know it happens to hybrids sometimes who hide their hybrid features, ending up messing up the code with unuse,

Dream was looking at their code for their species, so that makes sense, however, they don't like thinking about that, because they *don't know what they are*.

Did they at some point? And they just forgot?

They stop themselves quickly from spiraling into that thought process, pulling themselves back from it.

It's okay, they can figure it out, it's alright.

They breathe, settling down slowly, until at least the loudest of the anxiety is calmed.

Maybe they'll sleep on it, sleeping has helped them remember things before, and it'll help them settle down,

Yeah, they'll do that.

They move their stuff back into the room off the medical room from where it is in the living room, deciding they'd rather be alone for now.

For once in the past few days, it takes them quite a while to fall asleep, but eventually they manage to pull themselves under, the void greeting them as it always does.

*They open their eyes to the empty void once again, they are laying on the ground, their hands clasped over their stomach, a bit like someone would set up a corpse,*

*They slowly rise to their feet, looking around themselves,*

*There is,,, light, in a way, in a direction, and they decide to walk towards it, havnig nothing better to do,*

*Slowly the surroundings meld away into grass, a slightly cloudy blue sky and a hill with flowers growing off of it and a tree standing out amongst the hilled planes,*

*They look over to their left, and see the village they were born in, but instead of the bustling people in the streets, the incredibly faint yells from the market, it is completely empty, hollow, in a way,*

*They remember sitting on this hill with Niki, watching the clouds, or the stars, there is a little river surrounding it, circling around it, that washes in fish and clams from the sea that she'd pick out to sell, they never helped, for obvious reasons,*

*They avoid the river for a moment and walk over to the tree, sitting down and leaning against it, closing their eyes with a sigh,*

*They don't really know how they feel, about this place,*

*They know how they feel about their mom at this point (bad), they know how they feel about the mean people in the village who hurt them (angry), they know how they feel about Niki (loving), they know all of that,*

*But this was the place they grew up, and the place they were tortured, they sat on this hill and watched the clouds with Niki to go home to a house that they would be eventually killed by their mom in, days later,*

*They don't know if it's okay to blame a location for the tragedies that happened in it, they hope it's empty now, free from people to curse hybrids like themselves and cause similar fates,*

*They don't miss it, but this place, this specific place, this hill and the river, was a safe haven compared to the place they were raised, just a bit away from it,*

*That village, full of people who hated them for something they couldn't control, was their place of birth, was the place that they were given a form, but this place, with Niki and the river they couldn't get too close to and a forest they'd hide in to talk to enderman, raised them, made them a person,*

*And they can't fault or praise either of them for that, places are just that, places, they've never been stuck to places, not like others often are, they know how to separate the two, they care for people, not things,*

*They open their eyes from their silent deliberation, standing and looking over towards the river, it is where it always was, it is quiet, peaceful, in a way it hadn't ever been before,*

*They don't know if it feels lonely or not, maybe peace is lonely, nothing to make them anxious, but no one to keep them company,*

*They sit at the edge of the river, staring in, there are clams under the surface, no, not clams, they had some other name, sea snails?*

*They think it's called a marine snail, actually, or what Niki called them anyways, they sold for a lot in the markets, even though they personally thought that they tasted nasty, they had some other name too, Abalone?*

*They reach out, unthinkingly, and slowly plunge their hand into the water to grab one,*

*The water is cool, rushing over their fingers and palm, but it doesn't come with the scorching pain it usually does,*

*Instead it is just that, cool, almost gentle, they wouldn't describe it as soft, but it is a thinner liquid than most of the other things they've drank or touched, so it is the closest thing their mind goes to to describe it,*

*They reach down to their elbow until they grasp onto one of the marine snails, pulling it up and out*



*of the water, shining in the sunlight,*

*They stare at it for a few seconds, it's shell is pretty, like glazed terracotta, the design almost sparkly, warped and layered like different paints across a canvas,*

*Their eyes drift over to their hand, holding up the shell, and immediately drop it into the water in shock,*

*Their hand, where it used to be distinctly black, like the void in their dreams and the enderman they've spoken to and obsidian and plenty of other things, is now pale white,*

*They look over at their other hand, expecting the colors to just have switched, some weird dream screw-up, but it is white too,*

*They kneel over the river, peering into the water, being greeted back with two bright red eyes, no split down the middle,*

*They scramble back, their fingers don't scratch deep into the ground like they used to, instead they are soft, the nails rounded instead of sharp like how they used to be, the dirt staining pale porcelain white skin easily,*

*They push themselves up, running off towards the village, some quest in mind, they don't know where they're going, but at the same time they are keenly aware of it, every step is calculated, known,*

*They open the door to their childhood home, stepping in,*

*It looks like they left it, clean, neat, dustless, but at the same time empty, this place was always a ghost town in itself, it was just now reflecting on the area around it,*

*They look at,,, themselves, well, it looks like themselves, long hair spilling down their shoulders, they are sitting at a table visible through an archway past the living room, some sort of tea in front of them,*

*They don't have any tails or horns, and they seem taller somehow, having to fold their legs under their chair to fit comfortably at the table,*

*"Hello?" They ask, walking forward,*

**They turn to themselves, instead of the split, where it should be on them too, the black stretches completely across their face, green eyes staring at them,**

**"Hello," They say, "Please sit down, I feel we have a lot to discuss, I have some tea for you, how you enjoy it,"**

*They walk over tentatively, sitting down in the chair across from them, hands clasping around the mug (their fingers are shorter, they realize) and slowly taking a sip from it,*

*It is sickeningly sweet, in a way they wouldn't normally enjoy, but for some reason it is enjoyable now,*

**"I'm sure you have a lot of questions," They say, and they nod in agreement, "Feel free to ask all you like, we have all the time we need,"**

*"Who are you?"*

**"You know the answer to that one,"**

*"I want you to say it,"*

**They sigh, "I'm you, or at least a part of you, happy?"**

*"Not really,"*

**They shrug, "Don't ask questions with stupid answers,"**

*They frown, "Where are we?"*

**"You also know that one,"**

*"No, not where the dream is, where are we?"*

**"Physically? We're asleep where we fell asleep, mentally, we are just in the dream world,"**

*"Why?"*

**"Why what?"**

*"Why are we in the dream world?"*

**"Because we're dreaming,"**

*"No, but why have they been weird? Why have I been dreaming of other people?"*

**"Because you're in their dreams,"**

*They pause, "What?"*

**"Well, more of you are in their dreams that you created from their memories?"**

*"I'm still confused,"*

**"We'll circle back to that, keep asking,"**

*"Why are we separate?"*

**"Think of it as conscious versus unconscious thought, you are trying to process through things, so your brain is letting you talk it out with yourself,"**

*"Are you like XD?"*

**They snort, "No, I think you are, actually,"**

*"Huh?"*

**They look at them, summoning their communicator, which drops onto the table, "What are you, Boo?"**

*They look at the page of code, all of it glitching between colors and numbers,*

*Besides one piece,*

*There is one part, the specific piece that Dream was originally looking for, that was glitched,*

*'Demon' it reads, simple, concise, plain*

*Their heart drops,*

**"You know what you are,"**

*Every time their mother would scream at them (in these same halls) that they were a demon, a monster, a pet, something to be put in a cage and in chains and muzzled for safety, something dangerous, runs through their head at the same time,*

**They reach their clawed hand across the table and clasp the softer one, still gripped tight around the mug,**

*They whimper, tears bubbling up in their eyes and dripping down their cheeks, not as painful as usual,*

**"What she said doesn't matter, okay?" They say, "What about XD, or Bad, or Ponk? You don't think any of them are bad, why would you be,"**

*They nod, wiping their tears away with the back of their hand, "Sorry, sorry,"*

**"Wow, you're even apologizing to yourself now, new low,"**

*They laugh wetly, "Yeah,"*

**They sit there for a bit, hands clasped tight together, like if they hold tight enough it'll blend together again,**

*"Is it sad I am more comfortable with myself than everybody else?"*

**"No, no I don't think so,"**

*"Can you- can you explain, further, please?"*

**"You are a demon, specifically a memory demon, you subconsciously hid this from yourself due to not being mentally healthy enough to process it, or in a physically safe enough place to go through that, so now your body is having aversive effects to it,"**

*"Then why is everything in my dreams?"*

**"You are bonded to XD," They are given a look, and they roll their eyes, "No, not like that, he doesn't have soulmarks, anyways, him being a dreamon effected how your powers first showed themselves,"**

*"Is that why he isn't here?"*

**"It is why he originally was kicked out, but now he is staying out to avoid causing more problems for you mentally,"**

*"Does he know?"*

**"Not fully, but a bit of it, he suspects you are a demon of some kind,"**

*They nod, "Should I tell him?"*

**"Take your time, they'll figure it out,"**

*"Am I gonna get anything new? Like how my horns grew in?"*

**"Your horns were already a demon feature, idiot," They snort, "You might get other things, but you already have tails and horns, so I doubt it,"**

*"Like what?"*

**"Demons are real far between in looks, Ponk is part demon and looks basically human, and Bad looks like a shadow, while XD is barely humanoid,"**

*"He looks humanoid to me,"*

**"Well yeah, but that's because he started mimicking Dream's form, he looks a lot more abstract when not copying him,"**

*They nod slowly, before they come to a realization, "Wait, does that mean all those dreams really happened?!"*

**They nod, "They can be a little morphed, by people's perception of how events took place, but yes, generally they are things that really happened, but they are all over now, and you've seen everyone recently completely okay,"**

*They frown, "That doesn't mean I like that they went through that,"*

**"I know, but they don't like what you went through either, and all of you are okay now, you're safe,"**

*Even with how long they've been with everyone, almost half a year now, the concept of safety feels foreign, they guess a few months of safety doesn't make up for the rest of their life of none,*

*"Is me being a memory demon why I have memory issues? Could it fix them?"*

**"No, as far as I know they have little to no correlation, and they could possibly help with you retaining them through others, but it won't completely get rid of them,"**

*They frown, they've long since gotten over trying to find some magical cure for their memory, learning to live with it, but still, they would rather not live in fear one day they'll forget everything, be left with nothing but a void where memories, should be,*

**"You should work on that you know,"**

*"My memory?"*

**"No, well, yes, but more of the fear of it, if it is triggered more by anxiety, then being anxious you'll forget something is gonna make it worse,"**

*They frown, "Tubbo had an idea, some affirmations thing, to make me remember more,"*

**"What happened with that?"**

*They frown further, "I forgot about it,"*

**They chuckle, "Well, you should probably put it in place, then, so you do remember,"**

*They nod, "I'll try to remember when I wake up,"*

**"I'll try and remember to, that way we'll probably remember,"**

*"Do you think anybody will be mad? That I'm a demon?"*

**"No? Why would they, there are others in the household,"**

*They frown, "I don't know, I guess I'm still paranoid from when I lived, you know, here," They gesture towards the house,*

**They shrug, "I understand that, no one will be mad though,"**

*"Promise?"*

**"I promise"**

*They nod, blinking as their vision blurs slightly,*

*"What's going on?"*

**"We're waking up,"**

*"Is that a bad thing?"*

**"No, we'll be one person again, that's good,"**

*"I'll miss you,"*

**"Why would you miss me? I'll be part of you, and you'll be part of me,"**

*"But I won't be able to talk to you, or see you,"*

**"Well, to do that you'll just have to think, or look in a mirror,"**

*"Can we talk like this again?"*

**"No, I don't think so, I don't think we're supposed to be like this,"**

*"Is this goodbye then?"*

**"Stop thinking about this as a goodbye, we'll be together, we're the same person,"**

*"Can you just say it? Please?"*

**They sigh, "Goodbye, Boo,"**

*"Goodbye, Ran,"*

**They make a small noise as their vision starts to blur and fade out into the awake world, "I like that name."**



# Secret

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo, shockingly, actually gets away with keeping a secret for a whole day.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They are awoken by a hand shaking their shoulder,

“Hey, Ranboo, wake up,” A voice murmurs and they slowly sit up, looking over,

Tubbo smiles at them softly, “Hey, boo,” He says, leaning over to cup under their jaw and bonk their heads together gently,

“Hey Tubbo,” They say back, voice still gentle and low with sleep,

“Dinner’s done, I brought you some,” He says, gesturing over to a tray on the bedside table, “I thought you should eat because you skipped lunch,”

They nod, “Thank you,”

He smiles at them, “Don’t mention it,”

Time passes normally, the only difference the weight of the secret they now hold, they don’t write it down in their book, trusting their memory, for once, to keep it.

Keeping secrets comes easily to them, but it doesn’t make them feel any less guilty, looking at their soulmates and saying nothing,

They know they’re still worried, all of them have been since they fell ill, but the idea of telling them, telling the world that they are what used to be their worst fear (being a demon, being a monster, being a-) makes them feel sick to the core,

So they stay quiet.

The physical signs of sickness fade quickly, besides the head pain, which instead migrates downwards onto their shoulder blades, probably from nights of sleeping on a couch, so they move back into sleeping in their own room most nights,

They could scream in joy when they are allowed to leave the house again, and go out the next morning with Foolish to help with the mansion.

“Woah,” They say, staring at the absolutely massive, sprawling structure, “This is,,, a *lot* bigger than when I last was here,”

He laughs softly, “Yeah, I got a bit carried away,”

“Clearly,” They say, stepping inside, the doors are tall enough they don’t need to lean down to walk in comfortably, and it makes them smile just a little bit,

The inside is mostly empty still, interior not done yet, with a little grass platform set up to grow trees quickly.

“Hey, do you still need wood?” They ask, looking over,

“Huh? Oh, yeah, definitely, I still need to do this whole interior,” He states,

They nod, running off to do a task they assigned themselves while Foolish gets to work building.

*They are not very surprised when they wake up into the void again, almost the exact opposite, actually, but they are pleasantly surprised when they look at their hands and find the normal dual-tones instead of being two separate people again,*

*They wait for the surroundings to meld away (or the opposite, actually) like they usually do, but unlike usual, they are met with familiar surroundings, VERY familiar surroundings,*

*The dueling ring is around them, and they see Wilbur and Techno sparring, sword clashing against Techno’s pickaxe, the sight makes them wince, they don’t like remembering the weapon they used in Hypixel as a weapon,*

*Techno easily disarms him, throwing the sword a few feet away and knocking him down, placing the tip of his sword to his chest,*

*”You lost,.” He says, helping Wilbur up and sending him off, “**Quackity, you’re up,**”*

*Quackity groans, walking over from where he was leaning against the wall and picking up the discarded sword, “**Why are we even doing this again?**”*

*”**Being able to duel is a useful skill, and you’re all shit at it, so I’m making you practice,**” Techno states, “**Get in position,**”*

*Quackity sighs, getting into position, it isn’t the best, a little bit lop-sided, but better than Quackity probably would usually do, implying he has been training for a bit,*

*Techno is going easy, clearly, when he hits down on the sword, forcing Quackity to fight against it before delivering his own blows, they wince when they watch him try to hit Techno, his technique is bad, too focused on hitting them quick and repeatedly then getting better hits without the talent to do it well,*

*”**Don’t focus on speed, Quackity,**” Techno says, saying what they were thinking as he parries the blows easily,*

*Quackity huffs but falls back into an easier, if a bit more common, technique, focusing on getting better hits than quicker ones,*

*Techno actually starts attacking back, at some point, forcing Quackity to have to deflect, but still*



*going a bit easy on him, Quackity takes it shockingly well, blocking between his attacks,*

***"Go big Q!"** Tommy yells from the sidelines, answered by others yelling similar things, and they see Quackity grin, confidence growing,*

*And then he makes a very, very bad mistake,*

*He leans into a direction to dodge an attack, already a bad move, unbalancing himself, but he also, leans directly into the opposite direction that Techno's pickaxe is moving, making it connect, hard,*

*Everything gets flashy, fuzzy, red, and then Quackity is on the floor, holding his face with Techno trying to help him, blood in a puddle under his face,*

*They hear Tommy and Tubbo yelling worriedly as they are dragged away back to the house by Eret, to avoid having to see whatever carnage took place,*

*They walk over, slowly, not a stranger to gore, and wince when they see the damage.*

*His entire face is slashed open from above his brow, down over his eye (and horrifyingly, damaging the eye itself), leading to his lip, apparently facing the entire brunt of the pickaxe, they vaguely remember the scar that he has currently on his face, something they never really questioned, but now they feel a bit bad for how he got it,*

***"It's okay, you'll be okay, I'm so sorry,"** Techno says, voice dripping with guilt, enough even they can notice with their tone issues,*

***"Quackity!"** Sapnap calls, apparently finally arriving upon the scene, Karl in tow, **"Oh my prime Quackity,"***

*They both stare in horror at the wound and Quackity curls in further on himself, whimpering and,, chirping? To himself, clearly distressed,*

***"What the FUCK did you do?!"** Sapnap yells at Techno, eyes flashing in rage, and Karl immediately steps in front before he can do something rash,*

***"Calm down,"** Karl demands, **"We'll talk about this later, right now, we need to focus on Quackity"***

*Sapnap is still clearly angry, fire skittering along his face and arms randomly in rage, but he takes in a deep breath, cooling off, realizing it's not worth it right now,*

*Sapnap kneels next to Quackity with Karl, placing a gentle hand on him,*

***"You're gonna be okay, Ponk is coming right now with healing potions, okay?"***

*Techno shifts an arm around Quackity to hide him from others besides the three, the cape covering him, but flinches slightly when his hand touches Quackity's face to look at the wound and the skin under his hand immediately turns pink,*

*The dream fades quickly after that in a flash of colors, trailing into the next one,*

*This dream is calmer, in a calm, tragic way,*

*They see Ant standing with Bad to his side, both are quiet, quieter than usual, this silence more purposeful,*

*"Are you going to be okay?" Bad asks quietly,*

*Antfrost takes in a shaky breath, nodding, "Yeah, just,,, give me a minute,"*

*"Of course," Bad says, "Just call for us if you need us, okay?"*

*Ant nods and Bad walks away, leaving him alone at the spot,*

*He inhales shakily once again, slowly kneeling down, revealing to them what both of them were looking at,*

*A grave sits on the ground, a headstone delicately carved on top of it, peaking from freshly dug ground,*

*"I love you, velvet," Ant says, in the way Ranboo says it to Tubbo in the early hours of the morning long before anyone else is awake just to make sure no one can hear it, even him, the way he hears Karl and Sapnap and Quackity say it to each other, the way Niki talks about Puffy and Sam talks about Ponk and the way Skeppy drives Bad insane and how George and Dream act around each other, "I'll see you soon, okay?"*

*There is no answer yet Ant lingers for a bit before walking off in the direction Bad left in, the fur under his eyes wet,*

*They look back at the grave, walking over slowly,*

*This is their own mourning of sorts, maybe, mourning someone they never met, they've never heard spoken of, they've never known existed,*

*They wonder what this person would be like, who they were, if they were still alive, would they be another of their soulmates? Would they have been in the house with them? Who were they? How did their life end? Were they happy?*

*And there are no answers to be given in response to any of those, they joined this story past the epilogue,*

*There's some tragedy in that, mourning a story unknown, but this is just another lost scroll in a library of alexandria of people they've never met and lost all the same,*

*So they mourn and then let go, like they mourn their lost memories and lost faces and friends they never got to make because they were too afraid and lost chances,*

*If they hadn't left Niki would they have met this person? Or did they predate even that, would it have been useless,*

*If they hadn't left Niki would they even be here? Or would a hit from their mother finally kill them for good, and they would've never got to meet anyone in the first place?*

*It's that thought that finally shocks them awake, breath stuttery and quick as they stare up at the ceiling, blinking away tears aggressively to stop them from scorching their face as soon as they sit up,*

They're okay, they're fine, they're in a house with their soulmates who are all also fine, and nothing bad has happened for a very, very long time,

Their bed feels empty, Tubbo or Michael not joining them that night, giving them peace after a while of sleeping on the couch or in the medical room, but they don't really enjoy it, it feels lonely,

They sit up slowly, biting down hard on their lip to hold back little warbles as they stand up, walking towards their door,

It is still too late for anyone to have woken yet, the sun not risen, and they walk over to Tubbo's door, opening it and peaking in slightly,

Tubbo is curled up with Michael laid next to him, chest rising and falling slowly, and they smile fondly when they see him, going to close the door and leave like they were never there in the first place,

"Boo?" Tubbo calls quietly and they freeze, mid-way through closing the door, "Is that you,"

"Uh, yeah," They answer quietly, "Sorry, just checking in, I'll go now,"

"No, stay," Tubbo says, and who are they to say no to their husband?

They open the door again, shutting it behind them this time and walking over to the bed, sliding into the empty space,

Tubbo shifts to curl around them, leaving Michael cocooned between the two of them, and they curl back around the both of them in turn, tail wrapping around Tubbo's leg, a small purr bubbling up in their chest,

"Are you okay?" He asks quietly, "Why are you up so late?"

"Just a stupid nightmare," They say softly, "Sorry for waking you up,"

"Don't apologize for that," He says, "Do you wanna talk about it?"

"No, not really,"

"Okay, then let's sleep then," He says, "Love you,"

They blush, glad that the darkness of the room hides it, "Love you too,"

Tubbo falls asleep quickly after that, and like this, by some of the people they love most, warm and comfortable and safe, sleep never has came easier,

And nothing greets them at all while they rest.

They wake up groggily, groaning softly at the light that shines into their eyes, managing to sit up and detangle themselves from the two sets of hands clinging to them,

"Nooooo, get back in bedddd," Tubbo whines, reaching out to them and making grabby hands, they laugh softly,

“It’s almost afternoon, Tubs,” They say, “You’re almost as bad as Michael,”

He huffs, glaring at them with no malice as they escape both of their grasps,

“I’m gonna go get ready, when I’m done you better be at least out of bed,”

“Fine, dad”

“Do *not* call me that,”

“Daddyyyyyyy,”

“No! Stop!” They laugh, grabbing an extra pillow and smacking Tubbo over the face with it,

“Ow!”

“You deserved that,” They state, dropping the pillow on him, “Now I’m going,”

They teleport out to their own room before they hear whatever he’d say in response, sighing fondly,

They shove on a pair of clothing they find in their closet, vrooming happily to themselves as they run their hands over the soft fabric,

They feed their cats and fill their water bowl (carefully), grabbing their memory book before walking back to Tubbo’s room,

Tubbo is, shockingly, actually up when they open the door, struggling to button up his shirt while still groggy with sleep, Michael is sitting up on the bed, playing with the stuffed chicken toy they got him and babbling happily,

“Need help?” They ask, walking over slowly,

He looks up at them and nods, dropping his hands to stop trying and letting them take over,

They have to kneel down to actually do it properly due to the height difference, but easily button the last few and fix one put into the wrong spot, years of practice from wearing a suit making it quite easy for them,

Their eyes drift over to a bit of scar tissue on his chest as they button up the shirt and they frown,

“What is this from?” They ask, gently tapping the scar with the tips of their fingers,

He looks down, blinking slowly like a cat before realizing what they’re mentioning, “Oh, firework accident,”

They wince, “Fireworks hurt,”

He nods, “I don’t like ‘em much anymore, Techno had one of those firework launchers and one accidentally hit me, had to respawn and everything, it’s when I got his mark though, so it’s not all bad,”

When he says that he gestures to the pink outline on his cheek, overlapping over the scars that are faintly there, they nod, finishing up the last few buttons,

“He does that often, right? Injuring someone and soulmarking them,”

“Huh?”

“Like, you, Quackity,” They explain,

He narrows his eyes slightly, not in a suspicious way, but more of a curious one, “Did Quackity tell you about that? He doesn’t like talking about it much,”

They suddenly realize that, yes, they shouldn’t have that knowledge, and their anxiety skyrockets, “Oh- sorry I just- I don’t really remember- I think? He told me?” They lie, stuttering through it,

He grabs their hands, squeezing reassuringly, “Hey, it’s okay if you don’t remember, that’s fine, I was just curious,”

They nod, breathing slowly for a few seconds to calm down,

“Techno accidentally injured a few of us and we’ve forgiven him, and he is much more careful now, you don’t need to be afraid of him or anything,” Tubbo states,

“Oh, okay,”

They stand back up fully from where they were kneeling, clearing their throat, “There, I don’t know how you manage to mess up buttoning your shirt every day,”

“Maybe I’m doing it for the athestic bossman,”

“Do you mean aesthetic?”

“Yeah, that,” He picks up Michael, setting the toddler on his hip, “I already got Michael ready, so we can head down,”

They chuckle, “Okay, let’s go then.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry if this chapter focuses a lot on Tubbo, Ranboo, and Michael??? I think I just wanted to write them really badly lol.

If you like the fic and are interested feel free to join, I post when the fic updates there and some other things too!

<https://discord.gg/3ZgxpFH38f>

# Dancing

## Chapter Summary

More dreams, more bonding, more of a secret being kept. They can't keep this up.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo hums, drifting around randomly, every few moments picking up a block before walking a few yards and placing it back down,

The action is soothing, scratches some part of their brain they spent so long ignoring, so they bask in the feeling,

The house still in construction comes into view, the outside is completely finished, absolutely gigantic even compared to them (which makes sense, Foolish can be quite a bit taller than them, as they learnt when walking on him building once and almost had a heart attack, so can Bad apparently but they doubt that when he's normally shorter than even Skeppy.)

They curiously walk over, opening the door and peaking in,

The hall is more detailed than before, mostly with there actually being, you know, a hall there, instead of the blank insides of before,

“RANBOO RANBOO RANBOO RANBOO!!” Foolish yells and they jump, whipping around to the direction he's coming from,

They smile nervously at him, “Uh, Hey” They say, hoping he didn't notice how much he scared them,

“I finished the chandelier Ranboo!” He says, pointing up at the chandelier in the main hall, they look up at it, nodding,

“It looks, uh, very cool!”

“I know! It took me so long to do Ranboo! So long,”

They laugh softly, “Yeah, are you okay?”

“I didn't sleep last night,”

“Yeah that,, explains it,” They look up at the chandelier, “You should take a break,”

“I have so much to do still, I need to get this finished,”

They tilt their head at him, “It's not like you have a time limit?”

“But I've been working on it for almost a month now! And I have to do all this interior, and if I work on this any longer I think I'll actually go insane!”

They stare at him for a moment before slowly reaching out, akin to how someone reaches out to a feral dog, and tugging on his wrist, slowly bringing him outside and to the nearest grass block they can get to, picking it up out of the ground,

“Here,” They say, handing it over,

He looks down at the block, “What am I supposed to do with it?”

“Place it wherever you want,” They say, gesturing around lightly, “It’s what I do to decompress and calm down,”

He nods, like he takes this very seriously, and looks around, “Oh, could I place it atop of another block?” He says, looking at a grass block already placed down, probably by a different enderman or them,

“Sure,” They say, shrugging, “Place it wherever you want,”

He walks over and places it delicately on top, balancing the two blocks, and grins at his work like a proud parent, “I like this, I see why you do it,”

They nod, smiling, “I could tell you needed to uh, destress, do you want another?”

“Nah, but thank you, I really need to get to finishing the interior,”

“Welcome, want me to keep working on getting more spruce?”

“Yeah, you’re my builder buddy! Also it like halves the time,”

They laugh, nodding, “Yeah, yeah,”

*They’re running through town, giggling to themselves as they hold on tight to the front of their cloak to keep it from sliding off, a golden coin held tight in their small fist, Niki had given them a coin to buy whatever they wanted from the market,*

*They yelp as a foot catches theirs, sending them tumbling to the ground hard, the hood of their cloak falling off their head, and they quickly scrabble to fix it, looking around to make sure no one saw,*

*Everyone already knows, but the treatment is meaner when they see, so the cloak helps,*

*”Are you okay?” Someone asks and they look over, being greeted with a kid about their age, standing nearby,*

*They’re short, with platinum blonde hair and bright red mushrooms growing out of it, a little tail waving at their ankles, so a hybrid, like them, that’s good, other hybrids are usually nice,*

*”I’m fine,” Ranboo says, taking their hand to be helped up, “What’s your name?”*

*”Mei! What about you?”*

*”Uh, Ranboo,” Using their name still feels weird, something they’re not used to, they don’t remembr what they used to use instead of the one they chose,*

*and that was their first friend, the first person to treat them like, well, a person,  
and then they move away months later, and they never see them again.*

They wake up to it still being dark outside and sigh, gently pushing their cat off their chest to not wake them up too much and standing up, stretching,

Michael is with Tubbo that night and instead of visiting them they go down stairs and peak into the dining room to see if anyone is there,

George is sitting at the table, a mug cradled between his hands while he stares off into space, he looks up when they walk in,

“Oh, hey,” He says, they wave, sliding into a seat across from him,

“I didn’t expect you to be here, you’re usually the best at sleeping through the night, and well, day,”

He laughs, “Yeah, I probably could’ve gone back to bed, I just wanted hot chocolate,”

They nod, “Is there a reason you sleep so much, or?”

“Uh, I’m a cat hybrid, so it makes me really tired a lot, or at least that’s I think why,” He shrugs, “I think this is actually the first time we’ve actually talked,”

They blink, “Huh, yeah, I thought I was just forgetting,”

He snorts, “Yeah, probably makes tracking that sorta thing difficult,”

They nod, “I’m getting better at it though, I have a book that I write things down in,”

“Does that ever get annoying? Like having to write it all down to remember it,”

They shrug, “It’s mostly like a diary, sometimes it is annoying I guess, when I know I can never put the experience into words,”

He nods, “That’s kinda sad,”

“I guess, but I have gotten used to it,”

“That doesn’t mean it doesn’t suck,”

They chuckle, “Yeah,” They say, glancing at the clock, “We should both probably get to bed,”

George nods, standing up and stretching a bit, grabbing his mug, “It was cool talking to you, Ranboo,”

They nod, “We should do it more often,”

“Definitely.”



*It is a sunny day, light filtering through the leaves of the forest as he steps through it, grass and leaves soft underhoove.*

*One of his ears twitches at the sound of leaves and twigs crunching and he looks towards the source, easily finding the group of three,*

***"I'm just saying Dream, how did you manage to survive less time with two of us instead of three?!"*** One asks, laughing along with his words,

*A voice laughs back, high and whistley, like a kettle, **"Okay- I was just- I was just off my game today, okay?"***

***"Sure Dream,"*** Another says, *this one has a stronger accent, and from his little view through the trees he can see that he is wearing a strange pair of goggles,*

*The second one to speak, 'Dream', laughs again, **"I'm not lying! I just- Just a bad run,"***

***"Surrrrrrre,"*** The one in the goggles says again, *rolling his eyes (probably, by the way his head slightly rolls with them),*

*The third in the group stops in place, having the other two bump into him from his sudden stop,*

***"Hey, what the hell?"*** The one in goggles says,

***"Someone's here,"*** The person who stopped claims, *his eyes widen a bit, usually people didn't find him that quickly, or at all, he hadn't even moved,*

*That's interesting,*

*He steps out through the line of trees, well, there are trees everywhere, but the line of trees, holding up his hands to show he has no weapons,*

*It is one of the few times he wishes he could talk to physically tell them 'I am safe, I mean no harm', but it's fine, he's used to it by now,*

***"Who are you?"*** The one who stopped demands, *an iron sword dropping into his hand,*

*He reaches up his hand, slowly, and drags it across his throat, hoping it shows them that he can't speak,*

*Dream steps in front of the man, a hand out to protect him from being lunged at, **"Sapnap, chill,"***

*'Sapnap' glances between him and Dream before sighing and taking the sword out of a position he could attack, but still keeps it in his hand, glaring uneasily,*

*He lets his book n quill drop into his hand from his inventory, waiting a second for all of them to process the item and not stab him for it thinking it's a knife or something before he opens it and writes a simple greeting, handing it over to them,*

***'Hello, I am Callahan, I cannot speak, I am not dangerous and I mean no harm'***

***"Oh,"*** The one in goggles, and also wearing blue Callahan notices, says, ***"That makes sense,"***

*Dream, who is wearing a mask and in green, hands back the book, “I’m Dream, this is George.”*  
*He gestures towards the one in goggles, “and Sappnap,”*

*He nods, writing down something quickly and holding up the book for them to see,*

*‘Mask, goggles, and stabby?’ it says, making Dream laugh, like a kettle,*

*”Yep,” He says, still laughing, “Mask, goggles, and stabby”*

They wake up to a dark room, yet again, and groan lightly, sitting up,

Their back *burns*, and they bite their lip to hold back louder sounds from the pain of it, and silently promise themselves to not sleep on any surfaces but a bed for the foreseeable future,

They walk out of their room and down the stairs, they are hungry, probably, they’ve never been that good at tracking their needs, like hunger or thirst, but they think they should probably be hungry,

They rub at their eyes when they step into the kitchen, the light scorching their retinas, and feel around at the wall until they find the light switch, turning them off,

They walk over to a random cabinet, scrounging through it before moving onto the next one until they find something that catches their eye,

A box of mac n cheese.

They bite their lip slightly on one side, chewing on it, they stole a box recently, and they know other people enjoy it, however, they don’t want to get in trouble for taking more than they need,

Other people take boxes all the time, it is a pretty popular snack, so no one would get mad if they took another, right?

No! Nobody would! Because they’re allowed to take food if they’re hungry, this is their stuff too!

They take the box, a little prideful in themselves for being able to (they need to tell their therapist about this) and start the water,

They hum, tail waving at their ankles as they lean on the counter and watch the water as it slowly starts to warm,

They jump when the lights are suddenly flicked on, slightly blinding them,

“Mate?” Phil’s voice rings tiredly, “What are you doing?”

They force down the anxiety that bubbles up in their chest, they’re not going to get in trouble for this, they’re not going to get in trouble for this, they’re fine.

“I-I’m just making a snack, is that alright?” They ask nervously, wringing their hands together,

He blinks at them, walking over, “Yeah, that’s fine,” He looks at them, “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, yeah,” They say, a bit too quickly, “Why?”

“I can feel your anxiety from here mate,” He states, “And anyways, I haven’t been a dad for this long without knowing when a kid is anxious,”

They chuckle weakly, “Yeah, yeah,” They pause, “Sorry,”

“For what?”

“I don’t know, I just- Feel guilty? I guess?”

He hums, the sound a bit more like a quiet chirp, “Do you know why?”

They have a feeling, “No,”

He nods, “Sometimes you feel like that,” He looks at them, but deliberately avoids catching their eyes, “But you didn’t do anything wrong, okay? You can tell us anything.”

The nod, “Mhm, mhm,” They hum, but it pulls a tiny bit of the weight off their chest, “Thank you,”

“Of course mate,” He says, doing the thing where he underpronounces the word and it sounds more like ‘myate’, “The water’s boiling,”

“Oh shi- shoot,” They curse, grabbing the box and pulling it open with their claws, which is a bit more difficult then it used to be, they keep them cut nowadays, for multiple reasons, and pour it in after making sure they don’t pour out the flavor packet with it.

Phil laughs, “Do you want me to help?”

They nod, stepping to the side and letting him take over stirring,

“Why are you up?” They ask, hopping on a counter,

“Why are you?” Phil asks back, stirring,

“Weird dreams,”

“Hm, you have those a lot,”

They chuckle weakly, hoping the action pushes off the comment, “Yeah,”

He looks at them, probably suspiciously, they’re bad at facial expressions, but nods,

“I just woke up randomly and heard some clanging downstairs and went to make sure it wasn’t Tommy starting a fire,”

They blink, tilting their head, “Was I being that loud?”

“No, I just have good hearing,” He taps the side of his head, smirking a bit,

“I thought you were old and deaf,”

He makes an indigent chirp, gesturing the spoon at him like a deadly weapon, “Hey you little shit,” He says and they laugh, muffling whatever he says after,

“Sorry, sorry,” They apologize, still laughing, “Couldn’t pass up the chance,”

He glares with no bite, before finally breaking and laughing with them,

He grabs the pot off the stove and brings it to the sink, straining out the water before pouring the noddles back into the pot and pouring the extra ingredients in,

“There you go mate,” He says,

“Do you not want any?” They ask, they kinda expected him to be helping to get food out of it,

He shakes his head, yawning, “No, I have to wake up in a few hours, I am gonna get back to bed, you should too after you finish,”

They nod, “Night Phil,”

“Night Ranboo.”

They eat a bowl sitting on the counter, their brain wandering without anything to focus on,

Which makes them very easy to scare when someone else walks in,

“Hey boo,” Tubbo says and they jump, almost tossing their bowl on reflex,

“Uh- hey, Tubbo,” They say, smiling nervously as he stares at them,

“Did I scare you?”

“No,”

“I totally did,”

“Nooooooo,”

“Oh my god I did,” He grins,

“Shush,” They say, shoulders shaking a bit with laughter, “You didn’t,”

He walks over and stands next to them, “Whatcha eating?”

“Mac N Cheese,” They say, “You want some?”

Tubbo nods, but instead of going to the pot, just takes the fork from out of their hand and takes a bite from their bowl, humming happily,

They blink, watching him,

“What?” He asks, looking up at them,

They put their head in their hands, laughing softly, “Oh my prime.”

After that they get Tubbo his own bowl and both finish up, dropping the bowls into the sink,

“Hey Boo?” Tubbo asks, “Can you come over here?”

They hum, walking closer, “What is it?”

“Do you know how to dance?”

“Uh, yeah, a bit,” They say, they know the basics, “Why?”

“Would you like to dance with me?”

They blush, just a tiny bit, ears drooping happily, “The-There’s no music though, or anything, and everyone’s asleep,”

He shrugs, “That’s fine,”

They blush further if possible, “Okay yeah- that’s, that’s fine, I need to lead though, because you’re short,”

He glares at them, “You’ve upset me, I don’t want to anymore,”

They laugh, “It’s true though! You’re tiny!”

He crosses his arms, “Nope, you’ve upset me,”

“I’m sorry, is that enough?”

“Nope”

They sigh, “Tubboooooo,” They drawl,

“Nope, not gonna get me,”

“Bee?”

He breaks a tiny bit, “Nooooo,”

They laugh, “Please?”

“Fine,”

The positioning is a little awkward, with how short he is, but so is the lack of music, so they manage,

It’s mostly just a basic square that they’re doing, stepping forward then to the side then back then to the side and then repeat,

“You’re stepping on my feet,” They complain lightly, chuckling,

“Sounds like a you problem boss man,” Tubbo stumbles lightly and is caught by them,

“How is that a me problem?”

“Not my feet getting stepped on,”

They huff fondly, “You’re terrible,”

He smirks, “I know,”

It doesn’t take long for the dancing to dissolve into more of swaying, Ranboo’s chin rested on the top of Tubbo’s head, but when they start basically falling asleep on each other they decide to go back to bed, walking up to their rooms,

Tubbo pulls them into his room instead of them going back to theirs and they follow, smiling when they see Michael laying there, pillows on both sides of the bed to stop him from rolling off while Tubbo was downstairs,

They both curl up and fall asleep again, hopefully the last time until morning.

*The nether is hot and dry, scorching his throat as he flies along and forcing him to stay on guard from ghasts and piglins and the like,*

*All-in-all, he really doesn't enjoy it, but netherite is always something good to have, and invaluable for trade, so he's willing to deal with it for that,*

*He sees a soulstone valley and flies down until the gold boots he's wearing sink into the sand, unlike the rest of the nether, the vallies are almost chilly, intensified by the sweat that comes with entering the dimension, and he enjoys the reprieve from the heat for a moment before walking along, careful not to sink into the sand,*

*The main thing with netherite deposits is that they run out quick, no 'veins' truly exist, or areas that are high in count for them (no matter what people say), so once it is all dug out you have to travel far to get to a place not mined into,*

*He has a bit of an upper hand on that, having wings and all, but they are dangerous for use in the nether, with ghasts able to blow him out of the sky,*

*He gives his wings a break by walking through the valley, humming a little under his breath, watching out for danger but not being particularly paranoid, he has good gear on, so he'll probably be fine,*

*He hears the sound of talking, quiet, and is about to turn and go the other direction, knowing better then to try to race for materials, before he realizes how young the voices sound,*

*He, instead, follows them, leading up to a little natural cave in the walls of the nether, where the soulsand fades into netherrack,*

*"It's okay Will, the cut isn't too deep," A voice says and it is followed by a whimper from the other party,*

*"It hurts Tech," A voice answers, softer, more melodic, both have a clear accent, but they at least know common,*

*"Hello?" He calls, softly, and almost is immediately met with a golden axe pointed at him,*

*Looking at the child, he is not particularly intimidated, but more filled with pity if anything, they're a clear piglin hybrid, little pushed up nose and floppy ears and tusks clearly showing that, their hair is long as piglin's hair often is, grown out to their shoulders and one side very slightly shorter like a sword caught it, with scars already decorating the soft skin of their face, baby fat not yet gone even,*

*"Tech," The one behind the other whimpers again, and Phil gets a peak at them, they are more humanoid looking, but their arm is cut open, deep enough to hurt and bleed but probably not enough to kill,*

*"I'm not going to hurt you," Phil says, holding up his hands, "I have some healing potions in my inventory, I could help your friend,"*

*"Not my friend," The one in front growls, his nether accent is stronger, accentuated by the tusks peaking out of his mouth, probably freshly grown in by how he can't talk around them properly yet, "**He's my twin**"*

*"Ah," Phil says, "**I can help your twin, then,**"*

*Tech looks between Phil and his twin, like he's weighing the pros and cons, before stepping to the side, axe still gripped tight in his hand,*

*Phil gives him a polite smile and trusts him not to hit him over the head with the axe the moment his back is to him, instead pulling out a healing potion,*

*"Hey mate," He says softly to the other one, who is still sniffing and rubbing at his puffy tearstained face, "**I am going to help you, okay? You just need to stay strong for me,**"*

*He nods, whimpering again but turning his head away and staying still as Phil reaches out and pulls up his sleeve properly away from the wound,*

*Probably a slash from a wither sword, cleaner than the gold would do, he is lucky to not have the effect on it, or his arm probably would be rotted already by how much blood there is,*

*"Was it a wither skeleton?" He asks politely, uncapping the potion,*

*The boy, 'Will', nods, "**We went in one of the b-big fortress for supplies and one got me,**"*

*Phil coos lowly, pouring the potion into the wound, holding the arm still as Will flinches and yelps at the pain, Tech, from behind him, standing up straight and gripping the axe tighter, however Will soon settles, breaths gasping and deep as the wound stitches itself together,*

*"There you go," Phil says, before handing him the rest of the potion, "**Drink the rest of this,**"*

*Will nods, drinking it down quickly, the taste much more bearable than the pain of pouring it on a wound, and slowly settling,*

*"Thank you, er,,,"*

*"Phil" He supplies, "**And you two are?**"*

*"I'm Wilbur, and he's my brother, Technoblade,"*

*Phil nods, "**Do you know where your parents are? Or a pack?**"*

*Wilbur frowns, and Phil has his answer, "**No, we're alone,**"*

*"I'm sorry about that mate," He says sympathetically, "**How about I bring you two out of the nether? The overworld is a lot less dangerous than here,**"*

*"Really?" Wilbur asks, grinning,*

*He nods, humming,*

*It doesn't take the two long to get their things (quite meager, it makes Phil angry at whoever had these kids), he pulls out his compass, figuring out where the nearest portal is,*

*"I can carry you both for most of the time," He says, stretching his wings out, "But you'll have to walk some,"*

*Techno is about to assure him that that's fine at the same time that Wilbur yells "You have wings!"*

*He chuckles, "Yep, you wanna see how they work?"*

*Wilbur nods and he picks up one of them in each arm, tucking them in close and having them lock their legs around his waist, before taking off into the open air,*

*Apparently Techno is afraid of heights, because he clings close the entire time and hides his face in Phil's neck, not daring to look around,*

*Wilbur is the exact opposite, scream-laughing and having to be reminded to hold on,*

*It is almost too soon before Phil lands in front of a portal, setting them both down, even though Techno is shaky-legged and Wilbur wants to keep flying,*

*It's okay if he cares for the two twins for a bit while in the overworld, right? Just make sure they know how it works, it is much different then the nether, don't want them looking an enderman in the eyes or something,*

*He ignores the fact that the nether has enderman,*

*Yep, he'll just keep the two for a bit to make sure that they know what's going on and then set back off on his travels,*

*A month later he gets a soulmark from both of his new sons, and he never heads back on his travels again,*

## Chapter End Notes

<https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdWiBHFdiBu7AJMJIBOvRLPBJWHBNafWAMAv2>

We haven't done one of these in a while :>



# Guilt

## Chapter Summary

“Dream, can we talk?”

## Chapter Notes

TWs in this chapter for:

Domestic violence (physical and yelling), Transphobia, Misgendering, Panic attacks, Mild suffocation/breath deprivation (from a panic attack), VERY mild self harm (accidental clawing of skin from a panic attack), self deprecating thoughts, and probably some other things i'm forgetting, please do be warned.

*her* His name is Fundy and ~~she~~ he is a 4 year old ~~girl~~ boy, it doesn't matter if others say otherwise, like Mom, because ~~she~~ he knows ~~she~~ he is.

Dad says ~~she~~ he knows a lot of things for ~~her~~ his age, ~~she~~ he can already talk and walk and climb stairs and dress ~~herself~~ himself!

So ~~she~~ he knows ~~she~~ he is a ~~girl~~ boy, even if others say ~~she~~ he isn't.

And boys have short hair, from what ~~she~~ he has seen from tournaments and TV and other things, so the first step to being one would be cutting ~~her~~ his hair!

It's easy to find the scissors in the cupboard, the same one mom used to cut dad's hair when she didn't like how long it was getting, and ~~she~~ he uses a step stool to climb onto the counter in front of the bathroom sink,

~~she~~ he doesn't have a lot of hair, barely reaching ~~her~~ his shoulders if that, so it's easy to clip it all off, grinning happily to himself at the now MUCH shorter hair,

Now ~~she~~ he looks like a boy, so no one will be able to tell ~~her~~ him that ~~she's~~ he's a girl!

~~she~~ He freezes in place when the bathroom door clicks open, revealing ~~her~~ his mother.

She is a beautiful lady, with long red hair and shiny scales, ~~she~~ he always kinda wants to chew on them, but she gets angry when ~~she~~ he does that.

“What are you doing?!” She yells when she sees what ~~she~~ he did, ~~she~~ he flinches, ~~her~~ his ears flattening against ~~her~~ his head.

“I cut my hair to be like a boy,” ~~she~~ He explains, voice squeaky and nervous,

She is angry, ~~she~~ he can tell, and she grabs ~~her~~ him roughly by the arm, dragging ~~her~~ him out of the bathroom,

~~she~~ He yelps in pain, little feet barely even touching the floor as they're dragged through the house,

**"WILBUR!"** She calls, **"COME HERE RIGHT NOW."**

Wilbur's footsteps sound immediately and he turns the corner into the room, clearly worried,

**"What happened?"** He asks, looking at both of them, vaguely spotting Fundy's ruined hair,

**"You're fucking daughter-"** That word hurts, **"Cut her hair off!"** Sally yells, next to throwing ~~her~~ him to the floor in front of Wilbur.

Wilbur looks at ~~her~~ him, clearly worried about the toss, and kneels down slightly, **"Why did you do that bubu?"**

~~she~~ He sniffles, wiping at ~~her~~ his nose, **"I-I wan-wanted to look like the other boys,"**

Wilbur softens, **"Sally-"**

**"NO!"** She says, making ~~her~~ him flinch, **"I WANT THIS THING OUT OF MY HOUSE!"**

**"Don't call our child that!"** Wilbur defends, picking up Fundy and tucking ~~her~~ him close so ~~she's~~ he's protected,

Sally raises her hand and smacks him, the sound rings in Fundy's ears, making ~~her~~ him whimper and curl into Wilbur further,

Wilbur draws back, holding his cheek with his free hand, the pain stinging,

**"I want that thing out of my house by tonight,"** Sally ~~mom~~ demands,

She stalks out of the room and Dad slowly moves until he's kneeling down, tears dripping down his face,

**"Dad?"** Fundy asks, reaching up a tiny paw to wipe at his face, his eyes are wide, almost unseeing, ~~she~~ he doesn't like when dad's like this, **"Are you okay?"**

He sniffs, bringing up a hand to wipe at his face aggressively, **"Yes, yes I'm fine,"**

~~she~~ He whimpers a bit, curling into ~~her~~ his dad more, **"Are you going to get rid of me? Like mom says?"**

**"No Fundy, no, never,"** Dad says, holding ~~her~~ him closer, so much it almost crushes ~~her~~ him, but it's comforting and Fundy leans into it,

**"Dad?"** Fundy asks, **"Am I a girl like mom says? Even if I don't wanna be,"**

Dad pauses, and for a second ~~she~~ he thinks ~~she~~ he said the wrong thing before ~~she~~ he is pulled closer ever so minutely,

**"No,"** He says, voice steeling, **"No, you are a boy if you want to be, and nothing can change that, not even if your mom says so,"**

*He nods, leaning into his dad, “**What are we going to do? Mom will be mad,***

*Wilbur sniffs again, wiping his wet face, “We’re leaving, okay? We’ll leave tonight, we’ll go visit uncle Schlatt and we’ll.. We’ll figure it out,”*

*”Okay” He says, “**Love you dad**”*

*”Love you bubu,”*

*The desert sun is hot and blinding, shining down on him as he places down blocks,*

*He’s almost done with this part of the temple, probably just a day or two more of work, he’s gotten pretty fast at it, building, and it is a good way to take up time,*

*There is no real point in the temple besides being a good way to take up time, it is not meant to properly worship any gods, it’d be pretty weird to worship any as a god himself, it’s basically a summer home,*

*A really elaborate summer home.*

*He hums softly to himself, jumping off from the high place and walking back to some temporary chests meant to hold blocks, pausing when he hears something,*

*He swears to end aether and prime if it is another enderman putting blocks all over his build he is going to lose it,*

*He walks towards where the noise was, coming across a little basket at one of the arches in the build, slowly walking towards it,*

*He approaches it slowly, reaching down carefully and pulling back the blanket,*

*Inside of the basket is a totem, completely untouched, surrounded by other ‘offerings’, apples and bread, gold, things like that,*

*He slowly picks up the totem, lifting it into the air,*

*He watches as it slowly unfolds, eyes blinking and then looking at him,*

*”**Hello little one,**” He says, smiling as the little infant coos at him, squirming around in his grip until he lowers it to a cradling position in his arms, “**I’m going to call you Foolish JR.**”*

*Niki is well, a few things,*

*She is strong, she helped basically raise herself and her brother, she knows how to fight with a sword and a bow and an axe, she can bake and sew relatively well, she’s strong,*

*And she is very, very sad,*

*A lot of the time she has spent in her days, worrying and watching over her brother, is now gone, because he is gone, she doesn't have any idea where he even is,*

*He told her it wasn't safe here for her, and she agrees,*

*If her mother would do that to her brother, what would she be willing to do to her?*

*The same, so she leaves,*

*It's funny how easy somebody's life can fit in a bag, an inventory, how easy she packs up and leaves, she wonder how long it took Ranboo,*

*She doesn't aim for anywhere, she hops for the first server she can get to, and then the next, and then the next, just going,*

*She ends up on a server that is mostly ocean, staying for a night as she does usually,*

*Somethings pulls her out of her bed late at night, not that she was sleeping much anyways, possessing her to shove on some clothing and leave her house, walking out along the docks, cold salty hair blowing in her face as she walks,*

*There is someone, another woman? Sitting at the end of the docks, legs dangling off over the water, the moon is rising into the sky in front of her, making her more of a silhouette than a person,*

*Niki walks over slowly, and after a moment, sits down next to her,*

*She is a sheep hybrid, horns curving around her ears, with different jewelry hanging off of them, her hair is long and fluffy, touching the wood they're sitting on easily while sitting down,*

*"The view is pretty isn't it?" She asks, making Niki jump slightly, looking over,*

*Niki looks up, over the sea, she can't see any other islands from here, too far in the distance, the moon reflects on the water, painting it almost white,*

*"...Yeah," She says, "It's lovely,"*

There is a sort of guilt that comes with knowingly lying to their (still quite worried) soulmates, the kind that eats away at them slowly,

It's not like they've been *actively* lying to everyone, if asked they'd tell, they just don't know how to bring it up! It's not like they can walk up to Dream and go 'Hey, im a memory demon which I learnt by talking to myself in my dreams'. No, they can't do that.

But still, all the guilt and anxiety builds up and snowballs until they can barely talk to others, or talk at all,

The others notice, of course they do, because they're nice and kind and loving and Ranboo is a horrible friend and soulmate for lying. Everyone is supportive and does their best to work around their anxiety and not make it worse,

It only adds to the guilt, but now they don't have to look the people they are lying to in the face.

Nevermind the dreams (memories) that are a 50/50 of cute and fluffy or a complete trigger, it's terrible, they can't stand it, they feel like they're gonna snap,

They are aware of a few things, they are in the living room, sitting against a wall, the familiar tune of a music disc wiring away in the jukebox with Tommy sitting nearby, just enjoying each other's presence.

And then they cannot breathe.

It is not a shocking thing, in a way, it is not a sudden stop, they are just sitting there, and then they realize they aren't breathing, no matter how hard they try they can't take in a breath, it all getting stuck somewhere in their throat,

Their hands come up to claw at their throat, like it will help it open up and grant them oxygen, choking on their lack of air as their head slowly grows fuzzier,

"Ranboo, are you okay?" Tommy says, apparently either noticing them scratching at their throat or feeling their anxiety, his voice cuts vaguely through the fog from lack of breath and panic,

"Can't breathe-," They wheeze, clawing harder at their throat, trying to suck in a breath again and choking on it,

"Oh fuck," Tommy says, moving quickly from where he was laying against the wall to kneel in front of them, grabbing their hands before they scratch further into the skin of their throat, "You're okay Ranboo, you just need to breathe, okay?"

It's not like they're not trying! Their lungs just don't work! They didn't mean to annoy Tommy with their problems, they don't deserve his help while lying to him. They don't deserve any of their help, they should've been left out in the rain to die.

Tears bubble up in their eyes and they gag, making little distressed chirps that don't sound right without air to make the noises, their eyes burn with tears threatening to scorch their face, and they cannot breathe.

A second person joins Tommy at some point and they're reminded that they're having a panic attack in a public room that had people in it and their shame threatens to consume them, desperately wanting to apologize without the ability to do so.

"Ranboo, Ranboo, I need you to listen to me okay?" Someone says, they realize the second person is Dream and sob, they're a liar, everyone probably hates them, will hate them, they're not wanted here, they need to leave, they need to leave- "I need you to breathe out,"

Why would they breathe out? They'll have even less air then before, they need air, they don't need to get rid of it.

"Ranboo," Someone- Dream, touches their face, holding it in his hands, the touch is gentle, and the guilt it brings hurts more then their burning face from tears, "Look at me, you don't have to look at my eyes, but look at me,"

They look at him.

His mask is off, blonde hair all messy and uncombed, pushed back out of his face, they realize he has freckles, they never really noticed that,

"Do you trust me?" He asks, and they nod, not even having to think about it, "Then you need to

breathe out,”

They breathe out, trusting him, even if the idea sounds stupid, and immediately inhale back in, choking on the breath now suddenly being allowed to them,

“Good, you’re doing so good,” He praises as they learn to breathe again, the extra air not helping the tears running down their face, “Just breathe.”

“Sorry- I’m sorry-” They choke, gagging on the words,

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” He says,

*‘I didn’t mean about that’* They think, but nod along anyways, trying to settle down from hyperventilating,

“Can I touch you?” Tommy asks, and to be honest they kinda forgot he was there, but they nod anyways,

They let him tuck himself against them, the pressure is grounding, though the comfort feels a bit like acid on their brain right now, leaving them going back and forth between enjoying it and hating themselves for enjoying it.

Even though it doesn’t make them feel any better, they slowly settle down from hyperventilating with Dream’s help and Tommy’s grounding, though now they mostly feel like they got hit with a car, everything feels heavy and bad and they want to dissolve into the floor and disappear.

“Are you doing better?” Dream asks, and they nod, “Okay, can we move you to the couch?” They nod again.

Somebody lifts them up and sets them on the couch, they aren’t really aware of who, they are vaguely aware of Dogboo being taken into the room and called onto their lap, the feeling of their fur under their hands.

Tommy leaves to do,,, something, he tells them, they know that, but the words don’t process, they just know he’ll be back.

Dream is sitting nearby on a different couch, and they look over at him.

They run their hands through Dogboo’s fur, refusing to back out of this, they’re going to tell the truth, they’re going to tell the truth, and they’ll deal with whatever consequences the others give them, it’s only fair, they deserve it.

“Dream, can we talk?”

# Communication

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo finally communicates with people, who knew they could do that?

“So when were you going to tell us this?” Dream asks, rubbing at his temple like it could rub away the growing migraine,

Ranboo pulls their legs closer to their chest, their tails curling around them to pull them even closer, like they can disappear if they become small enough,

He softens a tiny bit, he doesn’t want to scare them, he never wants to *scare* them, he is just really confused on why they chose to withhold this pretty important information for no reason,

“Sorry, I was planning on telling you, I promise! I just didn’t know how to phrase it and I was scared of how everyone would react and it was just,, easier to not say anything,”

Ranboo shoves their face into their knees, their breath is choppy and quick and he moves to sit next to them slowly,

“You’re not in trouble, okay?” He says, “We were just all very worried, and I got upset that you didn’t tell me something that we could’ve used to help you, I am not mad at you though, okay?”

They nod, taking another shaky breath, he slowly reaches out, rubbing their arm to try to calm them down,

They flinch and for a second he thinks he accidentally did something wrong before the sting of a soulmark makes itself very apparent and he hisses through his teeth, letting it slowly fade into the almost bruise feel that new soulmarks often have,

Ranboo curiously pulls down up the sleeve of their sweater to look at the new soulmark,

Dream’s green marks the white skin pretty clearly, the placement isn’t as clear as usual, edges a little blurred from the fact he was moving his hand,

Dream looks down at his hand, the skin is marked a bright but pale red,

“Huh,” He says, twisting to look at it from different angles, “I honestly expected this to happen sooner,”

“What?”

He shrugs, “I don’t know, we’ve just had enough ‘moments’ I guess that I thought it was weird that we didn’t get one yet,”

“I guess,” Ranboo says, “I’m still not really used to them,”

He hums in understanding, “I was worried we weren’t soulmates for a bit,”

They look over, “Huh?”

He shrugs, "You're destined to be with all of us, here, like, I know that, but the idea you were destined to be with all of us here but not with me, just everyone else, it freaked me out, I guess,"

"Oh," They answer, "Yeah, I think I get that, I uh, when I first arrived, I guess, I was just kinda, waiting for the other shoe to drop, and for you all to decide 'oh, youre healed now, leave,'"

Dream frowns, "We wouldn't do that Ranboo,"

"I know, I know now, at least, but it was just, what I was used to, I guess, people are kind and then they get sick of you and you leave,"

"Can I hug you?"

They blink, looking over, before slowly unfurling from their little ball they've tucked themselves into, "Yeah, that- that sounds nice,"

For how tall they are, Ranboo feels tiny in his arms, like he could squeeze and they'd snap under the pressure,

"We're never going to get rid of you, okay? Everyone who got rid of you are all terrible and you didn't deserve that, okay? Everyone here enjoys you, even the people who met you recently like Foolish or HBomb,"

They nod into Dream's shoulder, blinking furiously to stop tears from burning their face for what feels like the hundredth time this week, "Yeah, thank you,"

"Welcome."

It feels like a hundred pounds have been lifted from their chest, well, about three quarters of a hundred pounds, they still don't know how to control any of their demon powers, or where to even start, but at least others know and can *try* to help now,

They are most surprised by the lack of general response, they know the others *know*, Dream told them with permission, but no one really says much about it, besides Tommy punching them in the arm for not being told first (which doesn't really hurt, he is quite skinny and they've been punched much harder.)

So they go through life,,, normally, the dreams slow down a bit, with the lack of their turbulent emotions to motivate them, they happen most nights still, but less, less harsh, less loud, they wake up every morning and they get Michael ready or Tubbo does and they go eat breakfast with their family,

They spend most their days helping Foolish with the mansion until they are barred from entering because Foolish is making 'a surprise' for everyone (which they doubt, as they see a few others entering and exiting, but just chalk it up to Foolish being worried they're still sick and shrug it off,

After that they spend their days mining or reading books at home or dueling Hannah when they can, she seems to care less about their recent illness, which they prefer honestly, since they feel mostly physically fine, so they are in great shape to get absolutely destroyed by her again,

Unlike those days, they're actually not doing that, instead, they're setting up a playdate for the two



toddlers in the house,

It's early morning, a bit after breakfast, and they're sitting on the carpeted living room floor, Michael just barely staying awake while sitting in their lap,

They look up when they hear footsteps enter the room, smiling slightly when they see Foolish, Jr. cradled easily in his arms,

"Good morning!" He greets, sitting down across from them,

Michael notices the other toddler and starts squirming around in their arms, they chuckle, letting him go to the other toddler so they can play,

"Morning," They greet, yawning slightly, "How'd you sleep?"

He shrugs, watching the two toddlers as they play, "Pretty good, actually, I guess working all day most days makes you tired, who knew?"

They laugh, nodding, "Yeah, that's usually how it goes,"

"Junior was a bit fussy sleeping when we first arrived because it was a new place, but he's adjusted now so he's also sleeping fine,"

They nod, "Michael's first few nights here he didn't sleep much, probably because the switch from nether to overworld, but he sleeps fine now,"

"How'd you get Michael, if you don't mind me asking,"

"I found him with Tubbo on valentine's day in the nether and we did a little rescue mission getting him back to the overworld,"

Foolish smirks at them teasingly, "Oh, a valentine's day date?"

They scoff, heat rising to their cheeks, "No, we weren't married then, even, I don't think,"

"Don't think?"

"I have memory loss Foolish,"

"Ahhh," He hums, nodding, "When did you even get married? I don't think I was gone that long, did you and Tubbo get like vegas married and that's how you got here?"

They laugh, shaking their head, "No, no, uh, I joined the server through hacking, I used to server hop a lot," They explain, "I was injured and stuff, I uh, don't remember a lot of it, but Niki's my sister so that's mostly why I stayed,"

Foolish blinks, apparently not expecting that, "I don't see the resemblance to be honest,"

They snort, "Well I don't see the resemblance between you, Dream, and Puffy,"

"Fair," He says, "But none of us are actually related,"

"I know," They say, nodding, "Me and Niki are biological siblings, I just look weird,"

"I think you look cool," Foolish says honestly, but doesn't give them time to answer the compliment before continuing, "What is going on with you and Tubbo anyways?"

They blink, “What?”

“Like, you’re married, that happened pretty quick, did you like, date or anything?”

They blush, “N-no, it, it started from a joke, because Tubbo told me he wanted a divorce, and well, you need to be married to get a divorce?”

“So it’s like, a joke thing?”

“I guess? Not anymore, really, I mean, we have- we have a son,”

He nods,

They sigh, leaning back against the couch, “I don’t know,”

“Well, do you like him?”

They blush more, “Like in what way?”

“I mean, any way, I guess, you’re already soulmarked, right? So you gotta love him in *some* way,”

They nod, clearing their throat nervously, “Um, yeah, he’s my friend,”

“And your husband,”

“Mhm, mhm,” They hum, fidgeting with their hands,

Foolish gives them a look, “I think you don’t really know yourself,”

They laugh nervously, it fades off quickly, “Yeah, I really, really don’t,”

“That’s fine, you’re pretty young still, you got time to figure it out,”

They nod, sighing, “I don’t, really, know, my emotions, a lot of the time, because I’m well, you know, so like, it’s weird, trying to figure out things, and annoying,”

He nods, “I get it, and anyways, you have time to figure it out, right? You’re still a teenager,”

They nod, “It doesn’t feel like it, a lot of the time,” They say, quieter than how they were talking before,

“That’s normal to feel,”

They pull their knees up to their chest, setting their chin on their knees,

“Is it hard raising Michael, with how young you are?” Foolish asks,

They look over, raising an eyebrow, “What do you mean?”

“Well it’s stressful enough for me and I’m an adult, I can’t imagine having done it when I was what, seventeen?”

“Sixteen,” They correct lightly, fidgeting with the fabric of their shirt,

“Sixteen,” He corrects himself,

“Michael’s pretty easy, and I have Tubbo’s help, and Wilbur also helps a lot,” They say,

“It’s still hard, right?”

“I mean, yeah, I guess,” They admit, “I’m scared of screwing up a lot,”

He tilts his head, “Like what?”

“Uh, my- my mom,” They choke a bit on it, “Was not, the greatest, so I’m scared of doing what she did,”

“Oh,” Foolish says, “I’m sorry,”

“It’s fine, that happened a few years ago now,”

“That’s still screwed up,”

They sigh, “Yeah, I guess,”

“You,, know you’re safe here now, right?” Foolish asks, his tone painfully earnest

They nod, “Yeah- Yeah I do now, I was worse when I first joined but I get that now,” They state,

He nods, “Good, good,” He says, “If you and Tubbo ever have a wedding I call dibs on designing the building,”

They laugh softly, nodding, “Okay, sure.”

They’re not too shocked when they’re invited to a sleepover that night, an actual one with everyone hasn’t happened in a bit, with them getting sick, working on the new house, and everything else going on everyone’s been a bit too busy, mostly coming home to eat dinner and then immediately go pass out,

They take a minute to gather up a pillow and a blanket, making sure their cats will be comfortable, and to grab Michael’s little blankie and stuffed animal, walking down and dumping them into a random free spot,

“Hey Boo,” Tubbo greets, dumping his stuff next to theirs and sitting down, Michael in his lap,

“Hey Bee,” They say back, smiling at him,

“You know when you guys do that it sounds like ‘boobie’ right?” Tommy states, sitting down on Tubbo’s other side,

They sputter, “No! It doesn’t!”

“It totally does,” Tubbo says, looking enlightened,

“No!” They argue back, face flushing, “Both of you are terrible!”

“Ranboob,” Tommy says, nudging their leg with his foot, “Boob boy,”

They grab a pillow at their side and whack him with it, hitting the side of his face quite hard, he

yelps, falling to his side and reaching out to grab his own pillow to defend himself,

“Take it back,” They demand, smacking him repeatedly with the pillow,

“No! Never!” He says, trying (and failing) to hit them back with the extra reach they have,

Another pillow hits Tommy that isn’t their own,

“What the hell Purpled!” He spits, now trying to also hit the other boy,

“I’m not missing out on a chance to hit you with a pillow,” Purpled states, hitting him again to which he yelps, swiping at his legs,

“What are you two doing?” Another voice says, apparently just walking in on them, and they turn to see Philza,

“They’re hitting me!” Tommy says before they can speak, they hit him again with a pillow,

“He insulted me!” They argue back,

“I just wanted to hit him,”

“I watched!” Tubbo pipes up, grinning,

Phil sighs, though they can see the little twitch in the corner of his mouth, “Stop hitting Tommy and make your spots before someone else steals them,”

“Fine,” They say, putting their pillow back down in their old spot and sitting down, pouting, “I’m still mad at you Tommy,”

“Cry about it boob boy,”

They hit him with their pillow again.

# Known

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo gets to go mining again.

## Chapter Notes

sorry this chapter is short and more filler-y, I am going on a trip soon I had to write chapters in advance, I hope you like it anyways, it was supposed to be a more comfort chapter due to the amount of angst that's happened recently.

I'm also posting a 100k hit special chapter soon so be prepared for that :>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They wince as they open their eyes to the much brightened living room, light filtering in through the blinds and almost directly hitting their sensitive retinas,

They shift, or at least try to, and find almost all of their limbs asleep, pinned under the people laying near them,

Guess they were chosen as the living pillow last night,

They sigh, accepting their fate, and decide to instead at least try to see who has trapped them,

Michael is laying on one of their arms (which they can actually move) and Tubbo is laying across the other, both of their legs are pinned by Tommy who somehow rolled over them in his sleep, but apparently everyone else woke up and decided to just leave them, blankets and pillows not yet picked up sprawled on couches and floors,

Great.

“Tubbo,” They say, their voice deeper and groggier with sleep,

“Go back to bed,” He whines immediatly, curling up further on their arm,

“Tubbo, get up,” They say, trying to move their arm again,

“Noooooooo,” He says, “Too tired,”

“Tubbo, you’re hurting me,” They state and he finally opens his eyes, blinking at them,

“Oh,” He says, shifting off their arm, “Sorry,”

“It’s fine,” They say, trying to regain feeling in the limb, “Now I just have to get Tommy off,”

Tubbo blinks, looking at the blonde sprawled across their legs, and snorts, “Have fun trying that,

bossman,” He mumbles, voice slurring tiredly, before turning over and going back to bed,

They sigh, letting the blood go back into their arm before trying to sit up, easily sliding Michael off the other arm,

Tommy is a more difficult battle, but they manage to roll him off, helped by the fact he sleeps like a rock,

Their ear twitches to the sound of footsteps and they look over, seeing Purpled leaning slightly on the doorway sipping a cup of what is most likely coffee,

“Welcome back to the land of the living,” He says, taking a dramatic sip of his coffee,

“What time is it?” They ask, shakily managing to stand on their still half-asleep limbs and only getting a bit of a headrush from it, leaving their vision spotty until they blink it away,

“Like two pm,” He answers,

They blink, looking over at the clock in the room only to find that he isn’t lying,

“Oh, shoot,” They say, “I didn’t mean to sleep that long,”

He snorts, “No shit,” He says, “You were out like a light,”

“Where is everyone?” They ask, because they can’t hear anyone else in the house, the usual sound of chatter or at least footsteps or quiet music playing completely silent,

“Out doing stuff, like usual,” He says, “Those two woke up earlier and ate and then rejoined you,” He states, gesturing to Tommy and Tubbo,

“Oh,” They say, flushing a little, “and why are you here?”

“I thought it’d be a little stressful for Ranboo ‘four hours of sleep on a good night’ Beloved to wake up at two pm with three asleep people,” He states,

“Ah,” They say, “Understandable,”

He walks over and slides over the back of one of the couches so he can sit on it without climbing over the two still sleeping on the floor, motioning at them to join, they manage to step over them and sit on the other side,

“I don’t know why I slept that much,” They state, one of their hands going up to nervously brush through their hair, “I wasn’t even that tired,”

“You’re getting hybrid stuff right now, right?” He asks, and they nod, “It makes you tired,”

“Ah,” They say, that explains,

“When Tubbo first got his horns after they split the skin he passed out for twenty-four hours straight,” Purpled says, taking another sip of his coffee,

They snort, “Really?”

He nods, “Tommy was worse, he didn’t even get any hybrid limbs and almost slept for a week, he woke up sometimes to eat and stuff but mostly just slept,”

They laugh softly, “Yeah that sounds like Tommy,” They say, smiling, “I don’t think I was ever really tired from it,”

“Maybe you were just the average amount tired for normal people so you didn’t see it as weird,”

“Huh, maybe,” They say, before squinting at him, “How do you know so much about my sleep schedule,”

“I’m a phantom hybrid, I can tell when people don’t sleep,” He states, “also I’ve seen you at insomnia club,”

“I don’t remember ever seeing you there?”

“Memory loss and sleep deprivation don’t mix well,”

“Ah, fair, fair,” They say, looking at the two sleeping teens and the sleeping toddler on the floor, “Do you wanna wake up Tubbo and Tommy by putting ice in their shirts?”

He grins, “Hell yes,”

It’s kinda weird to just be able to leave the house again, and walk around, and maybe they’re a bit more careful then before especially about pits in the ground,

Mostly, they’re happy to go back mining, it’s a mindless task to do, with not much they need to remember that’s not in physical form, it’s something easy,

Their main gripe with it is that they can’t do it with others easily, besides their and Fundy’s mining competitions they haven’t done in a while,

“I could just call you?” Tubbo suggests one day, once they bring it up, “On our coms, and then I can sit in my room and we can talk,”

It’s a pretty simple, obvious answer, to something that’s been annoying them for a while, but they’re glad because it works, which leads them to where they are now,

“Do you think trees have feelings?” Tubbo asks, voice slightly slurred with tiredness,

“No?” They say, pausing briefly in their mining, “They don’t have a brain, which causes those feelings,”

“Yeah but jellyfish have feeling and they don’t have brains,” He argues,

“Wh- Tubbo there’s not even any jellyfish on the server, those are different,” They state,

“That’s so rude, how do you know Enderman have feelings?”

“Because I’ve spoken to them?” They answer,

“You can speak to enderman?”

“Yeah, Phil can too I think,” They say, “Well, he can understand them, he can’t speak it,”

“Speak ender then,”

“Uh,” They cough lightly, having to adjust their vocal chords to make noises that humans definitely can’t, “ $\Xi\Upsilon\Upsilon\Upsilon\Omega$ ,  $\mathfrak{h}\nabla\wedge\triangle\mathfrak{h}\Psi\mathfrak{i}\mathfrak{z}\vee\triangle\wedge\equiv\Omega\Omega$ .”

“Holy shit,” Tubbo says, laughing lightly, “That’s so cool,”

“ $\overline{\Phi}\Xi\triangle\wedge\circ\nabla\Omega\mathfrak{L}$ ,  $\overline{\Phi}\Xi\triangle\wedge\circ\nabla\Omega\mathfrak{L}$ ,” They respond, grinning,

He laughs again, “I can’t understand what you’re saying,”

“I-” They cough, their voice distorted, struggling to switch back, “I’m gonna abuse this so much,”

“Oh no,”

“ $\mathfrak{i}\Upsilon\Omega\mathfrak{Q}\Psi\nabla\Omega\mathfrak{L}\equiv\Upsilon\Psi$ ,” They say, smiling,

“I genuinely can’t understand you,” He says, “This is soo weird,”

“It’s not that weird,” They respond, “It translates pretty directly into common,”

“Yeah but usually I can understand you and now I can’t,”

They blink, pausing again, “I think that’s how languages work, Tubbo,”

He also pauses, apparently noticing his mistake,

“,,Shut up,” He says, with no bite, “When are you coming home anyways, it’s late,”

“I don’t know, I’m not tired yet,” They respond, shrugging before noticing Tubbo can’t see him,

“You’re never tired,” He whines, “People are going to be worried if you don’t come back soon,”

“I’ll be fine,” They say, “I’ve dealt with worse then a few mobs,”

Tubbo goes silent and they frown,

“Sorry, was that too far?” They ask,

“No, no,” Tubbo assures, “It’s fine,”

“Okay,” They say, shoulders sagging lightly in relief, “Sorry,”

“It’s okay,” He says, “I don’t like thinking about you going through that,”

“Oh,” They respond, giving him room to continue,

“Like, I’ve gone to Hypixel, I never really fought or anything because Schlatt would’ve freaked but you know,” He says, “And it sucked, like, it’s fun and then there is blood on you, you know?”

“Yeah,” They breathe, because end and aether do they know, “Yeah,”

“Sorry, do you not want to talk about this?” He asks,

“No, it’s fine,” They say, now taking their turn to assure him, “It kinda helps? Validates it I guess?”



“Ah,” Tubbo says, “I went on a few anarchy servers,”

“Really?” They ask, “What was it like?”

“Not really good,” He answers, “Scary, there are no rules against respawn glitches, a lot of people just, fade out of existence,”

“I only went on a few accidentally while server hopping, and I usually left immediately,”

He hums, “Purpled was worse then you were when you first joined us when he first arrived,”

“Really?”

“Yeah, well, he had Punz, I guess, it’s a long story,”

“I have time,” They say, finally choosing to go and head back, walking down the thin tunnels, keen on listening,

“It was pretty barren, just like, Dream and Bad and them, and Callahan, I think Sam was also there, and then Punz joined because he was friends with Dream,” He explains, “And then Punz wanted to get his brother on because it was safer then Hypixel, you know?”

They hum, nodding,

“Purpled wasn’t like, anxious like you, well not clearly, he was more mean, and fighty,” He says, “He just didn’t talk to many people, and didn’t really trust anyone besides his brother, which I get,”

Tubbo pauses for a moment, and they think he stopped before he starts talking again, “I think the first time we actually interacted properly is because we both got annoyed at Fundy over something stupid,”

“That seems about right,” They say,

He laughs, “Yeah, it was a whole thing, and then Tommy ruined it,” He says, but with no annoyance in his tone, “Did you know Purpled was the first to think you were soulmates with all of us?”

“Huh?” They ask,

“Of course we thought you were soulmates with Niki,” He says, “But Purpled, he’s a phantom hybrid, right?” They nod and then when they realize he can’t see them hum to agree, “Whenever people he’s, you know, bonded to, well not bonded to, could be bonded to, don’t sleep, it makes it really difficult for him to,”

“Oh,” They say, “I need to apologize at some point then,”

He snorts, “And there were times where everyone was asleep but he couldn’t because you were awake,” He says, “And he told me and Tommy so we knew,”

“Did you tell anybody else?”

“No, but then you bonded with Tommy first and everyone kinda assumed,”

They nod, humming, “I’m coming home now,”

“I heard your footsteps,” He states, “and you’re not mining anymore,”

“You know you don’t have to stay up until I get home, right?” They ask, “You can just go to bed, I’ll be fine,”

“Yeah,” He says, “But I like wishing you goodnight in person,”

“Oh,” They say, flushing, voice a little choked, “Do you wanna have a sleepover again tonight,”

There is a noise that is probably him nodding, not that they can see, “My room? I don’t wanna move my stuff,”

“Sure,” They agree,

“Techno took Michael tonight, so we won’t have to wake up early,” Tubbo states,

“Really? Wasn’t expecting him to,” They say, chuckling softly,

“Hey, he has a huge soft spot for him,”

“Yeah, but I wasn’t expecting him to admit to it,” They say,

“Oh, he was super awkward about asking for him, it was hilarious,” Tubbo says, with the weird accent on ‘hilarious’ that makes them smile,

“I can imagine,” They respond, “I’m walking out of the mine right now,”

“Okay,” He says, “Stay on call?”

“Of course,” They say, “See you soon,”

“See you soon boss man.”

## Chapter End Notes

Translations for things ranboo said

hello, my name is Ranboo

thank you, thank you,

I love you bee

## End Notes

This fic updates (usually) once every 2 days and will mostly be fluff/healing based!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!